









THE

# CALCUTTA REVIEW.

VOLUME LXXXI.

1885.

*N<sup>o</sup> 443,*  
*12.*

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*No man who hath tasted learning but will confess the many ways of profiting by those who, not contented with stale receipts, are able to manage and set forth new positions to the world: and, were they but as the dust and cinders of our feet, so long as in that notion they may yet serve to polish and brighten the armoury of truth, even for that respect they were not utterly to be cast away.—MILTON.*

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CALCUTTA:

PRINTED & PUBLISHED BY

THOMAS S. SMITH, CITY PRESS, 1, PRINCE STREET,  
MESSRS. THACKER & CO., GOVERNMENT PLACE, N.

MADRAS: MESSRS. HIGGINBOTHAM & Co.

LONDON: MESSRS. TRUBNER & CO., 57 & 59, LUDGATE HILL.

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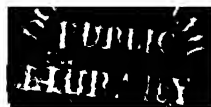
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# THE CALCUTTA REVIEW.

NO. CLXI.

## ART. I.—THE PRE-HISTORIC MAN OF CAVES AND LAKE-DWELLINGS.

THEIR own preconceived opinions and lively imaginations not seldom influence writers who endeavour to draw conclusions from scanty remnants of antiquity, to such a degree, that they necessarily elicit rejoinders from others who happen to belong to another school of thought, and therefore entertain other views. A striking example of this contrast of opinions was presented by the discovery of the cave-man, who was by some held forth as a proof of the lowliness of our origin, more decisive than that deduced from the savage. Some allege that it would be impossible to recognize a being endowed with reason in the troglodyte, who must be sought in a recess of his cave among the gory remnants of the game he had just devoured, and who resembles more a wild beast in its lair, or a bird of prey crouching in its eyry among a heap of bleaching bones, than a man. The coarse being, who was most assuredly our ancestor, so we are told, will necessitate the abolition of the difference between beast and man. Such is the opinion of materialists; but M. de Pressensé\*—who maintains that, on the contrary, the difference between beast and man was never greater at any time, because human intelligence was never more straitened in its resources to keep up a most arduous struggle against the forces of nature—has collected many authorities in support of his own views, which we now proceed to give:—

It is known that contemporaneous anthropology has succeeded in reconstructing the life of the troglodyte without other documents except a little gravel, from some shapeless fragments

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\* Les Origines. Paris, 1883.

buried during thousands of years in the bowels of the earth and in dark grottoes, or perhaps also from the detritus of aliments commingled in inextricable confusion. The first impetus was given to pre-historic science by some pieces of flint which M. Boucher had discovered. His long contested interpretations met with approval at last. Then came innumerable fragments of primitive tools and weapons made of scantily-chipped stones, found in the grottoes of Vézère, of Madeleine and of Sautré, in France \* Lastly, the *Kjack-Kenmaedinger* of Denmark, which are hillocks originating from the kitchen-offals of our most remote ancestors, augmented the just named collections whereon light was gradually being thrown more and more, also from other quarters, by discoveries in nearly every country of the new and of the old world † In Mexico, in the alluvial soil of the Rio Juchipila, small hatchets of the most ancient type were found, as well as a lance of the same epoch in the valley of Mexico, and scrapers of a not less remote time. There human skeletons were exhumed from an evidently quaternary soil. Analogous discoveries were made in a forest of Honduras and in Connecticut. America also has its *Kjack-Kenmaedinger*, which are there called *mounds*, and appear to have a funerary or religious meaning; they belong to the age of the first metals. The *Choufpas* of Peru and of Bolivia, monuments anterior to the Incas, are funerary crypts resting on big stones, with roofs formed of enormous slabs. ‡

The rich anthropological collections of the Universal Exposition at Paris in 1878, allows us to arrive at the conclusion, that we have now no longer some exceptional isolated facts before us, but the documents during a long period of general development, passed through by the human race.

Whilst the traces of the activity of our remote ancestors were being brought up from the soil shaken by so many revolutions, their own remains also came to light. Old discoveries, such as that of the skull in *Neanderthal*, in northern Germany, acquired new significance by being compared with later ones. The principal remains in France are the jaw-bone found at Moulin-Quignon, by M. Boucher, and the almost complete skeleton of the tall old man, taken from the Croz-Magnon grotto in the Périgord. Analogous discoveries have been made in numerous caves in England, in Belgium and at Menton. § The most emi-

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\* The detailed history of these discoveries occurs in M. Nadaillac's work, *Les premiers hommes*.

† In the Anthropological Exposition of 1878 M. de Mortillet commented upon these discoveries.

‡ Nadaillac, vol. II., ch. VIII., Joly, ch. VII.

§ Quatrefages, *Espèce humaine*, ch. XXV. Joly, *Homme avant les métaux*, ch. II.

ment representatives of anthropological science have, after exhaustive discussions, unanimously acknowledged the high antiquity of these fragments of weapons, of tools and of human skeletons. They have demonstrated that man lived during the quaternary, if not during the tertiary age; which latter point is yet dubious for the want of decisive proofs; \* there is, however, no doubt that our ancestor was a contemporary of the great geological crisis, which marked the quaternary epoch.

Leaving alone the ingenious attempts to establish subdivisions in the chronology of this remote antiquity, either from the nature of the soil, the tools, or the progress of workmanship, we shall adhere to the following three great divisions, which can give rise to no discussion:—(1), the stone age; (2), the bronze age; and (3), the iron age. It is evident that if stone tools have at a certain period co-existed with those of bronze and of iron, there was nevertheless a long period in which stone only was used; in this first period or phase the stone was not polished, so that we have here the *paleolithic* and the *neolithic* period. Of this epoch alone we shall speak in some detail, because bronze leads us to the threshold of historical ages, and iron introduces us fully to them. We shall omit all discussions which may be broached on races purporting to have been discovered already, during the *paleolithic* period by arguing upon the varieties of conformation in the skulls. On this point all the information needed may be found in the work of M. Quatrefages † who distinguishes three primitive races in the pre-historical mankind of Europe:—

1. The race of *Cronstadt*, from the name of the village where the first human fossil was discovered in 1700. The cranium found in 1857 in the Neanderthal belongs to the same type, but exaggerates it a little. This race was chiefly remarkable by the very depressed character of the cranial vault, the forehead being low and narrow, with strong protuberances of the brows.

2. The race of *Cros-Magnon* with a broadly developed forehead, and a cranial vault, presenting the handsomest proportions.

3. The race of *Furfooz*, a Belgian locality, celebrated for its numerous and successful excavations. This race has a retreating cranium and a broad face. The two first-named races

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\* The striated and incised bones found in the environs of Chartres and in the tertiary soils of Italy, do not imply human workmanship, because the incisions may have been made by aquatic animals; the incised flint discovered at Thenay, in a tertiary zoological stratum, also presents no certainty of human labour. The Anthropological Congress, held at Bruxelles in 1872, also left the question undecided. The same uncertainty prevails concerning the human bones referred to the same age. (Nadaillac, vol. II. ch. IV.; Joly, ch. VIII.)

† L'Espèce humaine, ch. XXV.



are *dolichocephalous* (with elongated cranium), and that of *Furfooz* is *brachycephalous* (with narrowed cranium).

It is not our intention to investigate the differences which may have existed between these various races. It is certain that they crossed and mixed with each other in the pre-historic age, and that, taken on an average, the man of those remote periods, no matter to what ethnographical ramification he may belong, presents us with a totality of well-defined characteristic traits, which do not essentially differ from each other. We shall seek the type of the man of the caves in the race of Croz-Magnon, which is certainly very ancient. We shall attempt to evolve his living and true image from those strange documents which have for so long a time lain concealed under our feet, and have sufficed to resuscitate to us a past, without a history, and lost in the profound darkness of thousands of centuries. Let us content ourselves with asserting the high antiquity of man. It was already sufficient to establish the advanced civilization which the fathers of the Israelitish race were able to admire in the land of the Pharaohs, where Egyptologists rediscover daily new dynasties of kings, in order to push back the origin of the human race far beyond the chronology wrongly attributed to the Bible, which no more pretends to furnish us with numerical than with scientific exactitude.\* It is at present demonstrated that man lived in Europe at the same time with the last antediluvian animals, at an epoch when the mammoth roamed through the south of France, when the reindeer browsed on the grass, at present burnt by the sun of Spain, in a climate totally different from that established by the last geological crisis. This result suffices us; for it is of no interest to us to impart precision to calculations, the bases of which are always somewhat uncertain.† "The study of the globe, says M. Nadaillac, the study of the various Faunas which populated it by turns, cause the past of our race to ascend much beyond historical tradition; but cosmography or zoology, geology or palæontology, are equally powerless to solve the great problem of our beginnings."<‡

It is enough for us to establish this high antiquity, separated from us not only by an immense duration, but also by the revolutions of the soil of the earth which changed its form. It is, nevertheless, this fabulous past which furnishes us with

\* Duke of Argyll, *Primitive Man*, ch. IV. |

† *Ibid.*

‡ Nadaillac, Tome II., p. 330. It is very difficult to draw the chronology of the various strata of the soil, by calculating the time necessary for the stratifications or for the transformation of the banks of water courses, because it can never be known whether accidental causes have not again changed the superposition of soils.

testimonies more valuable than the manuscripts of our libraries, for tracing the image of pre-historic man.

The first of these testimonies is a poor flint marked with some notches. Our 19th century, which has alone become the deft interpreter of the language of these stones, was not the first to discover them. The ploughshare unearthed more than one specimen. Popular superstition, attributed their inequalities to thunder. Reality was much more wonderful, because the lightning, the traces whereof were sought in the fissures of these stones, had not been projected from the clouds of heaven, but from the intelligence of man. His hand, guided by thought, had cut and fashioned the flint. How strange! It sufficed to recognise upon this coarse stone the mark of conscient labour, in order to call forth the words: This is the work of the mind;—nevertheless, many of those scholars who perceive the effect of the mind upon this shapeless tool, refuse to ascribe it to this immense world, the whole of which bears the stamp of thought.

We cannot too much admire this troglodyte of ancient days for the intelligence and energy he must have displayed in the geological period through which he has passed. First of all, it is certain that he was present at crises in the history of our planet, which were sometimes terrible; they may have extended through a small or great number of years, and may have been of a less or more destructive character; sometimes gentle, and at others violent, they nevertheless produced real cataclysms. "The Quaternary, or glacial epoch," says M. de Quatrefages, "imposed hard conditions of life upon man. What existed at that time of Europe, was on all sides surrounded by the sea, and was subject to the consequence of an insular climate, that is to say, of great humidity, with a sufficiently uniform temperature, but cooled at least to a great extent by the ice from the pole which reached as far as our neighbourhood. Torrential rains, frequent at all seasons, were in elevated places changed into falls of snow, and formed vast glaciers, the traces of which may be seen around our mountain chains. Immense water-courses excavated the valleys on certain points and spread out on others thick strata of alluvial soil. The earth thus drowned and tormented, contained a Fauna, comprising, besides the animals at present known, species of which a portion has become extinct, and another has emigrated to a distance. There were on the one hand the mammoth, the rhinoceros with separated nostrils, the stag of Ireland, the cave-bear, the cave-hyena, the cave-tiger, and on the other, the reindeer, the elk, the aurochs, the hippopotamus and the lion." \*

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\* Quatrefages's *L'Unité de l'espèce humaine*: Chap. XXV.

On this tormented earth, with these terrible animals, a weak being victoriously maintained the struggle for existence, simultaneously against the unchained forces of nature, and against those colossi who had only to step upon him to put out his life. According to the saying of Pascal, a little vapour is enough to kill man; and a small stone may break the fragile reed which is exposed to the sport of the elements, and to the fury of monsters possessing the most terrible natural weapons. Nevertheless this reed rises again, and remains standing whilst the mammoth, and with it the largest animals of this epoch, disappear. Man triumphed not only over these, but also over the cataclysms they were unable to resist, because they could not invent new means of assimilating themselves to their changed surroundings. Thus the declarations of Robert Wallace, on the exceptional character of man, were confirmed, in consequence of which he is by means of his intelligence enabled to govern the laws of natural selection, and to become more and more independent of the fatality of his surroundings. This survival of man after the subversions of the glacial age, in the same countries where the antediluvian animals have become extinct, either by death or by emigration, is the best proof that he possessed, long before history, all the attributes that constitute his mastery over our world. In fact, the disproportion between his physical weakness, and the obstacles he surmounted, was never more striking than at this period. Without the invisible force which is in him, and which enables him to utilize for himself the forces of nature, even when they seem to be leagued for his annihilation, he would long ago have disappeared, and would have left only a few fragments of bones, making but a poor figure by the side of the skeletons of the giants conquered by him.

It is not a new species that makes its appearance at the end of the quaternary age, which is the beginning of our present geological period; we are the direct descendants of the troglodytes, and since their time the human race has undergone no perceptible transformation. From a physical point of view the old man of Croz-Magnon, presents the character of our most noble races. His stature is upright, and his hand displays the delicate arrangement which makes it the supple and docile instrument of the will. The cranium is superb, the forehead high. This is certainly the man as we know him, when he has not undergone some grave accidental degeneration.\* His is already quite developed, intellectually

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\* The cranial capacity of the great old man of Croz-Magnon reaches 1,590 cubic centimetres according to M. Broca. It exceeds by 119 centimetres the average obtained by the same scholar from 125 Parisian crania of the 19th century.

and morally. To convince ourselves of this, we have only to see the tangible proofs of his activity, which recall him to life before our eyes ; for, the innumerable fragments obtained from caverns, from sepulchres, or from *Kjack-kenmaeddüdrger* all bear the stamp of his thought, and are, as it were, the signature of his mind.

What strikes us first of all in these products of primitive industry is, that they become more and more perfect from the paleolithic epoch, till the Palafites of the Swiss lakes before the epoch of the metals. In the beginning the stone is simply polished as in the axes of the type of Saint-Acheul which are of the form of an almond. Then we have the scrapers and the triangular lances, cut on one side only, of the type of the *Monstier*. The arrows of the *Solutré* type are cut in a laurel form. At the epoch of the Madelaine, bones of animals were beginning to be worked simultaneously with stones. Lastly, at the epoch of Rohenhausen the smoothed stone commences. The same progress is found in garments and in dwellings, as is proved by the constructions of the Palafites upon piles, at the end of the stone-age. Hence it follows that man advanced from the beginning on the road of progress. The movement of history commences with prehistoric mankind. Evolution becomes possible as soon as man makes, by means of his intelligence, his first acquisitions the starting point for new ones. Henceforth the turbulent billows of sensation are no longer permitted to carry off everything with themselves, and man governs time by connecting the past with the future. The fact alone that he cuts a tool is pregnant with his whole future, because in order to cut this flint, which had hurt his foot, the idea must, under the stimulant of necessity, have occurred to him, of the profit he could derive from this stone by applying it to his wants ; thus, pre-historic man took possession of futurity for himself and for his descendants from the day when he procured a weapon or a tool by his work.

Detailed descriptions of the tools first produced by the activity of man, such as knives, axes, and arrows, occur in learned works.\* The scraper was a great acquisition, because it was destined for the preparation of other tools, and inaugurated strictly so-called industrial labour. At the end of the paleolithic age, numerous vestiges were found of the existence of workshops for manufacturing tools and arms. How else could the presence of flints, covering acres of land, be explained even at the present time, lying by the side of *nuclei* from which they were detached and mostly not applied to any use, as may be seen at the Grand-Persigny and in Indre et Loire?† The needle indicates a new progress. It alone is

\* Nadailac, Vol. II. Joly *L'homme et les métaux*.

† *Ibid.*

enough to show that the hunter was no longer satisfied merely to throw over his shoulder the skin of the animal he had killed ; it served for making garments of the materials directly furnished by nature, and may, perhaps, have been the first indication of modesty.

The ashes found in caverns and the bits of charcoal discovered by the side of lumps of granite, of a circular form apparently destined to facilitate the rubbing of two pieces of wood against each other, point to the use of fire, that great agent of civilization, which was so precious to primitive man that he made a deity of it. Schiller poetically surnames the devouring flame, a free daughter of nature, but as long as it is such only, it can render no real service to man ; together with lightning, it consumes his habitation or destroys him. Extinguished as rapidly as it is kindled, the traces of it are only smoke or ruins. Man, however, has learnt how to subjugate this free daughter of nature, and to produce it at will. When he rubbed two sticks together and elicited the first spark, he became the Prometheus of this dark world. Alimentation was changed, ameliorated, and the first hearth-stone laid. Now the troglodyte utilised fire also for making pottery, in which he preserved his victuals, so that he became more independent of the daily chances of the hunt. It is not known when he learnt to grind corn, but it was a long time after the smoothed stone. In fact, the Palafites were at the same time agriculturists and fisherman. In primitive times, fish entered to a considerable degree into the diet of the people, and the remnants of sea fish bear testimony to explorations of singular boldness, far from the native soil, as well as to the existence of a kind of trade with the populations adjacent to rivers. Accordingly, we are warranted in supposing that the denizens of the paleolithic age kept up extensive communications. In the caverns of Soultré, the systematic heaping up of the bones of horses, which served also as food, implies that these animals were then already being domesticated to some extent.\* As to habitations, they appear to have been of a primitive character, till the epoch when the dwellers near lakes and water-courses began to construct houses on piles driven through the water, to insure their security. The troglodyte, as his name indicates, was generally content to appropriate for his use any caves which offered him a natural shelter. Navigation was certainly known in the prehistorical age, and in the Swiss museums numerous fragments of the barques used by the lake-dwellers are preserved. With reference to the state of society which may have prevailed at that epoch, it appears that the existence of family affection is proved chiefly by tombs, because care for the dead is inexplicable unless a real bond

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\* Joly, *L'homme avant les métaux*, p. 239.

exists amongst the living. Let us observe, in this place, how far the bond of affection differs from animal instinct, which unites the male and the female to their little ones, and is always closely connected with sexual relations. Everything that pertains to sensation ends with death, but affection subsists and is purified in man. Families seem already to have been grouped under the authority of a chief, as indicated by ornamented and carved bâtons, which we are now more and more inclined to take for bâtons of command.\* It follows that a certain authority was acknowledged by the population, and that the latter had a vague intuition of the idea of a state. It is remarkable that the symbol of command was not a weapon, a sign of force, but an almost religious emblem. It may fairly be supposed that this first social organisation was based upon some of those notions of justice without which no social bond is possible.

In spite of his rude conditions of life, spent in hunting and war, the troglodyte knew also luxury, which is truly said to be a very necessary thing, because it satisfies strictly human wants above those of physical nature. Taking the word luxury in its deeper meaning, it is indispensable to a being endued with intelligence, imagination and sensibility, even when that being has reached the highest development. Hence these first manifestations of the æsthetic faculties which meet with a simple gratification in embellishments and ornamentation. Considerable numbers of rings and of necklaces have been found in the caverns of this epoch. The embellishment of one's person is not only an amusement of vanity, it answers also to that very confused aspiration after the beautiful which induces man to transform the reality. But the troglodyte has done better than merely ornamenting his person, his tools, or his batons of command; he has truly inaugurated art, because the essential character of art cannot be mistaken in the designs engraved or carved upon the bones of animals slain in the chase. When the prehistoric man represents, not without a vivacity of trait, either the reindeer, or the mammoth, or a hunting scene, he pursues no utilitarian end; this representation gives him no other satisfaction, except the ideal pleasure of contemplation; he likes, after the dangers and asperity of the daily struggle, to look upon the animal which he had chased, or desires to revive and to conserve the impression of greatness produced upon him by the mammoth. He made his choice in nature of what struck him most, of what excited in him some sentiment of admiration. He attained a superior degree in this entirely primitive art when he represented in a sculpture his own person triumphing over a

\* See the beautiful representation of adorned bâtons of command in the book of M. de Nadaillac, Vol. I., p. 119.

powerful enemy, as in the admirable bone carving in which the hunter may be seen shooting the fatal arrow at the mammoth. These sculptures are of considerable importance from another point of view; they show us human intelligence perfectly conscious of itself, the subject being clearly distinguished from the object, since man represents his own victory over the animal and over nature. Accordingly, he has altogether left that state of inconscience, in which the I rolls and flows in the torrent of sensations. Thus we again find in these first artistic productions, which are after all only striking and enlarged forms of human language, the proper character of this language. Whilst that of the animal is always subjective and expresses the sensations of pleasure and of fear only, the speech of man is objective in the sense that it considers the object outside of the I as a matter for cognizance. These rude sculptures are sufficient to inform us that the prehistoric man spoke as we do, not only by uttering shouts, and multiplying onomatopœias, but by designating the objects themselves through a real act of reason. It was conjectured that the notches made on reindeer bones related probably to the chase, or to the division of booty, so that we here perceive a master action of the intellect.

Pre-historic humanity was acquainted with the religious sentiment. The character of amulets is unanimously attributed to a number of ornamental objects for which there could be no use whatever in ordinary life. An amulet, no doubt, means a superstition, but it denotes also the want of appeasing the unknown mysterious power, on which man has at all times felt himself dependent. The marks of trepanation systematically excuted on a great number of crania belonging to men who had evidently survived the operation, appear likewise to have had a religious signification, and possibly this strange practice had something to do with the belief in maleficent spirits which it was necessary to chase away at any price.\* After the demise of the trepanned person, a piece of his cranium was removed and perforated for suspension by a string. This piece was sometimes deposited near the corpse, and sometimes carried about as a charm by a surviving person. In the first case, as M. Broca has very well observed, the intention was to restore to the deceased person that of which he had been formerly deprived.† This appears to be a very strong proof of a firm belief in survival after death.†

But the emphatic religious manifestation is again sepulture, because it bears witness to family affection, and also to its

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\* Nadaillac, II., p. 218 seq; Jolly, p. 307.

† *Ibid.* II., ch. XI., and lecture of Broca inserted in the book of Sir John Lubbock.

hopes and belief in a future life. At first the burial place was a cavern, in which the mortal spoils and the favourite arms of the deceased person were deposited, with some provisions. These precautions evidently indicate the unconquerable faith in the permanence of life and in the identity of the human person. These primitive sepulchres are very often arranged like those of savages, and the corpses are frequently folded up, like an embryo in the womb of his mother. At the end of the stone-age the sepulchral caverns are superseded by those *tumuli*, which sometimes form a whole city of the dead, where each tomb is marked by a monolith. Later we have the dolmens which become larger and larger. But small or big, adorned or simple, the tomb always implies that this earth does not embrace our whole destiny. Sepulture is like a half-opened door between the region of the invisible and the divine, or like a low arch which cannot be passed under, except by bending down to the ground, but to become alive again elsewhere. "In this being," says Quinet, "which I did not know whether to look upon as my equal, or as a slave of all others, the instinct of immortality revealed itself among its dead. How different has that being appeared to me after this discovery! What future is in store for this strange animal, which is hardly able to construct a hut better than that of a bear, but is already concerned about giving eternal hospitality to its dead? It seems to me that I have touched the first stone upon which the edifice of divine and of human things is based. After this commencement the conclusion for what followed becomes easy.\*"

We shall not follow the progress of the pre-historic man in the period of polished stone. It is said that at an age which cannot be fixed, he learnt the use of metals, commencing with bronze. It appears certain that the first stages of the evolution were passed through more rapidly in Asia than in Europe; because everything leads to the belief that the populations came from the East who taught Europeans the art of fashioning metals. The incineration of the dead, which coincides with the introduction of bronze into our countries, was unknown in the stone-age in the whole West, and must, likewise, be attributed to an eastern population for its propagation. From the day when man became able to use metals his industry made rapid and great progress, some admirable proofs of which may be seen in various museums. The most important point in the commencement of the use of bronze is the commingling of races implied by it. It was a great event in history when obstacles vanished between the

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\* Quinet *La Création*.



various sections of pre-historic humanity, and they concurred with each other in developing our race through a series of terrible conflicts and struggles. These first invasions of the oriental element preceded the great dispersion of the Aryas. The East, whence the unknown tribe who imported bronze to Europe, had arrived, also necessarily passed through the paleolithic phase, but its development had been more rapid under a more beneficent sky. Certain documents borrowed from philology show us the Indo-European race as having attained a very remarkable development of culture at an epoch which is not history, but which preceded it very little, at a time when the ancestors of this great and noble race yet constituted one and the same agglomeration. The original identity of the languages spoken by the nations descending from the primitive Aryas, proves the community of the trunk from which their numerous ramifications issued. All the words of these cognate languages which resemble each other, at least, in their roots, evidently belong to the idiom spoken before the separation and dispersion of the Indo-Germanic nations. These words express ideas or customs. We are thus, by comparative philology, to a certain extent, informed on the social and moral state of the parent-race of the various European nationalities.

We shall now elicit from certain data of comparative philology, on the moral and social condition of the Aryas, what their religious notions were, because we must evidently look to *them* for the first manifestation of the beliefs professed by primitive humanity. Those who insist most that external revelations of religion had been given to mankind, must admit that if the human heart were not disposed to seize religious truth, and an internal revelation had no existence, an external one would have neither a meaning nor a value, it would be but as a tinkling cymbal: a voice lost in empty space. Of what use would it be to talk of God, of the soul, and of immortality even to the most intelligent of the quadrumana? The soul understands only the truths previously existing therein, in a potential state; truths to which it aspires.\*

We shall not dwell upon the social state of the primitive Aryas when they were already very civilised. Comparative philology informs us that they formed a vast hierarchical community, under the authority of chieftains who were almost kings already, and under a family constitution, according to which the necessary subordinations were considered with natural affections. Life was above all agricultural, and the metaphorical expressions intended to designate the various relations of the family or of the tribe, were chiefly borrowed from husbandry.

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\* Pictet : *Les origines Indo-Européennes*.

The moral idea appears unclouded in the language of the first Aryas, and may be said to have been fashioned according to the effigy of the conscience. To them the law was anything established as an invariable rule, anything imperishable, regular and right. All these expressions imply an obligation. Evil is a transgression of the law; it is also a fall. Punishment is not merely the act of chastising, but also a correction with an idea of purification. Sin and wickedness are also represented as a defilement and a disgrace. The religious idea always borrows its symbols from the celestial light. Its first symbol, as well as its first personification, is the vast, and at the same time, radiant sky.\*

Although the divine idea was promptly personified in the sky it has nevertheless preceded this personification in the mind of the first Aryas; for there is a difference between the word *div*, which means heaven, and the word *dev*, which designates God, or the heavenly being. This difference bears upon the essence of the thought, and carries us back to primitive monotheism. Let us observe, that natural objects which appear to be likened to gods, are, in the language, characterised by some divine attributes. The earth *which extends itself*, the sky *which shines*, the dawn *which glistens*, are all metaphorical appellations, bearing purely upon natural facts, before any divination had taken place. If the Aryas had from the beginning made objects of adoration of them, some trace would have remained in the words which represent them to the mind, whereas we find the most complete realism in the names which designate them. Accordingly it † must be admitted that there was a time when polytheism did not exist; although the language was already formed; which again proves that man possessed in a confused manner the idea of the divine in its majesty and its unity, before he had, as it were, incorporated it in these great manifestations of nature. This primordial monotheism appears also from other names given to the Deity, such as *Lord of Creatures, Supreme Friend, Living Spirit, He who is Powerful by Will and Wisdom, the Benevolent, the Creator*, all of which may be considered as so many epithets of the only God ‡.

This idea was so inherent in the human mind, that it appears again in the next period of full pantheistic polytheism, and that the monotheistic notion is applied to each of the great Gods who are by turns considered as the manifestations of the supreme God. This is what Max Müller calls *cathenotheism*.‡ In the Vedas a significant passage occurs to the effect that the

\* Pictet : *Les origines Indo-Eu-*  
*peennes*, vol. III.

† Pictet III., p. 481-487.

‡ Max Müller : *Ancient Sanskrit*  
*Literature*.

sages give several names to the Being who is One, and whom they call by turns Indra, Mitra, Varuna, Agni. This monotheistic essence is so prevalent even in our days, that when a missionary reproached a Pandit with having fallen into polytheism, he gave the following reply :—"These are only the various manifestations of the one God, as the sun is reflected in a lake by a variety of images."\* We have a right to recognize in the most beautiful hymns of the Vedas, a survival of this primitive monotheism ; as for instance, in the following sublime prayer :—"The great Lord of this World beholds everything as if he were quite near. Whether a man remains standing and immovable, whether he walks or lays down, King Varuna knows it well. What two persons whisper, seated near each other, Varuna knows it, he, the third. This earth also appears to Varuna, the King, and this vast sky, with distant extremities. One fleeing far away beyond the sky, could on that account not escape from Varuna, the King. His emissaries would descend from heaven towards the earth. With their thousand eyes they watch over the earth. The King Varuna sees all this, what is between heaven and earth, and what is beyond. He counts the twinkling of human eyes. Like the gamester he throws the dice, and decides all things †."

Another Vedic hymn has the words :—"It is for him that my heart sighs, for the God who sees very far. Towards him my thoughts are directed, like cows towards their pastures, O wise God, thou art the Lord of all, of heaven and of earth : hear me in the heavens."

If we ascend to the primitive Aryas who lived long before the bards of the Vedas, we perceive that to them prayer was not simply an incantation ; it meant veneration, Love, service and praise. Faith meant purity, respect.

It would be easy to point out the same monotheistic essence in America among the ancient Peruvians and Mexicans, who, after having likewise passed through the age of stone, elaborated a great solar religion perfectly analogous to the religious development of the Aryas. There also the spontaneous development of the embryonic religion of the paleolithic epoch may be seen. "The Peruvians," says Prescott, "acknowledged a Supreme Being as creator of the universe, and adored him under the name of *Pachochanach*, that is to say, *he who sustains and vivifies the world* ‡." This invisible Being had no image, and his temple at Lima existed already before the domination of the Incas. The Aztecs, ancestors of the Mexicans, believed in a Supreme creator, the lord of the universe. They addressed prayers to him as to the invisible bodiless God, by whose favour

\* Max Müller's *Essays*.

‡ Prescott : *Conquest of Peru*.

† *Ibid.*

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*and Lake-Dwellings.*

we live, who is omnipresent, knows all our thoughts, and vouchsafes the gifts without which man is as nothing. The memory of this ancient monotheism survived later in Mexico, as appears from the pyramidal temple erected by King Nizah to the Unknown God, the Cause of Causes. He had no plastic representation, but flowers and perfumes were offered to him. The following exhortation of a Mexican king to his heir, shows what exalted religious and moral ideas inspired the conscience of these ancient inhabitants of South America:—"Receive with favour and meekness those who are in distress and address you. Say nothing, and do nothing under the influence of passion. Listen calmly, and without getting tired, to the complaints and requests addressed to you, interrupt not the person who speaks to you, for you are the image of God and represent him. You are his servant, and he hears by your ears. Chastise no one without a cause; for God has given you the power to punish, that you may practice it with justice. Practice justice without caring for murmurs, because this is a commandment of God. Do not permit yourself to say:—I am the master, and I shall do as I like. This would endanger your power, deprive you of the respect of many, and cause the loss of your majesty. Your dignity and your power are not reasons for exalting yourself; they are to remind you of the humble position from which you have risen. Abandon yourself neither to effeminacy nor to voluptuousness. Abuse not the sway of your subjects. Abuse not, for unworthy purposes, the favour God has bestowed upon you. O lord, our king, you consider the chiefs of the State, and when they prevaricate you confound them; for you are God and do whatever you like. He holds us all in his hand and laughs at us when we totter.")\*

The following exhortations of a father to his son are not less sublime:—"My son, you have come into the light as a young chicken from the egg; like it you prepare yourself for flying about the world, without our knowing how long heaven will conserve us the jewel which we possess in you. But it does not matter much! Think only of living uprightly by constantly asking God to protect you. He has created you, and he possesses you. He is your father, and loves you more than I do. Fix your thoughts upon him; lift your sight to him day and night. Venerate those who are your seniors. Be not dumb to the poor and unfortunate; console them with gentle words. Honour all men, especially your parents to whom you owe obedience; be not like those bad sons, who, resembling a wild beast, honour not those from whom they have life, and listen not to their advice; for he who follows his own bent will have an unhappy end. Mock neither aged nor infirm persons. Mock

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Schultze: *Der Fettschismus.*

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not those who commit a fault ; be humble and fear to fall as they. When you become rich, do not exalt yourself above the destitute and the unhappy. Live by the fruit of your labour ; this is what makes pain agreeable. Never tell a lie ; to do so is a great sin. Never speak evil of your neighbour. Remain not longer in the market than is necessary. Subjugate your senses, my son, for you are young as yet ; wait till the maiden whom the gods have destined for you attains the required age. Never steal, you would dishonour your people, whereas you ought to be their crown to reward them for their cares. I tell you nothing more my son, I have fulfilled the duties of a father. I intended to strengthen your heart by these exhortations. Neither despise nor forget them ; your life and your happiness depend upon them\*).

Here, it seems, we have strayed very far from the troglodyte. Nevertheless, this is the same humanity which has morally grown and developed itself.

We halt upon the threshold of history, at the very epoch when man cast off the swaddling clothes of his rude infancy. It was necessary to take him in his savage cradle in order to answer those who reproach him with pure bestiality. We have there found him with his distinctive traits, endowed with intelligence, reflection, capable to modify his surroundings, to overcome the obstacles and perils of a stormy climate, able to recollect, and to foresee, and to invent the utensils necessary for his struggles and labours. We have seen him rising from the ground by dint of his energy by which he pierced the curtain of visible things and gave evidence of his faith in immortal destinies ; aspiring in his own way to something greater and more beautiful than the material reality which confined him on all sides, and, in fact, showing that he possessed an instinct craving for what is divine.

Pre-historic man, endowed as he was with that liberty which sometimes lifts us above ourselves, and by making bad use of it, sometimes depresses us below the level of a brute, has no doubt, at times, behaved like a beast of prey. He must, more than once, have bathed himself in the blood of his fellows, abandoned himself to all the fury of his unblunted senses, and made use of his intellect only for better serving his perverse instincts. It is certain that cannibalism was practiced during the age of stone, probably about the end of the paleolithic period†). For all that, however, he remained a man, a real man,

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\* Schultze ; *Der Fetischismus*.

† The fragments of some crania show that they had been broken intentionally. A human frontal bone was discovered which had been split like the skulls of ruminants ; it presented notches evidently produced by a flint-tool : (Nadaillac, II, p. 208.)

sometimes worse than a beast, but always different and showing himself made for a superior life.

Had he become acquainted with that superior life, during a past which defies all investigations under conditions of existence which it is impossible for us to determine? Was there a time, as some philosophers think, when human unity possessed a reality which it has since lost, a time when it was called upon, like every moral being, to pass through the first trial of liberty, which implies the possibility of decadence and a time when humanity violated the law of the world, which is also the law of its own being, by placing its own will above the sovereign will? This great problem eludes all investigation, but as far as we are ourselves concerned, we may say that we know of no better solution of the origin of evil; because, on pain of denying conscience, we cannot conceive it otherwise than as a disorder. This is according to us the deep meaning of the first recitals of Genesis. The mythus of the garden of Eden is not a fiction; it gives us in the form of infantine poetry, the first page of the moral history of mankind: of that history which has for its documents not merely a few flints, carved with more or less skill, but the whole survival of a primitive divine life in the human soul manifested by its aspirations and its sorrows, and by that universal feeling of decadence which throbs in every mythology, and is the dominant inspiration in every religion.

If the fragment of a cranium, or a withered bone, inform us about the physical organisation of the pre-historic man, the trace of the divine, so evident from his soul, is enough to remind us where he comes from. His beginnings are a mystery; not however of shame and baseness, but a mystery of glory and of grandeur. The double etymology of the Greek word for man, perfectly answers the reality. He is at the same time a thinker and one who looks upwards \**ἄν Ὀρῶπιος*.\*

God is the father of all beings, the intelligent and free cause of this *Cosmos*, wherein his perfections may be beheld, so to say, by the eye; or, if such were not the case, we would be compelled to deny the principle of causality, yea, reason itself, and to admit that what is greater, issues from what is smaller.

God is the supreme good, the moral perfection, the stamp of which is deeply impressed on our being; or, if such were not the case, we would be compelled to deny moral obligation and with it conscience, and to arrive at the illogical conclusion that the effect is more valuable than its cause, because the idea of good would be in us, and the real good nowhere. Man is either the son of that God whose image shines in his heart, in

\* Max Muller, *The Science of Religion*.

his thoughts, in his reason ; or he is a victim of the vainest and most cruel of illusions. He feels that this image is tarnished in him, but he aspires to recover the true nature of it. The very ardour of this aspiration suffices to justify his hopes ; because the Infinite Being would be infinitely perverse to kindle this inextinguishable thirst only to leave it unquenched. The painful and incessantly renewed efforts of mankind to find God again, must end with the sublime and deep saying attributed to him by Pascal :— *You would not seek me if you had not found me.* This noble suffering which afflicts mankind, is the seal of a divine promise in the heart of it. History is not the cruel sport of a stupid and perverse God ; it tends to a universal raising up again. This is what science permits us to believe, what conscience commands us to believe, what the heart of man needs to believe, and what he, in reality, knows, by a sublime anticipation, which is the more founded, the more it is able to dispense with the illusory guarantees of external authority.

E. REHATSEK.

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## ART. II.—BUSINESS JOURNIES THROUGH JAVA.

**B**USINESS of a commercial and other nature took me to Java four times during the course of a twelve month, not more than two years ago. I went from Australia, making short stays at Singapore and other parts in those seas. There was then—and for that matter there is now—very little trade done between Australia and Java; and as Java furnished many valuable articles of commerce, I determined to see what I could do in the way of opening up a profitable trade between the two neighbouring countries, of course, primarily on my own behalf, for men will be selfish, and also, if I could not secure some Dutch “Government contracts” for ironwood railway sleepers from Western Australia, and for preserved meats for the European troops from other Eastern and Southern Australian Colonies. That was before the scheme for supplying frozen fresh meat in carcases was mooted, much less carried out, as it is now.

Notwithstanding that I had laid all my plans well and surely, established first class agencies, obtained credits, studied prices, and so forth, my journies, as will be seen in the course of the following pages, turned out an altogether losing speculation, for I had not even a shilling, on the one side, to set against an expenditure of over £300 incurred in all, on the other, besides the loss of time. I found out that it was not the want of commodities on either hand that was the cause of the remarkable absence of interchange of trade between the two countries, but Dutch greed, Dutch exclusiveness, Dutch ways, and petty and absurd restrictions, with the great and fundamental want of a regular line of communication between the Australian and Java ports. To acquire this knowledge, as I have said above, I had to pay £300, and the loss of a year's time.

But as I was, thus, four times in the country, and each time stayed a while, and had to go to various parts, I acquired a very good knowledge of it—its men, manners, things, &c., especially as I had the advantage of being able to converse freely in Malay with the natives, which language I knew previously, and in English with the Dutch officials. Javanese is only a mixed form of Malay, though there are several other languages spoken in various parts of the island. Such knowledge, then, as I thus acquired, and such things as I saw, are herein plainly and faithfully set down. And hence, too, the title of this paper. Besides, business matters will be touched on here and there, thus, perhaps, giving this production a certain value to a larger circle of readers—the commercial world—



than such as find amusement or instruction in even *Review* articles. I trust, therefore, that the title I have selected will not be deemed at all inappropriate or a misnomer.

Java is a country of great trade, in sugar alone, of *six hundred thousand tons annually*. Besides this, there is tobacco for native use, and made up into cigars; coffee, which is very largely cultivated and exported; paddy or rice, exported to all the neighbouring islands, and even to Singapore; *kapok*, a kind of vegetable wool like cotton, useful for stuffing pillows and mattresses; indigo, vanilla, cinchona, cocoa and tea, for even this has begun to be cultivated, and is now largely exported to Great Britain as *China tea*. Besides the above, there are the usual hides, horns, &c., the produce of a populous and cultivated country.

But with all this trade and production, both amounting to over a hundred millions sterling a year, and a teeming population not far short of twenty millions, and ruled over by a European power, Java remains a country that is little known, indeed, to the average reader, hardly as much known as Siam or Japan. It lies just out of the way of the India and China and English traffic, and is also out of the way of Australian traffic with the rest of the world. For a few hours once a fortnight the Queensland Royal Mail Steamers (the British Indian) touch at Batavia, or rather anchor out in the inconvenient roads,—on their way from Brisbane to England,—and passengers do land to pay a couple of sovereigns for the luxury of hiring an old coach and having a turn at the horrid and indigestible Dutch curries and meals in general; but Java itself remains very little known. I hope that this account will dispel to some extent existing ignorance on the subject. Sir Stamford Raffles' account of it is out of date, though it may be studied for such things as antiquities, &c. The island, as it exists now, and under the Dutch, is different. Even Money's three-volumed work is out of date. Not only have the Dutch very much relaxed their old stringent system of contracts and monopolies, but a life-like picture of the men, manners, things, &c., is absent from his work. Indeed, I don't think he professes to give it, and I believe he expressly states his object to be a different,—a political one. Such being the case, and Java being certainly a large subject, it may be imagined that the temptation has lain strong on me to repair the error made in losing the £300, and write, if not a three-volumed work, at least a one-volume production, on the subject.

As all readers are supposed to be aware, Java is an island about 600 miles long with an average breadth of 150 miles, a little more in parts. It runs parallel to the Equator, about eight degrees to the south of it (I am writing without maps

before me.) A high range of mountains, from 10,000 to 12,000 feet in elevation, all volcanic, runs along the middle, and forms the backbone on which the island rests, and from which the lands slope down to the sea on the north and south. There are three principal ports of trade, all situated on the north or sheltered side of the island, and marking the western, central and eastern great divisions of the country. These ports are Batavia, Samarang and Surabaya, the first and third with very extensive trade, the second, between the two, with but a moderate amount of business. The Java system of railways, when I was on the island, was opened from each of these ports on the sea-coast to a certain distance in the interior, and each line was stretching out from the points in the interior to meet the other, to form in time through interior communication. At the time this longitudinal line, uniting the three lines from the sea-ports, had not been completed, and for this reason, as also being more convenient, I shall go through the island by taking up each port and the interior portion of country connected with it. First, then, I take up Batavia and the western portion of Java, of which it is the outlet. There is no natural harbour which the steamer, whether from the east or the north (from Singapore,) makes for. If coming from the east a slight bend in the shores discovers the head of the Bay or open roadstead in the far distance dotted with shipping. If from the north, after passing the lovely Archipelago of "the thousand isles," the masts of the shipping in port are discerned before even the low shores of Java, and shortly after steaming past the small island of Onrust, the anchor is dropped. A tower, used at night as a light-house, and for signals during the day, may be seen to the right or west of the point to which the traffic of boats and small passenger steamers converges, marked by the raised masonry embankments of a canal. Far away, some three miles to the left, may be discerned a portion of the works of the New Harbour, an artificial basin united with Batavia by a railway, but the basin is not much availed of by shipping.

Immediately on dropping anchor, the vessel is placed in communication with the Port authorities, who are to be found on board an old square-built frowning frigate of the last century still kept up as a naval guard-ship, and on which the drums may be heard beating to quarters regularly several times during the course of the day. While the ship's papers are being examined, the new arrival has time to see a little about him. There may be about thirty square-rigged vessels, many of them with ominous Dutch names. The Dutch flag, too, flies over them. A French or a Spanish vessel, too, may be occasionally seen. There may be also two or three Dutch

men-of-war ; for it is to be remembered that these possessions of the Dutch are essentially maritime. A considerable portion of the rest are English vessels, or vessels flying the English flag, though they may be owned, for example, by Chinese merchants of Singapore. There is a thriving trade carried on between Batavia and Singapore, which is only two days' steaming distance. Besides the larger Dutch and French steamers which leave every other week, there are two or three lines of smaller steamers owned by Chinese, which keep up a communication between the two ports, generally twice a week, sometimes oftener. On these Chinese steamers the anomaly is seen of the Chief Engineer being higher paid, and being reckoned a more responsible officer than the Captain ! The Chinese are indeed a very shrewd race. Small passenger steamers of from fifty to a hundred tons may also be seen busy steaming about from ship to ship, putting on board or taking off passengers, or steaming into, or out of, the canal. During this time, too, the passenger just arrived may learn that at times, during the north-east monsoon, which here blows down the China Sea, when the sea is sufficiently rough, communication with the shore is *cut off by order of the Government !* The signal for such a nuisance is made from the aforesaid tower on the right ; and then no passenger steamers will come out, nor any native boats, of which any number ply for hire. Hence it has sometimes happened that a Queensland Mail Steamer has been obliged to leave Batavia without even a passenger being able to land.

Supposing, however, it is all right, the weather calm and favourable, and the authorities on board the guard-ship, (the aforesaid old square-built seventeenth century frowning frigate,) satisfied with the ship's papers, a passenger steamer,—some are larger, but some are mere steam-launches—fussily steams up, you descend the gangway and get on board, seat yourself on a chair on deck, and find yourself rapidly carried for a couple of miles to the mouth of the canal, and then, when entered, you proceed between two walls of masonry with the *sea on both the outer sides*, and in this way for at least a couple of miles more, till the low shores are reached and passed, and then you have to go three miles more along lines of swampy ground or clumps of trees till the Custom House landing is reached, or in all seven miles, a long enough way simply to land after reaching port, showing the difficulties under which this place has to contend with naturally, besides those created by the Dutch themselves. And yet most of the trade is carried on thus, the New Harbour being little used, except for the landing or embarking of horses and ponies, and by some few very quiet-going ships. It may be imagined, therefore, that there are any number of cargo boats always moving about. These passenger steamers have a very praiseworthy

and brotherly feeling of freely taking in tow any Native passenger boats who wish it. They have simply to cast the tow-line up to the steamer to be quickly hooked on, and gaily and rapidly pulled on. But the Custom House, as the traveller will find, is not Batavia, nor near it, but of that more anon.

On the occasion of my first visit to Batavia, I found that the pilot who boarded the steamer I was on before she entered the port, united in his person the offices of a ship-chandler, and of a hotel-keeper: only the hotel business was carried on in the name of his wife. This union of three offices was, it appeared to me, peculiarly Dutch. Let me warn intending travellers to Java against this same man. I was "*taken in*" in truth, by him. *Experientia docet*. His hotel is by a long way from "the best." Fleas and dogs make the rooms rather lively during both day and night, and sometimes sleep is impossible to the weary. At the Customs landing, my luggage had to be passed. I was not asked to open any of my luggage, my declaration of contents being held to be sufficient—a favor, I may observe, not always extended. There is a heavy import duty on all fire-arms, even those for personal use, and rather than pay on a case containing a couple of rifles, I left it at the Custom House, from where I got it back safely when I again embarked. On another case of *samples* of preserved meats, I had to pay an *ad-valorem* duty of some five or seven per cent., I forget which. Thus it is that the Dutch in Java promote trade. Having got clear of the Customs, and got out on to the road, I quickly learnt that the commercial or business part of the city extended for about a mile from here, that the hotel I had engaged rooms in was in Batavia, which was described to me as being any number of miles away, at least some three or four. I was not particularly pleased with this prospect of further travelling, but had to accept it. There are three ways open to reach Batavia, even after being at the Custom House and in the business part of the city. The three ways are—first to take a cheap one-horse native "shay"—I can't recommend it; another to take an expensive old cast-off barouche or coach with a pair of horses which will cost you at the rate of ten shillings an hour; and the third, to get on a tramcar (pulled by horse-power) adjacent, which also is exceedingly cheap, some three-pence only for the entire distance, but in which there is the disadvantage (or advantage, if you will have it) of having some forty to fifty native fellow-passengers of all classes. These trams run right to the other end of Batavia, and pass every ten or fifteen minutes, and in a city of such extent, are a great convenience. Let me dismiss them here by saying that I afterwards used them often, and found them a great convenience in either coming down

to the commercial quarter or reaching other distant parts of the city. I mention this because it is associated with a feat of extreme agility, for performing which, being portly and advanced in years, I take great credit to myself. As the tram only stops at rather long distances of half a mile or so, male passengers, if they are not at the stopping place, have to take their chance of getting on or off while the car is in rapid motion, or of breaking their neck if they miss their hold and footing. The cars, however, are gallant enough *always* to stop in the case of female passengers. They lower their flag to womankind. The Dutch in Java are bad enough in many ways, but they draw the line at ladies, and I may add, at also gentlemen "to the manner born." Let me give them their due credit. If I had no business and nothing to bring me in contact with the rough side of life, I should wish for no pleasanter place or people than Java and its Dutch *officials* to spend a few months with. Tennyson must have been there to describe his "lotos-eaters."

The commercial town may be first described. Near the Custom House there is always a large native crowd, and one may chance to see Javanese, Malays, Chinese, Arabs, Klings (from South India), all dressed in gaudy colours, shouting and vociferating all at the same time, meanwhile *nolens volens*, the traveller's luggage is carried off by sundry coolies and others on whom one has to keep a sharp eye on account of the crowd being so dense, lest they get out of sight. A few rough acclimatised and bronzed Dutch may also be here seen; but the sight of them, as well as the cross-race, who are not always distinguishable, soon becomes common enough. Large coffee godowns, in which several hundreds of women are employed, are left on the left, a distance of some hundred yards on a bridge is crossed, and the main business thoroughfare is reached. The canal, I may mention, is here, and throughout its course crossed by numerous substantial bridges at short distances, giving access to both sides of the city. Nearly opposite the first bridge, beyond which steamers and cargo boats don't pass, a large two-storied substantially built house marks at the same time the office of the British Consul-General of Java, Mr. Cameron, the Agency of an English Bank, and the office and stores of the mammoth English firm in Java, Messrs. Maclaine, Watson and Co.—Mr. Cameron being also the Agent of the Bank and the only partner and head of the firm here. It is necessary for every Englishman coming to Java to report himself to the Consul-General, but this is done by the Commander of the steamer. The street here, and I may add everywhere in Batavia, is wide and clean.

There is a great deal of traffic and business carried on here. Fine large houses line the street on either side

as far as visible, and numerous cross-streets intersect the main artery at right angles. There are here some two or three other English banks, and about two or three other English mercantile firms, all the rest being Dutch, German, &c. I, of course, received a very cordial welcome from the *tria-in-uno* head of the firm of Maclaine, Watson and Co. The firm has large branches also at Samarang and Surabaya, at both of which places were my agents there. After making due enquiries as to Dutch officials, etiquette, business, &c., I was provided by Mr. Cameron with a Javanese superior sort of a peon of the office to attend on me, carry out my instructions, &c. This was a great and unexpected favor, and considerably relieved me from a number of petty troubles, which must always be met by a stranger on first arrival. How my business affairs sped so far as they were connected with this firm, will be stated at the termination of my Batavian visit (or visits, for the results of several are united here into one narrative), but I may mention here that I made two other valuable acquaintances in the two principal European Assistants employed in the firm, the one being a brother of our best London author on Buddhism. Mr. (Barrister-at-Law) Rhys Davis; and the other, one who had not been unknown in the highest literary circles at home. I was considerably surprised at finding such gentlemen 'clerks' even in the great mammoth Java firm of Messrs. Maclaine, Watson and Co. But it only shows the mercantile and independent genius of the English people. The result of my knowing these two Assistants was, that during my stay in Batavia, we had several pleasant champagne reunions, and spent several very tranquil and happy evenings with them. Any English society in Java is conspicuous by its absence, and even in Batavia, where there are, I believe, about a dozen Englishmen in all—some happily with their "better-halves"—the society of one's own kind, and pleasant social intercourse in English, are very cheering and much appreciated. We have to re-cross the canal, which here twists and winds about, and presents the aspect of more than one channel, to get on to the tram to proceed to Batavia, leaving the railway station, the Judges,' Residents,' and other superior courts; the Treasury, Post-office, and other Government offices, &c., on our left. But before we proceed to Batavia, let me dismiss this commercial port or town by adding that there is not a single hotel in it, and that not a single European—Dutch or English—resident has a bed here at night, every one, even most of the natives, deserting it at night. The cause is stated to be the malarious nature of the low shore soil here, nearly two miles from the sea and that it is sure death to sleep here. I remember on the

occasion of one visit, wishing, if possible, to be near where my business lay, and trying everywhere—even at a few (very poor) cafés—to get a bed, but found wonder and amazement depicted on the stolid countenances of my Dutch hosts. They remained under the impression that I wished to commit suicide. The Fort, too, pretty well laid out, and with a deep wide moat all round, lies on the left on the way to Batavia. The walls are low and all of earth turfed with grass, and so overhung with a luxuriant tropical vegetation of bamboo clumps and other high trees, as almost to be missed on the way. The Fort is evidently a strong one, and Dutch white troops garrison it, there not being a single native soldier allowed. I may be permitted here to add, that as I passed it, I remembered with some natural feeling of self-satisfaction that my father helped in storming and capturing it from these same Dutch, who are by no means bad troops, when he was only a young cadet or lieutenant in the navy.

We have to go along nearly a mile or two of road before we come on native huts and shops thickly lining the sides, and the Chinese quarters where there are a few showy native residences. The canal here runs along the left with its bridges at intervals, and the street on both sides. After about another mile, Batavia begins to show itself, with its pretty cottages enveloped in green gardens, its commodious and fine hotels and other superior structures and residences, generally each one with its own grounds of some extent. Some of the hotels, all with Dutch names, and some showing that they are carried on under female superintendence, are very fair ones for accommodation and comfort, and are almost as cosy as private residences or snuggeries. But the largest one, and most frequented by English Mail Steamer passengers, is the Hotel des Indes. Its extensive but one-story buildings cannot be missed by any one.

On arriving at the hotel, I began to have a new experience of living—the Dutch way. First of all, the ladies—the Dutch ladies, such of them as were about and could be seen. And here I should wish to skip the subject, only I know that the readers of the *Review* will never forgive me if I do. Well, they altogether *stunned* me! Having seen some few Dutch ladies at home in England of the best standing in society, and seen other few ladies of various classes and countries in Europe, I was not prepared to see what I did see in Batavia. Had I seen these same Batavian Dutch ladies in the *afternoon*, that is, after 4 P. M., I should not have been stunned. But to see European women,—and even the best Dutch ladies here dress in the same way,—going about a house in broad daylight with merely a light white calico or other Malay *sarong* and an

equally light open jacket to cover the bare shoulders, was worse even than to see them going about in the usually known English night-dress. The Malay *sarong* is merely a sheet sewn up on one side, leaving two holes to get in and out, and is worn by putting the body through this large pillow-slip, open at the two ends, and drawing the top opening together and giving it a twist over the bosom to prevent the pillow-slip from slipping down. Imagine any European lady, whether young or old—some may consider it more unbecoming in the older and stouter—going about in such a light, single fold, slippery pillow-slip, which, besides being no dress at all, and worse than an ordinary Englishwoman's night-dress, appears every moment to the inexperienced eye to threaten to unfasten and slip down! It is also to be remembered, there is nothing between the naked skin and this single fold of light calico. As I have said above I was *stunned*. The shock I received was of such a mixed nature, that I shall not attempt to analyse it; suffice it to say, that a considerable degree of disgust and shame at the exhibition remained uppermost in my feelings, and these were by no means lessened when I learnt afterwards that it was the ordinary day-dress; that it was every one's day costume; that the sack never slipped down; that the ladies were as easy and comfortable and unconcerned in the *sarong* as possible; or further, that this was *the very and ordinary night-dress of the ladies*. So much for this subject which, as I said, I should wish to have skipped, but perhaps the mention of it may effect a change for the better. I got accustomed to view this sort of, what to English ideas of propriety, amounts to nudeness, but I could never excuse it. The reasons alleged are the hot and enervating climate, the relief from dressing and undressing several times a day, and the comfort and coolness of the costume. At 4 P. M., however, a transformation scene is effected, the ladies then decide whether they shall stay in or drive out, or display their charms on "the mall" along "the mole," the aforesaid Canal runs past the fashionable quarter, and they are all young and old, thin and stout, dressed in their proper European dress, even in the latest Paris fashions! I have no doubt that the low tone of Dutch morality in Java, and the almost entire absence of religion, are very nearly connected with the want of propriety in the European female day-dress described above; and connected with it, too, probably, is the general barrel-waisted shape of the fair Batavian Dutch dames, their physical weight and solidity, and their inclination to grow stout as soon as they get past the twenties. Having got over the worst part about them, let me conclude my observations on them as I found them in Java, by saying that they are kind-hearted, quiet and gentle, and when unmarried and



young, fond of attracting male admirers. They take amazingly to a domestic life and quiet humdrum duties soon after they are married.

Before we get free from the hotel to look round about us in Batavia, let me describe its internal economy and meals. The number of domestic servants, both male and female, especially to one fresh from Australia where, in many parts they simply cannot be obtained—of course there they are Johns, Thomases, Mary Janes, and so forth, and here they are dark Javanese—is amazing. Even judged according to the Indian standard the servants appear too numerous, and the proportion of females is greater. The cause is soon explained. Living and wages are very cheap; while the Javanese generally carry with them their domestic home-like character, involving the appearance of more womenkind than would else be about. The meals for Europeans consist of three, the first called a breakfast, why I shall explain further on; the second called the “curry and rice,” and the third the dinner. Although there is a profusion of dishes at each meal, let me premise and warn intending visitors to the island of “lotos-eaters,” that there is nothing eatable at any one of them. The breakfast ranges from 8 A.M. to 10 A.M., and consists altogether of *cold* dishes, not one of which is eatable. It is called a “breakfast” simply because the fast is truly broken, not because it is a proper sort of a meal. Even the bread is inferior, and there is no such thing as fresh butter. The butter comes all the way from Europe. A fresh egg may be called for, it is not provided, and that is perhaps all that is eatable. There is also a cup of tea or coffee. But the milk only has the name of milk. The midday meal, or curry and rice, comes on at about half after twelve, and consists only of rice, and any number of the most tasteless *bizarre* curries imaginable. I remembered with a sigh the delicious Ceylon curries when one could not only eat this horrid Oriental compound of turmeric and chillies, but even wish for a further acquaintance with tender chicken cooked with spices in cocoanut milk; but as for these Java curries they are evidently so bad, that even the Dutch so accustomed to them cannot get over them without the aid of nearly a dozen of “sambals,” or preparations of the nature of pickled salads or mashes made up of any thing and every thing, from cocoanut chips to vegetable tops; but all loaded with chillies and oil. It requires considerable courage to venture into such nameless and worse than useless fare. To go without a proper English breakfast, and then without a lunch was bad enough; but to go without even a decent—mind, a moderately plain and decent dinner according to English ideas, filled up the cup of Dutch shortcomings in Java to the

full. I can unhesitatingly say that my stays in Java were always of the nature of prolonged fasts, and I used to look forward to getting on board again just only to have a decent and "square" meal. On comparing notes with other English visitors, I found their experience at the hotels to have been precisely the same as my own. Only at respectable private houses can an eatable curry or a respectable joint of meat be seen. But I have not yet described the dinner. This has of course its "courses." The soup is always like ditch-water or slops. When there is fish, that is the only eatable fare. The meat-roast or otherwise, is poor, tasteless and leathery. I could never bear to even look at it. Now, however, they have a supply of fresh frozen meat from Australia, and have mended in that important respect. The small side-dishes, too, are not worth notice, being as bad as they well can be. Puddings and pastries poorly made, salads and fruits, wind up a most unsatisfactory meal. A cup of coffee comes at the close, and the British or Australian traveller, after having travelled ten miles by steam launch and an old coach to reach Batavia from the mail steamer, and paid probably, more than a sovereign away for this *extraordinary* journey, and run the gauntlet of sharks, touters, coolies, *et hoc genus omne* ; been shocked by the loose and bare nature of the Dutch female day costume ; and after having gone without a proper breakfast, rejected *olla podridas* of "sambals" and the sham "curry and rice," and risen dissatisfied from a so-called dinner, may light his pipe Manilla or mild Havannah, go to the portico lounge, where lights, easy chairs and tables are placed, call for a bottle of wine, and reflect upon Dutch ways of living, the incompatibility of tastes, and rack his brains in trying to solve the problem, how the Dutch here, both male and female, manage to attain such weight, solidity, and stoutness. "Schnapps" and "Hollands" are evidently unequal to produce the *gross* result.

This is the far-famed city of Batavia, the capital of the Dutch in the East for nearly three centuries, where we now are. The commercial quarter, three miles away, where we first landed after the seven miles of steaming from our anchoring place, is merely a suburb or outskirt, a port accommodation, much as Port Adelaide is to Adelaide in South Australia. But this city proper of Batavia only begins here, and stretches far away to Köningsplein about four miles further to the south, covering many a square mile of ground. There are Javanese *campongs* or *bustees* interspersed throughout with tens of thousands of inhabitants, and there are Dutch shops and dwellings, most of them in the cottage style, but some two-storied, massive, and imposing, all in their own grounds, surrounded by gardens, trees and foliage, everywhere stretching for miles on

miles. Let us take a general day view of the principal sights to be seen in this great, quiet, sleepy, Dutch city.

The very first thing that meets the eye is the canal with its bridges at easy distances, its flights of stairs leading down to the water, its water as muddy and dirty as can be, and the number of Javanese both male and female washing and bathing themselves in the dirty water. In a hot country some sort of ablution seems to be necessary every day; and this bathing seems to be going on from early morning till the evening. Generally, the persons of the bathers are covered by the "*sarong*—"the single slip afore-mentioned—which is washed at the same opportunity, but sometimes this covering is entirely thrown aside. Fortunately the drinking water of the European residents is drawn from a different and purer source. There is no hum and stir of business here as in the business town, and with the exception of a horse tram sliding noiselessly every ten or twenty minutes, an occasional one-horse shay, and very rarely native foot-passengers, there is no sign of life except from those bathers. On the roads, in the large grounds and gardens, and about the houses, there is a stillness and repose which is sometimes even oppressive. Pass on further and get away from this, the fashionable and aristocratic quarter, and you meet with the great Dutch institution of "*Tokos*," or *stores*,—shops where most ordinary things are sold, and presided over by a Dutch lady, and it may be with two or three daughters, all in the aforesaid very convenient but very reprehensible open-end pillow-slips. The male element seems to be conspicuously absent, being employed elsewhere. These "*Tokos*" or *stores* are not to be compared with the magnificent shops in the principal cities of Australia or of Calcutta or Bombay, though there are one or two "*emporia of fashion*"—I give the rendering of the Dutch equivalents on the signboards—of the first magnitude. Near the market, however, about a mile off from where we started near the *Hotel d' Oort*, or the contiguous *Hotel des Indies*, there are a number of very decent shops and stores kept by Chinese tradesmen, who probably do the most part of the business in the shop-keeping line here. In my efforts to find an entrance for my preserved meats into Java, I took occasion to pay several visits to these Chinese shop-keepers, and found them extremely intelligent, and full of native Chinese shrewdness and cunning, which, for those uninitiated in the mysteries of trade, let me add, often defeats its own ends, and is quite unlike English ways of doing business. I must say that the Dutch in Java were no better than the Chinese. Near these Chinese shops, at the back, is the native market, and that is a very busy scene. An open space of about a couple

of acres bounded by the roads with small shops, was densely covered over with rows of tiny stalls in inextricable confusion, with narrow lanes or paths three or four feet wide running everywhere. The crowd of people in this narrow space was immense, and all seemed on the move. There were Arab and Javanese *Hadjis*, ordinary natives, here and there a seedy-looking Dutchman, men and women, and dogs and cats. The open stalls were nearly all presided over by Javanese women, who sold fish, fruit, vegetables, flowers, tobacco, &c. During the *durian* season, the stench rising from the ripened fruit is perfectly sickening, though the Dutch, with their usual perversity, are very fond of it. However, there are other noble fruits, as the mangosteen, the shaddock, the banana, and the pineapple, all which grow to the greatest perfection in Java, and which are exported in steamer-loads, along with cabbage-heads, to Singapore. It will not serve my purpose here to give a description of these and other Javanese fruits—there are very good mangoes, too—or I might fill pages with it. All the vegetables and greens of India may be seen here. The shops which lined the boundary roads were mostly kept by men selling non-perishable goods. The presiding guardians of this busy, crowded, and dirty scene were two disreputable looking Dutch Policemen. They looked dreadfully cunning, and were extremely obsequious to me. They attached themselves to me, seeing at once that I was a new-comer, bargained for me, and from the way they cut down the prices, I am sure robbed the poor stall-holders of their dues, and there was no resisting them,—they bullied, overturned stalls, kicked over jars and pots, breaking them, and some how or other managed nearly to break the shins of an inoffensive passer-by, all on my behalf! I found my efforts to moderate and restrain their zeal, and to be just in their bargains, of no avail. Even in the matter of getting the top off a green cocoanut for me, they were nearly striking a wretch who was not quick enough in handing them the knife. Finding my presence, owing to these model Policemen, proved no blessing to the market, I retreated, but before I left, instilled some lessons of benevolence into them, which I clinched by purchasing and giving them from a shop close by, two quart bottles of beer, and making them open and drink them to my health before I left, which they did with great delight and thanks, for it was a fearfully hot day.

Past the Hotel des Indies we come upon the "Harmoncé, or the great United Service Club of Batavia, with its spacious verandahs and elegant rooms. The building is one-storied, of course. This Club forms the reunion of the best part of male Batavia every evening, and all the rooms are brilliantly lit up.

The time to see it, however, is after dinner, at about half-past eight o'clock P. M. There is a perfect blaze of light,—gas light. The verandahs, coffee, billiard and other rooms, are thronged with Dutch officers and civilians, and altogether there is as fine a scene as can be seen anywhere out of Europe. It is a very exclusive club—and what *Dutch* man or institution is not exclusive? But respectable travellers and foreigners, if they have friends or letters of introduction, may pay it a visit. Further on is the old "Government House," a very modest two-storied building off the road, formerly the residence of the Governor-General before the move was made to Buytenzorg. The building is used once a month, when the Viceroy comes down and gives the monthly ball, at least, so I was informed, though it seemed strange to me that he should give balls so often. I never happened to be in Batavia on the occasion of one, and so cannot say whether he does or does not give them so often. But, perhaps the Dutch manage their Viceroys in a different way from the English mode. Up to this, from the Hotels where we started, forms the "Mall," along the banks of the canal—the "Mole"—where all the beauty, youth, and fashion of Batavia "do the block" every evening rigged out in full costume. Dutch belles, ere while so scantily clad, and Dutch beaux, may here be studied to perfection. Old and gray as is the writer, and utterly incapable of being moved by feminine vanities and charms, he found himself often the subject of tender glances from the former, even if they had their admirers by their side. This, of course, used to disconcert him much.\* The reasons, he found out afterwards, for such behaviour were, that he looked like a distinguished foreigner, and in his evening walks had no partner by his side!

Such are the day and evening scenes of the best part of Batavia. As darkness closes in, people return home to dinner. After that there is the Club, music, small parties, or anything else you may fancy, even to a second walk by the "Mole," to see how fond and loving young couples may be who hope to perpetrate matrimony. The streets are all lit with gas-lamps. Later on you hear from your room the commencement of some carriage traffic in the roads which continues till past midnight.

The Sunday in Batavia is, however, its worst day—worst, because without the redeeming feature of business as on other days, there remain all their worst features of dissipation, &c. while the sacred purpose of the day is entirely lost sight of. There was no English chaplain during the year I happened to pay my visits—none could be procured though very tempting offers were made for one to the neighbouring Bishop of

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\* Mr. Cameron does himself an injustice. He is not so easily disconcerted. ED.—C. R.

Singapore by the limited English community, and there seemed to be only two Dutch (Calvinistic) divines, who, according to Dutch accounts, were so fond of "schnapps," and other such drinks, gossiping about and other unclerical practices, that they had lost all their influence, so that their churches generally remained empty. Let me hope that all this was scandal, and that the worthy gentlemen had overflowing congregations. Dutch morality, however, is at a very low ebb, generally speaking, in Java; and where there is no morality, there cannot be any religion. The Dutch are too open to be hypocrites. Even the better classes of the Civil Service, who annually come out from Europe, young as they are, are strongly tinged with the prevailing forms of Continental infidelity and French doctrines. Some few, especially those who have the advantage of a partial English training (in England) are very much better and keep to the old paths.

I have, I believe, previously mentioned that all the principal Government officials live up at Buytenzorg, and as a part of my business lay with the Railway Head, I had to betake myself thither. Buytenzorg is about forty miles away direct south, on the slope of a mass of mountains situated about the middle of the island, that is, equally distant from the sea on either side north and south. The railway runs to it, and beyond to Sukabumi and other places, all in the great Sunda province of Java, where the tea-gardens are situated. Besides my ordinary travelling *impedimenta*, I had a couple of those diminutive graceful musk-deer called *palandock* by the Malays. I had obtained them from the Malayan peninsula, and had brought them with me from Singapore intending to carry them with me to Australia. They were both penned up in a cage or box thirty-six by eighteen by fifteen inches high. This size left them plenty of room to move about freely, and even to take a "fisherman's walk," which, for my ignorant readers I may explain, in the Irish coasts means "six steps and a turn." I note down the size of the box to show the disproportioned charge I had to pay on it to convey it up to Buytenzorg, and the tribulation into which it threw the worthy Dutch Station-master. The station lies near the Court-house in the business town. Fortunately I drove thither a couple hours before the time for starting, in order to transact other business before I got off. For, on going to the station and booking myself for Buytenzorg, when it came to the turn of the deer in the aforesaid little cage, the Station-master after informing me he had never seen such "very pretty" animals, and did not think there were any in Java, told me he was not quite sure what I had to pay on them. He had most animals down on his list, but not deer. After being much perplexed, he said he would ask his official

superior! When I returned to the station, he said he had been instructed to charge for the deer as for third-class passengers! My efforts to persuade him that they were not human beings, and occupied only the space of the small box, were of no use. To his Dutch official railway understanding the deer were, to all intents and purposes, two full grown men—not even children!—and after booking them (as such!) I insisted on seeing them put into a third-class compartment and occupying the paid-for space. The incident, absurd as it was and peculiarly *Dutch*, reminded me of a very similar one that happened at a small railway station in the North-West Provinces of India, where I attempted to get a small tiger cub booked for Calcutta. The cub was smaller than a cat, but the Bengali Station-master—for he was one of “our Aryan brethren”—after considerable thought and perplexity and looking-up of his books, decided that I had to pay for him as for a full grown tiger! Let me add, with regard to the little deer, that during my subsequent railway journeys in Java on that occasion, I had always to pay for them as for third class passengers. I could not leave them behind me anywhere, as they required a great deal of attention, special food, and besides were the objects of undisguised admiration to my Dutch friends, and of breaking the tenth commandment.

The railway is a narrow guage one, but as the rate of speed is very mild, there is not the severe oscillation which is felt on the narrow lines of any length in India, as, for instance, on the Rajputana Central India line. About four or five miles after leaving the station we pass the Southern part of the European city of Batavia called “Kongsplein,” an immense open square laid in grass, surrounded by cosy residences. After that the scenery is a succession of orchards and poor cultivations as far as Buytenzorg.

Buytenzorg, the real capital of Java, is the perpetual Simla of the Government of the Dutch Indies. It lies on the extended lower slopes of an elevated mass. The elevation of the settlement I was informed was only a thousand feet above the level of the sea, but it may have been more. The temperature is very much milder than at Batavia, and, of course, the air is purer, the water caught from the numerous streams coming down the sides of the mountain sweeter and more wholesome, and the views in various directions—especially from the Belle Vue Hotel—over gorges densely covered with forests, or miles of surrounding country, very good. There are not so many hotels here as at Batavia, but those that are, are very good. They are generally occupied by travellers or the younger members of the Dutch civil and military services. The baths attached to one or two hotels which catch streams descending

from the mountains are the best that could be imagined. The natural channel has been turned and twisted and enlarged into smaller and larger basins, enclosed and covered over for the various purposes of plunge, shower, swimming, &c., and as the element is always running, there is an ever present fresh supply of the purest water.

Up here only official business is transacted. Here are all the different Departments of State, with their heads and establishments, and the head of all—the Viceroy and Governor-General. After a drive of more than a mile from the hotel along a pretty side of the hill, I found the Director of the Railway Department in his office, of the size of a comfortable cottage. As usual, the superior Dutch officials are the very best people in the world, and the Director was no exception. Cordial and polite to a degree when he learnt that I knew some of the leading Dutch ministers in Holland (Europe), I found that I had come a day too late for any contracts for Railway sleepers. All the contracts for all the projected lines had already been given out to contractors on the island. There are, it seems, inexhaustible supplies of teak-wood in Java—called here *jati*—and it contributes to the revenues to give contracts for this wood. It was of no use my pointing out that this teak was liable to be attacked by white-ants, which are to be found here as usual in the East—a pest; that along the line lay heaps of dug-out sleepers quite eaten through; that the West Australian iron-wood could not be attacked by these ants; and further, that relinquishing almost every penny of profit, I was able to give the better sleepers at a fraction less than what he paid for his *jati* wood; the contracts had not only been given out, but *in Java to the Dutch and natives*. After negotiating for some two or three days, and showing him how he might obtain a sleeping partnership in a mammoth timber Company, I had to give up the case as hopeless. As before mentioned, the Government derive a revenue by the sale of these teak forests; and further, the contracts had all been given out. Still again, it is not the policy of the Government—nay even of the Dutch traders—where it can be helped, to expand Australian or any other than Dutch trade! I could not struggle against such a combination of all-powerful reasons. It is only where—as in the case of fresh meat for the troops—there is no other Dutch remedy or source of supply, that they have to give in. I learnt, however, from the Director that they were shortly going to introduce the iron-pot system instead of wooden sleepers on all the Java lines, and were in negotiation, at that very time, with an eminent firm of Belgian iron manufacturers.

The Viceroy, at the time of my visit, was a fine handsome



old gentleman of the name of Jacobs. He had a flowing silvery beard, which at once attracted attention. He was also very courteous and kind, and offered me every assistance in travelling into the interior, as country posts are here arranged by the Government. He has only one grown-up daughter living with him in his neat and modest residence—a large cottage—in the midst of the Botanical gardens, and except for the few State occasions when he goes down to Batavia, lives with her here a very quiet and retired life. I had brought with me letters given me some ten years previously by Count de Bylandt, the Dutch Minister in London, who had wished to introduce me to a former Viceroy of Java, a Mr. Mackay—who, I am not sure, is not our own Lord Reay, Governor of Bombay—and this I took the opportunity of delivering to Mr. Jacobs; but I could not stay for his kind invitation that followed. I had come up purely on business which had ended, and before going down to Batavia, wished to have a sight of tea cultivation in Java, which is carried on here in the interior.

The Botanical gardens here, in the midst of which the Government House or cottage is situated, are stated to be the finest in the world. I am not sufficient of a botanist to question this statement, but I have seen several, notably those at Melbourne and Sydney, which are in every way prettier and more to my taste. Nothing can exceed the loveliness of site of either of the Sydney or Melbourne gardens with their lakes, islands, &c., and their wealth of flowers and trees. With some, doubtless, it is a fashion to praise up everything foreign at the expense of our own. The Buytenzorg gardens are certainly old—I believe more than a century old,—of great extent, with splendid broad walks and roads, some of them lined with magnificent avenues of stately trees. But for these long stately avenues, which I have nowhere seen surpassed, the gardens would be quite tame. As for flowers, I saw very few of them, I mean English flowers. Java has its own floral world. The Burmese *Amherstia*, however, beats all that Java can show in the floral line. There is a very fine lawn-tennis ground, with a handsome pavilion just outside of a corner of the gardens.

The streets of Buytenzorg are even more silent than those of Batavia, and the natives here are a stronger and better-built race. At night the foot-traveller has to pass everywhere, at the turn of every street—which everywhere here are lined with substantial cottages set in the midst of gardens,—a small police station where watch and ward is kept by old-fashioned native guards, who regularly strike every hour, and stop and question all natives. Europeans are not interfered with. There are fine walks leading out of Buytenzorg, with views of hill scenery, &c.

Every one urged me to see Sukabumi as it was the prettiest of any spot in Java, and as I had to see the tea gardens which lay not far off, I thought I could afford to give it a day. It is only a short run by railway, but over the most pleasant scenery imaginable—wooded downs, lofty ridges, mountain streams, and dense forests. The country did not appear to be laid much under cultivation, and I was told there was good tiger shooting to be had here. Indeed, tigers are abundant in all parts of Java. Sukabumi is an old-fashioned town with a peculiar dreamy quietness about it. The word, which is pure Sanscrit, means *the world's delight*, and the dreaminess about it, as well as the peculiar name, reminded me of Bhagsu (or Bhagsuk) beyond Dhurmsallah on the slope of the Himalayas as it appears from the latter sanatorium on a bright summer's day. *Bhagsuk* in Sanscrit means the *enjoyment of delight*. Of course Bhagsuk is situated very much higher—about 9,000 feet, whereas Sukabumi is about 2,000 feet, and like Buyenzorg, on the slope of a mountain. The streets are mere narrow green lanes; and beyond the fact of having been here, and the scenery, there is not much to be said for coming here, for there is little of business.

On the next day, by railway for a few miles, and then by a carriage sent to meet me, I started to visit, one of the largest tea gardens in the neighbourhood, and compare notes with my previous knowledge of the Punjab tea gardens up at Holta in the Kangra Valley. The garden, owned by a German, is one of the largest, if not the largest here, and a great quantity of tea turned out and exported to Europe. Java tea is superior to the average Chinese, but not so good as Ceylon, or the best Indian tea. The gardens all had the usual clean, trim, and neat appearance; and the plant is the same smaller variety met with in the Punjab—not the vigorous large variety of Assam. From the way tea cultivation is spreading here (in Java), there is no doubt it will prove some sort of a rival to India at no distant date. It will also help to keep up the *prestige* of China tea, for it is passed as such, and the flavour and strength are very fair. There are a great many other tea gardens in this neighbourhood. Young girls are employed in picking the leaves, which goes on all the year round, though mostly, in the “flushes” in the rainy season. The plants had small pits, one or two feet deep, dug out by the side of each to drain off superabundant moisture. The manufacturing process here is precisely the same as in India, only the appliances are rude and primitive. The leaves are, however, rolled by machinery. A good many women are employed. Of the samples I tasted, the best were equal to the best Indian teas without their *body*. After spending a couple of days here very pleasantly, I took train and returned

by the same way I came down to Batavia. I ought to add that the planters here are attempting, with great success, to grow vanilla also. It reminded me of a very successful attempt made by Mr. Money after his return from Java to cultivate the same plant in a shaded mangoe garden near (the old) Bishop's College, Calcutta. I don't know how his attempt ended, or whether it induced others to do likewise. But with the very high price of the pods, there is no doubt these Java tea planters will add considerably to their profits. Cocoa, too, but separately, and mostly by natives, is grown here. Some small thriving plantations may be seen along the side of the railway line from Batavia. The yield is incredible. The seeds after being shelled, are packed off whole to Europe, to be manufactured into the far-famed (and best) Van Houten's cocoa.

I was glad to be off from Batavia. My commercial and other enquiries in this part of the island convinced me that little business could be done in timber or iron with the Government, and very little in other very much needed supplies with the mercantile community. The natural obstacles presented by the harbour for live sheep, for instance, as I shall show below, were almost insuperable, to which were to be added stupid Dutch restrictions on the importation of live stock! Any one importing sheep into Batavia, would have, first of all to ensure a regular supply, and to use the costly Queensland Royal Mail steamers. After that, and before landing, they would have to be put (at great risk of being killed and disabled) into a cargo-boat, and not allowed to touch shore or land without express permission, which cannot be obtained in a day or two, there being at the same time every chance of some sweeping prohibition against all sheep and cattle being landed owing to the prevalence of some disease! So I had to give up the idea of importing good fat Australian mutton into Java. An English milch cow, which in Victoria and New South Wales may be had for six or eight pounds, is worth, *with calf*, from thirty to forty pounds in Java, and a few will sell well; but there is the same difficulty about landing and restrictions. A small trade in horses is carried on with *Western Australia*, the average quality being inferior to that sent to India; but the prices rule very fair. Potatoes are imported into Java all the way from Holland, and a miserable small yellow, doughy variety it is. Australia has enough of the best potatoes to spare, but such Dutch traders as had the potatoe business in their hands, would not hear of a change! In the matter of preserved meats, there are a variety of non-descript brands imported into Java all the way from America. Some tins I found were from some Chicago firm! The meats were all very inferior. The samples I brought were eagerly sought

after, and as they were of the best, some business was offered to be done ; but owing to Dutch greed to retain the major portion of the profit, I found that it would not pay me so well as it did in Singapore, or would pay even in India. The greatest place of Java trade—principally country export trade,—however, is Surabaya in the Eastern of the three divisions of the island, where I went to after having seen Samarang in the central division. The small steamers which ply from Singapore to Batavia usually take Samarang in their way, and in one of these I took my passage for a few guildres. As I was embarking on one of the same steam launches that had brought me ashore, I witnessed another view of Dutch official life in Java which was of some significance. The Messageries mail steamer was in port, and one of the principal Dutch officials—a “Resident,” equivalent to our Indian “Commissioner” of division,—was going “home” in her. There were about half a dozen of the fore-mentioned faded old turn-outs filled with himself and his friends, civil and military, male and female, all fully rigged out. He himself in his *uniform* was a perfect blaze of gold lace, &c., and I am not sure but that he had a sword, too, dangling at his side. He strutted and moved about the Customs landing till he could no more, about a thousand natives gaping on him as on a divinity. Then they took about half an hour to get on board *two* of the largest of the steam-launches, which were appropriately decorated with flags, &c., for such a demonstration. Then they started off with a band playing on board one of the launches, to the great relief of every one, including myself, for I did not think much of the whole scene, except as a caricature of official life of the feeblest kind. The French as well as the Dutch mail-steamers which take Batavia on their way, are of the finest of their kind, and supplied in a style that puts even the P. and O. steamers into the shade. Not only are the cabin fittings and furniture superior, but the table, in which wines are included, is of the very best. There are no *miserable* dirty *Goanese* cooks and “boys” on board, and there is accommodation for *four* classes of passengers instead of only two as on the P. and O. steamers. Even the 4th class passengers have their cabins, separate table and stewards, and are allowed a couple bottles of *vin ordinaire* at meals during the day. I was told at Batavia by people who had tried both, that even the 4th class passage on the French or Dutch lines was superior in comfort to the 2nd class of the P. and O. line, though I don’t credit it. There is certainly the allowance of the wine, it is not adulterated or chemically manufactured stuff ; and the continental upper class passengers have not the *shoddy* habit which the P. and O. (English) first class passengers have, or effect to

have, of regarding the lower class passengers as inferior beings. It is possible, however, that the P. and O. Company are themselves responsible in a great measure for this very disgusting state of things, though I believe some reforms are just being made owing to the competition of the Orient Line, such as giving up one side of the deck to the lower class passengers for a promenade, instead of herding them with the lascars and animals forward, and also introducing a *third* class passage. These are moves in the right direction; while the table might be better, and Indian Portuguese servants might be entirely dispensed with.

Samarang is reached in less than twenty-four hours from Batavia, and there is no harbour here too. So far as it goes, the anchorage is even more exposed and open, and in rough weather, vessels avoid it. There is not here the very long journey as at Batavia to reach the town which appears to lie prettily at the foot of a low elevation about two miles from where the steamer stops, but it is a mile further in shore. The town is clean and wholesome compared to Surabaya, and there is a fair hotel. The English community here is even smaller than at Batavia. There are the usual Chinese and other native quarters crowded with a population which cholera and fevers annually thin out. But all told, there is not much to be said about Samarang except that it is a great port for sugar, and in the interior are large teak forests which, as pointed out before, are farmed out by contractors who fell the timber. The railway here goes up inland to Amberawa through much mountainous scenery; beyond this the country is highly cultivated. The system of artificial irrigation is perfect. Some of the sugar factories are of the first magnitude and are owned by English planters, whose hospitality to their fellow-countrymen travelling in Java is well known. So much so is this the case, that instances have occurred of imposters, or played-out folk, coming here and living on in high credit for months, and passing on from one estate to another. There were two such cases on two occasions that I happened to be in Java, in one of which the imposter happened to be a spruce little tradesman from Queensland who spent a considerable time in travelling about the country and enjoying the open hospitality of the planters, passing himself off as a gentleman traveller! In the other case, the party was a played-out person from Sydney, who not only lived a considerable time on the planters, but proceeded to borrow money from his hosts on the strength of expected remittances! The first case escaped without immediate discovery; but in the second, the poor fellow was found out. He was pardoned readily, as the exposé was punishment enough, and he made a very good sort of reparation afterwards

by sending a glowing account of these Java sugar estates to some London paper. This man had occupied a good social position before, but by some mistake or other he fell down the ladder. How little are we apt to excuse such falls! Success, however obtained, is looked on as virtue, and failure, however ill-merited, as vice, in a mercenary and unhealthy state of things. Another traveller at this time, too, was a young Scot from Glasgow of a well known ship-building firm there. He had been to Japan, to China, to Singapore, and was now studying planting and manufacture before he went and took up land in Queensland and became a sugar planter himself. Shrewd and close, he was just the man to succeed there, with the experience he had gained in these Eastern fields; but as I had never thought of the *Dutch* difficulty which lay in the way of my commercial progress in Java, so he had never thought of the *labour* difficulty in Queensland, and his subsequent history was that, after he had purchased a land grant of 1,200 acres in north Queensland of the first sugar land, he was obliged to abandon this block and go back to Scotland! White labour is not only unprocurable in the north of Queensland, but Europeans cannot undergo field labour there owing to the heat of the climate. As for Asiatic labour, the Government of the colony then had not yet decided on procuring Indian coolies. I believe they are negotiating for them now.

Here, too, travelling about in the inland towns, I came across, to my great surprise, a Punjâbi Mussalman *haguim* or vendor of nostrums and professor of wonderful cures. The man was mightily pleased at finding that I knew the Punjâb and could talk to him in Hindustani. According to his account he had been three years in Java, and had now nearly come to the end of his tether. He showed me a bag full of "testimonials" of the most extraordinary cures he had performed, and several licenses from the Dutch official authorities to practice his profession. These licenses are obtained at so many rupees each. This might serve as a hint to our Indian municipal authorities to raise some revenue from the unprincipled quacks who are so numerous in India, and who can spend so much money in the most mendacious advertisements. Twenty-five years ago, when I was before in the East Indian Archipelago, my suggestion of a Government paper money for India, which I saw was current in Java, was acted on by the (late) Hon'ble Mr. Wilsoil, to the addition of several millions to the revenue and the removal of the great deficit which then yawned; and I don't see why this other hint of taxing unprincipled quacks should not be carried out by the municipalities. *Verb. sap.* If this Punjâbi surprised me by meeting him in Java, he surprised me still more by finding him a year

after, and only a twelvemonth back, in *Tasmania*, advertising himself as an "eye-doctor" (oculist)! I don't believe he met with much success there, though he had an unprincipled low colonial who acted as his "bear-leader," and, of course, went shares with him in profits. A little previously, this adventurous Punjâbi had nearly seen the inside of a gaol in the interior of New South Wales, and only escaped by means of *his Dutch licenses*, which nobody there could translate and find out what they really were, and which were garnished by imposing Government seals. The man, let me add, was entirely ignorant of English medicine. Finding New South Wales too much for him, he cleared out to Tasmania, whence I learnt he was going to New Zealand! Let us hope he will bring back with him a good store of memories to enlighten his neighbours with, when he comes back to his native city of Jullundhur.

A few words, however, about travelling in the interior where there are no railways, and the sugar-mills, before we pass on to Surabaya. The former is done by horse-dâk, which is familiar to most Indian travellers; but the state of things in Java reminds one of the horse-dâks as they existed in India twenty-five and thirty years ago. Besides, one has to lie down in these Java vehicles and provide his own cushions or mattress! The ponies—for there are no horses—are of a hardy breed, and play the usual amazing pranks and create considerable interest and excitement at starting, and sometimes come to a dead stop before the end of the stage, when the only resource is for the traveller to get out and walk. In difficult ascents bullocks are provided, in this also bringing back vividly what is sometimes done in India. As there are numerous towns at longer or shorter distances where there are hotels, the want of dâk bungalows is not felt. The dâk is laid beforehand by order of Government, and the native head of a village, or "mandore" as he is called, has the duty of seeing nothing is wanting. The roads are all as good as can be, usually well shaded by rows of large trees. Where passing through forests, wild pigs, and sometimes even more dangerous animals, as tigers, are seen: as for monkeys, their numbers are considerable. Let it not be thought, however, that all ponies in Java are of the kind described. The hardiest pony out in the East, and which can work a whole day at a stretch, are the Timor ponies, which are brought in large numbers to Java: they fetch a very good price. The sugar-mills are large establishments, with all the modern appliances, which crush the cane brought, and sold by independent native cultivators to the factories. The sugar is then manufactured, but of low brown qualities, for there is no refining done in Java. The total outturn of sugar in Java, as previously stated, is about 600,000 tons, and the export

trade in it is, or was at the time, in the hands of the one great firm of MacLaine, Watson and Co., and their branch firms at Samarang and Surabaya. The labour employed at the mills consist of an English engineer, assisted by Chinese subordinates and Javanese coolies, both men and women. At some of the factories several hundred hands are employed. The planters, or owners of the factories, as before noted, are exceedingly hospitable, live in great comfort, and often have their families with them. This great sugar industry, as of coffee and other commodities, have grown up in spite of the Dutch and their obstructive policy.

Surabaya, the eastern port of Java, is of considerable commercial importance, and its trade is probably even larger than that of Batavia. It is the centre of an immense area, including the large island of Madura—itself reckoned a province of Java—on the north, and the eastern portion of Java on the south. Through both these rich and extensive provinces the Straits of Madura runs as a great river or extended harbour. The harbour of Surabaya is situated at a deep bend in the Java side, and it may be said that this is the only natural and good harbour in all Java. It is always well filled with shipping, and there is a number of native craft. Being the only harbour, and nearest Borneo, Celebes, the Moluccas, and other Dutch possessions, here may be always seen a portion of the Dutch navy. In landing one has to go a short way, about half a mile, up a small river, when the traveller finds himself at once in the heart of the business part of the city. Though not at all so extensive as Batavia, and without its numerous white population, it appears to spawn with human beings, that is, natives. It is the second city in Java in population, Batavia being the first. The bad and ill-kept roads, and the foul drains everywhere, contrast with the decent appearance and partial cleanliness of the Western capital: I never set foot in a dirtier or more unwholesome place. It is not strange, therefore, that if Batavia is unhealthy as it undoubtedly is, Surabaya is simply a den of fevers, cholera, small-pox, and other deadly and terrible sicknesses. There was not a European I came across but wore a decidedly sickly aspect. Life is here, indeed, carried on under grave difficulties, and the tax to Mammon is surely paid in ill-health and even in death. The attempt of the few pale, sickly Englishmen of the place, who here as elsewhere keep together, to enjoy themselves at billiards of evenings, appeared to me in the light of brave-hearted but ineffectual attempts to be happy under the most disheartening circumstances. As a necessary consequence, too, in this land of exile and death, drink appeared to be largely indulged in. The climate of Java, or rather of the coast-towns—for the interior



and more elevated regions are healthy enough for Europeans—is blamed, but the blame ought to fall on those who allow Batavia and Surabaya to become a net work of foul sinks and sluggish drains. There is a fort here, too, of the same character as the one at Batavia, but the moat is, if possible, still more foul and deadly. I am sure the bravest besiegers would soon be routed away by it. As I have said before, the place spawns with human beings, and the state of a native Javanese *campong* or *bustee*, may be imagined. Shaded and covered over with trees excluding the light, and preventing the free circulation of air; with narrow foot-paths two or three feet wide and nearly always soft and slippery with wet; with wide foul drains flanking the pathways; with an incredible number of the smallest and most flimsy mat-huts as dirtily kept as they can be; such is a Javanese *campong* in Surabaya or even in Batavia. How the natives manage at all to survive even one year under such deadly circumstances and are not all polished clean off, is a perfect marvel, and speaks well for the durability of the human race in general, and of the Javanese in particular. I was only three days in Surabaya, and already began to feel ill symptoms. The air is always close, hot, sweltering, and laden with poisonous and miasmatic conditions, and there is a brief respite only during and after a heavy shower of rain. The city is built on a level, marshy flat, and there is no natural drainage. The suburbs have extensive drives, and are just a little cleaner, though that can prove of little avail against the prevailing miasmatic conditions. Let me dismiss Surabaya and proceed to the interior by mentioning that here, too, the Dutch “tokos” stare you in the face in large capitals in any number; and that the Dutch generally do not appear to wear such an unhealthy look as the English residents. Have “hollands” and “schnapps” any effect in producing this result? The English residents—I refer here of course to the younger and larger portion of the English community—mostly affect other liquors. Old Indians will remember the time when Assam used to be called “the white man’s grave.” Those were days in the history of Assam when the *brandy* bottle was never absent, day or night, from the tables of the planters and their assistants. It is different now, but the brandy bottle, too, has disappeared. This is a curious coincidence if nothing else.

The river at Surabaya is crowded with native boats, and I was informed that the peculiar Chinese institution of “flower-boats” thrived on it and in the harbour. I myself refuse to credit it, though a large boat filled with native ladies singing and gaily dressed passing through the harbour was pointed out to me. My own impression was that they were going to their homes on the Madura side, and I believe I was right. At all

events, if there is here a similar institution to the Chinese one referred to, surely the bare mention of it should serve to put an official stop to it. The Dutch may have no morality out in the East; but such glaring enormities, which may be allowed in China, will not be passed by the *Home* Dutch people.

Let us now proceed into the interior, and here, too, by means of a short railway line. The first important town is Malang, about four hours' distance by train. From Malang, by Tusari—a pretty little village—the great and active volcano of Semeru, upwards of 12,000 feet high, and with a magnificent crater, may be visited, but I am obliged to leave it here undescribed, as it would considerably enlarge the limits of this article. Beyond Tusari, to be reached only by horse-dâk, are numerous coffee and cinchona plantations. The former are suffering from the same blight which has affected the plant in Ceylon. The produce of coffee in Java, however, is only next to that of sugar. The description is very fair, though the *pea-berry* variety of the Celebes, in which there is only one small greenish round seed in the shell, is the best probably in all the East. Cinchona plantations are exceedingly profitable, and realise fortunes sooner than coffee or sugarcane, or even tobacco. The principal tobacco cultivations are also at this end of the island, and are carried on mostly by the natives, whereas coffee and cinchona plantations are carried on by Europeans. Among the owners of tobacco plantations, I found a Kling of Southern India who had come over here many years ago from Singapore. The quantity of tobacco grown in Java must be enormous. Every Javanese man and woman, chews or smokes, and sometimes both chews and smokes, tobacco; and there is a very large export of it—cut up very fine and equal to the best “Bristol Bird's Eye” and other good English brands,—to all the thousand great and small and pretty well inhabited islands of the Archipelago. Thus nearly all native Borneo, Celebes, half of Sumatra, the Spice Islands, Timor, and even the Aroo Islands and the west coasts of New Guinea, are supplied with tobacco from Java. A large quantity also finds its way to Singapore. There is also a considerable manufacture of Manila and Havanna shaped cigars. But these are like the China made imitations—very bad cigars, indeed, and only impose on those unaccustomed to the genuine articles. These Java cigars are made for export. It seems as if the natives cannot cure the leaf to make good cigars; but the cut-up native tobacco of good qualities is most excellent. Whence this difference I was unable to learn. Sumatra has of late, in the province of Deli, taken up the cultivation of tobacco only for cigar manufacture. It is certain that the Deli cigars are even superior in flavour to the best strong Manillas and Havannas,

and such small quantities as are now produced, command even a higher price than these last, and that from those who ought to know. Finally, indigo is also grown in this end of Java, but the manufactured article is inferior to Bengal indigo. It is in the hands of the natives, and the trade in it does not amount to much. The indigo plant, however, thrives in Borneo, so as I have never seen it thrive anywhere in Bengal. One indigo plant or bush of Sarawak I have seen, is equal to a whole "bundle" of a Bengal indigo factory. The same may be said of the size and length of the sugarcane of Sarawak. The vegetable wool called *kapok*, which I mentioned on an earlier page, is very largely produced also at this end of Java. I found that it would leave a considerable profit if imported into Australia. A small trade in it is already done; but owing to the want of regular communication with the Southern great colonies of Australia, any trade with Java must be feebly conducted and of a fitful nature. Wheat-flour for bread, so largely produced in South Australia, is in great demand in Java for the white population, but for the same reason—the want of regular communication—there is no trade in it. What flour there is in Java is of an inferior quality, and comes all the way from California! This speaks much for American enterprise.

I have come to the close of these "business journeys," and conclude these notes with regret. I have left undescribed the great native capitals in the interior, the native forts and palaces, the interesting native sports, the great Javanese Emperor of Solo—a counterpart to the Indian Emperors of Delhi of the pre-mutiny period—the numerous and astonishing Hindu remains, some of them of a size and effort in simply carving labour, excelling any similar thing to be seen even in India, for these would require a paper to themselves, and aptly form a separate—the native—aspect of Java. The view in which I have here presented the island is that of its present commercial capabilities, and European men and manners in the three great seaport towns, with a slight glance at them in the interior where they are connected with my subject of trade. For the same reason—of limited space—I have had to forego a description of one of the grandest volcanoes in the world. Let me, then, now conclude with a few very brief remarks on the Dutch policy in Java in dealing with the natives. To fully describe that policy is impossible here. In brief, it is a stern military despotism, veiled over by thin disguises. The natives are never expected to rise any higher than they have ever been; and they do not have any idea of rising any higher. Morally, socially, and politically, they are content to remain as they are and have been. *But there is not a beggar in Java.* I don't believe also that six or seven millions of revenue, on a

necessary article as *salt*, is raised from a population of about fifty millions of adults, half of whom are in abject poverty or need as in India.\* The revenue in Java leaves a large surplus annually, and the people hardly know that they pay any revenue. Thus, the population are contented, and every one has enough to eat, and so far they are happy. Certainly these are two very great and important factors in a nation's happiness. The Dutch Government, too, is prosperous and pays, and so far Holland must be very well pleased. To compare the English with the Dutch, or India with Java, is to compare things that differ. A fair comparison would necessarily be of the nature of a simple statement of facts; and if made, may prove useful in lessons to both rulers and ruled in both Java and India; but such a comparison it is to be feared will never be forthcoming.

A. MACKENZIE CAMERON.

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\* Would such a tax be allowed for an hour in rich England, or richer Australia, where even sugar is free? And yet salt is as necessary as the very air we breathe.

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### ART. III.—INTERNATIONAL CONGRESSES OF SCIENCE.

SOME years ago in the pages of this *Review*, I gave accounts of the Oriental Congresses held at London in 1874, at St. Petersburg in 1876, and at Florence in 1878. No one can doubt the great advantages that have arisen from these periodical gatherings, as they have led to a marked advancement in certain subjects, and the social meeting of scholars of different countries hastened down differences, and promoted pleasant friendships. I now propose to pass under review the proceedings of the Oriental Congress at Berlin in 1881, the Geographical Congress at Venice in the same year, and the Oriental Congress at Leyden in Holland in 1883. The detailed reports of all have been published, but after a lapse of more than a year, or even two years!

The term "Oriental" has been gradually widening its meaning. Africa has been entirely absorbed, and there is nothing to prevent America suffering the same fate. The real purport of the gathering is to unite together all scholars, who occupy themselves with the less well-known nations of the world, and to bring together information with regard to races, religions, languages and customs.

International Congresses of the various faculties are, from this point of view, capable of being developed into very important institutions. While communication between different countries was difficult and occupied a long time, students worked in an isolated manner, gleaning such information as they could from the books of their predecessors, and ultimately publishing, after long years, results which might, perhaps, have been already negatived by the independent researches of another. Now, with the varied means of publicity and intercommunication which modern science and progress have given us, things go on at a much more rapid rate. The results attained by one individual student are immediately available for all his fellow-workers, and even abstruse studies literally go on by steam and electricity. The world thus becomes, as it were, one large organization divided into branch establishments, and the necessity for such a central bureau as a periodical International Congress provides, makes itself more and more felt from day to day. It takes, of course, a few years to get the machinery of such an institution into working order, but the International Congress of Orientalists may be now considered as having arrived at a satisfactory if not exactly a perfect condition.

The first three meetings were found too attractive to mere tourists and sight-seers, and to that class of persons who think that a little of the reflected light of science may be caught by mixing with the crowd of its professors, or who seem to fancy that learning may be "taken in through the pores" by merely sitting out a meeting. It is clear that the presence of such interlopers can only impede real business, since they can bring no technical or professional knowledge to bear upon the discussions. The Florence Committee, accordingly, very properly decided that none should be admitted to the conferences, but those who were recommended as fit and proper persons by the delegates of the various Governments and learned societies, and this regulation is to remain in force. The stern edict even excluded the wives and daughters of Orientalists from the privileges of membership, but, on the other hand, provision was made for the admission of the public to the *séances*, that the really intellectually hungry might be allowed to pick up some crumbs of comfort and information.

The meetings always take place during the vacation of the Universities, at a time when most men are taking a holiday trip. Waste of time cannot be debited to such Congresses as a fault, but there are those who raise the cry of waste of money. The English Government never condescends to take any cognizance of any such proceedings either in England or on the Continent, but the other Governments, without exception, make grants to assist the expenses of the Congress, or in paying the travelling charges of their delegates. The Secretary of State for India has been induced to do the same. Now that all the great India Nations have had one turn of the Congress Rota, it is felt that the interval of the assembly may, with propriety, be increased, and that three or four years ought to elapse. One sad feature has already come under observation: I allude to the deaths of distinguished scholars in the interval, however brief it may hitherto have been.

One more reform is required. Greater severity should be enforced in the admission of papers of subjects of a scholastic, pedantic, and merely collegiate interest, but not calculated to interest a large assembly, or to leave a land mark. Lengthy papers should also be excluded. There is so much of new matter always coming forward, so many subjects of startling interest cropping up, so many moot questions which required settlement, that it is tedious to waste an hour upon a Docotrial thesis, or a narrow dissertation. It is desirable that the paper should arouse interest, lead to discussion, and sword being crossed by sword. The difficulty of language of course stands, and always will stand, on the threshold: but no knight is warranted to enter the lists of an Oriental

Congress unless he is armed with a competent knowledge of the language of Europe.

It is difficult to avoid, but still it is not desirable, that schemes of festivities, and banquets, and junketing should be interwoven with the business of the Congress. Many of the congressists have come from a long distance, and are eager to see something of the great city, where the meeting is held. It is desirable that every facility to see Museums and Libraries should be afforded, but it is not advisable to connect an exhibition of curiosities with a Congress, the main object of which is discussion. Still less should there be an attempt made, as at Berlin, to attract attention by bringing prominently forward natives of Oriental countries. The effect was grotesque and ridiculous, when Professor Monier Williams of Oxford produced a real Indian Pandit, who made a public and ludicrous exhibition of the nude in which the Hindu religionist repeats his prayers according to the Rig-Veda: it is painful to see the professor of any religion deliberately making a joke of the time-honoured ritual of his countrymen and forefathers, however mistaken the form of worship may be. But still more ridiculous was the rival appearance of Professor Max-Müller from Oxford, with two Japanese priests, who also exhibited their peculiar gifts: it was as if a rival showman had produced two monkeys to outdo the exhibition of a goat. When I read my paper on the languages of Africa, the subject fell flat, because I had unwisely not taken the precaution of bringing with me a Negro and a Hottentot to illustrate my statements, and attract an audience capable of being captivated by the sight of a Hindu and Japanese.

The Fifth Oriental Congress assembled at Berlin, on Monday, September 12th, 1881. The number of names registered amounted to 296, of whom 189 actually attended, and the following countries were represented. I give them alphabetically according to the German report:—Belguim, Denmark, France, Greece, Great Britain, Italy, the Netherlands, Austria-Hungary, Russia, Sweden and Norway, Switzerland, Servia, Spain, Egypt, the United States of North America, Japan, China, India and Syria. It will be remarked that Portugal and Turkey were the only European States unrepresented. The President of the Congress was Dr. Dillmann, a scholar of high repute, assisted by no less than 117 Professors and scholars of German Universities. It may be doubted whether any country in the world can vie with Germany in the number and soundness of her scholars in every branch of Oriental study. The oldest and most venerated of scholars in Germany, at the time were Lepsius of Egyptian renown, who was present, and took a share in the proceedings, presiding in his own section, Fleischer,

Emeritus, Professor of Arabic, and Böhrtlingk, Professor of Sanskrit who did not attend.

The first meeting took place in the great hall of the University, presided over by the Minister of Public Instruction, who made an address. He was followed by the actual President of the Congress, and short speeches were made by representatives of the different nations. The members then retired to constitute themselves into sections: these were four in number.

A. Semitic, in which was included both the old Semitic of the cuneiform characters, and the modern Semitic. Sixty scholars attached themselves to this section, and elected Doctor Schröder as their President.

B. Indo-Germanic or Aryan, including comparative Philology. Sixty scholars attached themselves to this section also, and elected Doctor Weber as their president.

C. African, including Egypt. Fourteen scholars attached themselves to this section, and elected Doctor Lepsius as their President, who was eventually relieved by Brugsch Bey.

D. East Asia: to which was attached the subjects of Archaeology and Ethnology. Twenty-five scholars attached themselves to this section, and elected Professor Von der Gabelentz and Doctor Bastian as Presidents of the united sections.

A considerable number of papers had been sent in previously in the English, German and French languages, and were at once distributed among their sections, which began their work in the different apartments allotted to them, and carried them on vigorously to the end of the week, when a final general meeting and a banquet closed the proceedings. It may be remarked that the members of the Imperial Family and the upper classes of Prussia, showed no interest whatever in the Congress. The matter fell into the hands of a kindly body of Professors, who did their best to entertain the foreign members, and were successful. It remains to notice the most remarkable of the subjects treated upon in papers read, or submitted, or discussed.

The Semitic section ran upon scholastic and pedantic lines. Papers were read upon the so-called Theology of Aristotle among the Arabs, the geography of Ptolemy among the Arabs, the progress of Arabic studies in Spain, the explanation of a difficult Hebrew text, remarks on the vocalization of the Targums. It was necessary to be a specialist to listen with interest to such papers read, or to read them when actually in print. Some are very technical indeed. A Greek Professor brought under notice the fact, that in the *synagogues* of Corfu the Jews used hymns in the modern Greek language transliterated into the Hebrew character. When and how this strange jumble took place was not known. No doubt the devout Israelites, in their simplicity, thought that they were chanting in the language



of their forefathers. Nothing is such a mistake as to suppose that the ordinary Jew knows anything about Hebrew: in North Africa he knows nothing but Arabic, in Poland he speaks a Polish jargon, in Abyssinia a dialect of Aquau; in India an Indian language.

Professor Oppert, who was in great force, described later excavations conducted by French explorers in Chaldæa, to which he attached the highest importance. Dr. Paul Haupt discussed the vexed question of the Sumerian or Accadian language, which at once brought Professor Oppert to the front. It is a controversy not likely to come to an end in this generation. Professor Sayce, of Orford, read a paper on the decipherment of the hitherto undecipherable inscriptions on the rocks at Van in Armenia. This was followed next year by an elaborate paper in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, and the subject is of the highest interest. Equally so was the paper read by Dr. Strassmeier of the Netherlands on the contract-tables found at Warka in Mesopotamia, and now in the British Museum.

I pass to the Indo-Germanic section, presided over by the most genial of scholars, Professor Albrecht Weber.

The first paper by Dr. Windisch on the Greek influence upon the Indian Drama was most unreasonable in length, occupying one hundred pages, and unsuitable in subject for a Congress, being scholastic and critical. It was an abuse of the opportunity to print this lengthy discussion upon a subject of second and third rate importance into the records of the Congress. On a matter of this kind there were, as was to be expected, two German Professors on one side, and two on the contrary, the latter standing up for the independent origin of the Indian Drama. Professor Oldenberg followed with an interesting and brief notice upon the *Lalita Vistara*, the *Life of Buddha*, a subject handled by him with great skill, and one of increasing importance. Professor Max-Müller, of Oxford, followed with papers on two separate subjects. It is difficult to define exactly the position of this eminent scholar: he was a German, who had chosen England as his domicile, refusing the opportunity offered to return to a dignified position in his own country. He handled both English and German with great facility, but as often happens to those who occupy an ambiguous position, he seemed to possess neither the confidence of favour of his old or his adopted country. He was sent as a delegate by the University of Oxford, which would have shown more self-respect by sending one of their own nation: it was not that there were no English scholars forthcoming. By a kind of irony of fate, the subject of the Professor's first paper seem to be the shortcomings of

England and of Oxford in the matter of fostering oriental studies. This hardly comes with a good grace from the mouth of one who, under the patronage of English institutions, has risen from narrow circumstances to a position of dignity and abundance. For the Rig-Veda alone the Indian Government paid the Professor nearly six thousand pounds, and an allowance of three hundred pounds per annum for eight years for editing the Sacred Books of the East. Surely these subjects are outside the region of the practical interests of the English rule in India, and relate to scholarship pure and simple. We could have governed India without the text and translation of the Rig-Veda, and without the Sacred Books of the East; they were added by a liberal Government for the purpose of promoting science.

In his second paper the Professor was more fortunate, and he deserves our best thanks for the acumen and pertinacity with which he followed up the scent, and eventually unearthed Sanskrit manuscripts in Japan, far exceeding in antiquity any others found in India. It is presumed that the date of the earliest Sanskrit manuscript is carried back to the seventh century of the Christian era. Absurdly modern as this may seem compared to Egyptian papyri, and to some few Greek and Latin manuscripts, it is a considerable advance over previous established dates. It was on this occasion that the Professor produced his Japanese friends, Bunyin Nanjio and Kenyin Kasawara, to whose co-operation he was indebted for the happy results obtained.

At the next sitting of the section, Professor Monier Williams, Boden Professor of Oxford, amidst marked interest, gave an account of the Samdyá and Brahmajayna ceremonies, and the place which the Rig Veda occupies in the daily morning and evening prayers of the Hindu at the present day. Scholars in Europe deal with the Rig-Veda as something of an abstract and defunct character, such as a ritual for the service of the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, or of Vesta at Rome. Sojourners in India take no notice of what falls so often under their eyes, the liturgical ceremonies of the Brahman by the banks of a river, and know nothing of the Veda. Both parties forget that for three thousand years it has moulded the faith, and inspired the prayers, of a large proportion of the Aryan race. The Professor went through in detail the result of personal observations in his late visits to India, the different stages of the morning, midday and evening services. Round the celebrated Gayatri prayer hovers a special interest. Turning towards the eastern sky, the worshipper repeats these words, which take precedence of all other forms of Hindu supplication: "Let us meditate on the excellent glory of the divine vivifying

"sun, may He enlighten our understandings." This one link extends over thirty, or perhaps forty centuries, to a date contemporary to or anterior to the Jewish Decalogue—and yet still it is the law of life to millions. Such considerations should have sheltered this ancient ritual, as well as that of the Egyptians, from levity, or thoughtless remarks, for they represent the efforts of unassisted man in these early days to hold intercourse with their Creator: I with others therefore regretted, that my talented and amiable friend Pandit Shyamaji Krishnavarma should have been induced to give a theatre recitation of the ceremonial verses, intoning them according to the nasal peculiarities of the Hindu worshipper, and prostrating himself in a mode, which produced the hilarity and ridicule of a mixed crowd of both sexes, who neither understood the words uttered in Sanskrit, nor the solemn nature of the intended worship. All religions are sacred.

Mr. Bendall of Cambridge exhibited a collection of Sanskrit manuscripts from Nepal, and made remarks upon their antiquity and bearing on Chronology, History and Literature. There were portions of the celebrated Hodgson and Wright manuscripts, the discovery of the first portions of which fifty years ago made such a sensation, and led to the veteran Brian Hodgson, who still flourishes in a green old age, to be hailed by Burnouf the greatest of French scholars, as "*le veritable fondateur de nos etudes Bouddiques.*" They have now been catalogued and examined, and some of them bear well attested dates of more than a century earlier than any other Sanskrit manuscript in Europe or India, the Japanese discoveries excepted. It is interesting to note that the enterprising scholar, Mr. Bendall, has since gone out himself to Nepal to hunt up further, and, we trust, older manuscripts.

Pandit Shyamaji Krishnavarma, an undergraduate of Baliol College, Oxford, one of whom England and India may both be proud, as he appears to unite many of the best qualities of both nationalities, then read a paper upon "Sanskrit as a living language in India." It need hardly be said, that this was a mere "*tour de force,*" or ingenious misapplication of terms, which might hold its own in the brains of a learned Professor in Europe, but which would be at once brushed aside by the practical statesman and statistician in India. If any province, or city, or village, or caste, or family exists, where the people, male and female, young and old, masters and servants, priests and laity, speak Sanskrit *as a vernacular*, let it be shown, and only then could it be called a living language. I have myself assisted at conversations in Sanskrit at the Sanskrit College at Benares, and in the Latin language in Europe, and in the Hebrew in the Levant, but no arguments would convince

me, that such artificial and elaborate use of a dead vehicle of thought could be deemed a galvanized living language, let the good Pandit say what he likes. The edicts of Asoka are against him.

Professor Monier Williams read a paper on the application of the Roman alphabet to the expression of Sanskrit and other Eastern languages. If the Professor had mounted his favourite hobby of suppressing all the existing manifold and magnificent forms of written character, which are in use in nearer and farther India and the Indian Archipelago, I should be totally against him. The idea of substituting a modified Roman character bristling with dots, accents, and italics, for the existing national vehicles of written thought, may be relegated to the Greek Kalends: but the object of the Professor on this occasion would fix some understood principles of transliteration of proper names and technical vernacular terms, and to free the English public from the harsh solecisms of the German editors of English books, who write *k* to represent *ch* (soft) and *g* to represent *j*. A Commission was appointed to thresh out the subject, but it is one of those which each nation must settle for itself. No Frenchman, German or Englishman will ever arrive at a common platform, nor is it of much practical importance, so long as each author maintains one intelligible system.

Professor Harlez read a paper on the Kalendar of the Avesta, and the original home of the Avesta religion, was handed in for publication, the author being prevented from attending by illness. Professor Ascoli then read a most interesting and thoughtful paper on "The Ethnological Reasons for the Transformation of Languages." It really is a brief abstract of the contents of a large volume published by this distinguished scholar on the subject. Dr. Hermann Collitz followed with a paper "On a Peculiar Kind of Vedic Composition." The last paper on this important section was by a scholar of a country newly enfranchised to liberty and literature, Servia, Louka Marinkovitch, the representative of six millions, who had found a new status. This paper naturally turned upon the literature of his country, and he recorded the Persian, Arabic, and Turkish words which had engrafted themselves in the vocabulary of the people, the badge and the record of their long servitude. Political liberty does not free the language or the conquered race from the impurities arising from contact with the conquerors. If India were to shake off the yoke of England, in their *lingua franca* would live for ever certain words or phrases which would reveal to the historical student the foreign domination.

Finally, in this section, a strong representation was made to

revivify, if possible, the decaying, if not absolutely defunct, Sanskrit Text Society. Founded in 1861 by the late Professor Goldstücker, it had done excellent good service in publishing texts, which important though they were to science, no publisher could, or would, undertake. I fear that it is hopeless that funds will be forthcoming for the purpose either from private or public sources.

I pass now to the African section : the attendance was small, but the subjects of great interest.

M. Edouard Neville reported the progress made by himself in carrying out the duty entrusted to him in 1874, by the London Congress, of editing a revised text of the "Book of the Dead," that wonderful compendium of the eschatological views of the Egyptians. An approved text, after a comparison of scores of original documents, had at length been prepared, and a table of the variants. It will add greatly to philological knowledge, as well as the special subject of the religion of that wonderful people.

M. Neville then communicated on the part of M. Maspero, an account of the wonderful discovery of coffins and mummy cases, which had lately (July 1881) taken place at Dor-el-Bahári in Upper Egypt. His attention has been called for some time to the number of papyri and others objects, which Arabs were brining to sale, and the conviction had been arrived at, that the tomb of a king named Pinotem must have been by some chance discovered and rifled. M. Maspero, when he was at Thebes early in the year 1881, ordered a certain man to be arrested, who was supposed to hold the secret, and one of his brothers then revealed it to Daúd Pasha, and the Khedive gave orders to have it examined. The find was wonderful, the most important mummies were ANTECEDENT TO THE EIGHTEENTH DYNASTY : Sekenenr-Ra Taaken ( of the inscription of Ahmes), mummy-case only ; Queen Ansera. EIGHTEENTH DYNASTY : King Ahmes I. (Ra-men-pheti ; the black Queen Nofretari, wife of the foregoing ; Queen Hont-ti-moo-hoo ; Princess Mes-hont-ti-moo-hoo ; Princess Set-Amen ; Prince Se-Amen, eldest son of Ahmes I. ; King Amenhotep I. ; King Thothmes I. (mummy-case only) ; King Thothmes II. ; King Thothmes III. (mummy doubtful) ; Queen Sit-ka (mummy only). NINETEENTH DYNASTY : King Rameses I. (mummy-case only) ; King Seti I. TWENTIETH DYNASTY : Rameses XII ; Queen Notemît, wife of Her-Hor ; King Pinotem I. ; King Pinotem II. (mummy only) ; Prince and High-priest Masahirti, son of Pinotem II. ; Queen Hathor Hintauti ; Queen Ast-em-af ; Princess Nesikhonsu ; Queen Makera ; Queen Mautemhat ; Prince Tôt Ptahfankh Rameses, called " the royal son of Rameses," evidently a son of one of the later Ramessides.

Besides the above, there has been discovered five royal papyri, and an immense store of precious objects of all kinds, including the outer sarcophagus of a Queen Aah-hotep, whom M. Maspero inclines to identify with the Queen Aah-hotep whose mummy and famous jewels have long been the crowning glory of the Boolak Museum. This identification promises to solve a problem which has long baffled conjecture.

M. Maspero is of opinion that these royal mummies, of so many different epochs and families, were transferred from their tombs to this obscure hiding-place in order to defeat that famous gang of tomb-robbers (*temp.* Rameses IX.) whose depredations are recorded in the Abbott papyrus. Various hieratic inscriptions traced upon the mummy-cases and bandages of Amenhotep I., Seti I., and Rameses XII., state that the removal was performed by order of the Priest-King Pinotem, son of Piankhi. At the time (there being rebellion in the North of Egypt, and a contemporary dynasty of Semitic origin reigning in the Delta) the royal family of Thebes were evidently content to use this ancient burial-vault for themselves. Beginning with Queen Notemit, the whole line would seem to have been consigned to this spot; the last buried being probably the last who died at Thebes before the coming of Sheshonk.

"*Sunt et sua fata sepulchris.*" After the interval of thousands of years these royal remains, concealed in vain by pious hands, removed in vain by reverend hands to secure safety, have been disinterred to adorn the Museum at Boolak, and gratify the crave of inquisitive and unsympathetic scholars. The Hindu kings, who burnt their dead, were wiser in their generation.

Brugsch Bey then read his paper—"On the Egyptian Ethnological Table," full of new facts and suggestions. He proposes to read the name hitherto supposed to be Rutennu as Iltenu, and to identify it with the Assyrian *illanu* ('north'), the original situation of the people, meant being near the sources of the Euphrates. Khar, one of the Egyptian designations of Phœnicia, was, he thinks, similarly borrowed from the Assyrian *akharu* ('west'). The Hyksos, or Menti, he would bring from the mountains of Elam, Menti-nu-Satu denoting the districts of Tigris and Euphrates. In Asebi, the old Egyptian name of Kypros, he sees a word meaning 'emporium,' and an indication of the important part played by Kypros, in the trade of the ancient world. He further finds a people called Kheta—to be carefully distinguished from the Kheta, or Hittites—on the north-western shore of the Persian Gulf; and he explained the Pygmies and Blemmyes of Herodotos from Egyptian sources, pointing out at the same time that Habesh is the name given to the Abyssinians on the monuments.

Other papers of less striking interest were read by distinguished Egyptologues, who made up for their paucity of number by their zeal and activity, every scholar having something to say, or present.

It has often been said that Egypt by its history and its affinities is part of Asia. Assuming this for the moment, the great continent of Africa remained unrepresented in the Congress in spite of its many hundred languages, and many millions of inhabitants. Africa's day has not yet come, but twenty-five years hence it will come. At this Congress the compiler of this essay read a paper in the German language on "Our Present Knowledge of the Language of Africa." Unfortunately it had not occurred to me to imitate the example of the Oxford Professors, and fortify my position by posing on the rostrum betwixt a Negro and a Hottentot, and having a chant delivered to a fetish as a wind-up; so Africa fell flat, indeed, and no one seemed to care very much about it.

The Fourth Section was not important. Two sittings disposed of its scanty work, even after the annexation of the Archæological Section with its five members. Nothing can illustrate more strongly the one-sidedness, and narrow views of European scholarship at the present epoch. How small a portion of the area of the world is occupied by the Indo-Germanic and Semitic races, and from that small area, for the purposes of an Oriental Congress, the whole of Europe must be deducted. Yet to this petty fragment of the world the scholars of Europe, one sheep following the other over a well beaten path, restrict themselves—while such vast fields—such pastures new, invite their attention. Is nothing new to be gathered from such vast linguistic families as in Asia the Ural-Altaic, the Dravidian, the Kolarian, the Tibeto-Burman, the Malay, the Chinese, the Japanese, and in Africa the Hamitic, and Negro groups, and the wonderful Bantu family of South Africa. Only one paper deserves notice in the Fourth Section, on the subject of a "new Chinese Grammar" by Professor Vonder Gabelentz. A monosyllabic language has no grammar in the restricted sense of word-lore and case-lore, but sentence-lore or syntax plays a great part in its machinery, and in this direction the new effort is being made.

German papers maliciously remarked that during the absence of the leading medical men of Berlin at the London Medical Congress, the rate of mortality in that city decreased to a remarkable extent. The presence of so many scholars at Berlin had the effect of increasing its hilarity. A grand dinner as usual concluded the proceedings, and there was a great deal of wild eloquence in many languages:—

The post of a toast master seems unknown in Germany, and

as no previous arrangement had been made, there was a rush. Everybody wished to speak. The younger members were eloquent in praise of their masters ; the masters in praise of their pupils. The Pandit Shyāmaji Krishnavarman rose, and declared that he spoke in the name of 256 millions of human beings, though after his public performance of the sacred rites of the Brahmans and the visitation of the Gâyatrî before Mleccha, it is doubtful whether even the small sect to which he belongs would continue to recognize him as their representative. Though he declared that he never touched wine, he ended with drinking "The Health of the Minister of Education, and of all Ministers, and of all the great Masters of the World." It was an odd chance that called the Post Master General of Germany to his legs, and still more odd, that he was the only one who uttered a sentiment worth remembering. He remarked that upwards of sixty millions of letters came annually from India to Europe, furnishing loads for nine hundred camels, and all requiring answers, a contingency which the Poet Horace, had anticipated—

*"Jam Scythæ responsa petunt, et Indi."*

In the last business meeting of the Congress, Leyden, in Holland, was designated as the place for the next meeting after a lapse of three years. For myself I must confess that I left Berlin with a sense of having received great pleasure, with enlarged knowledge, enlarged desire of obtaining knowledge, and widened capacity to appreciate the knowledge of others.

Three years, however, were not destined to elapse before the friends, who had met at four or five Congresses, were destined to meet again at the sixth. The Amsterdam International Exhibition was fixed for 1883, so the Congress at Leyden was summoned after an interval of two years, and on the tenth of September of that year, the assembly was sounded in that quaint little Dutch town, which, however, occupies so prominent a position in the History of Science and Instruction. There were many gaps in the circle ; many unexpected deaths, even in that short period. The wheel seemed to have turned backwards, for ladies were admitted as members of this Congress contrary to the ungallant rules of Florence and Berlin. Holland enjoys an exceptional position in the republic of letters, and her scholars in every branch of Science hold a high place. The University of Leyden holds a high rank among Universities. Small though the area is of the country, and scant the population, imminent as is the danger of the Low Countries becoming a part of the German Empire, which has a desire to possess herself of her great Atlantic ports and her colonies,



by no nation would the disappearance of the Dutch from the list of independent kingdoms be more missed than by England. We have not indeed guaranteed the independence of Holland as we have of Belgium, but we should have a word to say, and a blow to strike, before Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Leyden and Utrecht, fell to the position of Hamburgh, Lubeck, and Frankfort. On such occasions it was the happy privilege of the Dutch to appear as the friends of all, as they have no national antipathies, and are able to give all a hearty welcome. There is something peculiarly genial in the social character of the Dutch: an entire absence of stiff formality, and yet the stately bearing of high-bred gentlemen.

The number of individuals who took out tickets of membership amounted to 450, and the number of those who actually attended was 219, but it must be recollected that the ladies were included, and the geographical position of Leyden was peculiarly convenient for English and French scholars. The following countries were represented:—Germany, Austro-Hungary, Belgium, Denmark, Spain, France, Britain, Greece, Italy, Portugal, Russia, Servia, Sweden and Norway; Switzerland, Turkey, Algeria and Tunisia, Egypt, Tripoli, United States of North America, British India, Japan, Persia, Ceylon, China, and the Dutch Colonies in the Indian Archipelago. It will be perceived that, for Europe and Asia, the representation has now become complete, and the influence of the Congress is felt generally, as an advancement of science, and a legitimate expansion of interest in Oriental subjects of all kinds. The warm friendships which have sprung up amidst representatives of different countries, who, under other circumstances, would never have met, and the subsequent interchange of letters and books, greatly facilitating research, have been the pleasing and profitable results of these brief but pleasant meetings.

The opening general meeting took place in the town hall. The Ministers of the Interior, the Colonies, and of War were present, and the former presided, and made the opening address in the French language. The Dutch language has not taken its place as a classic in Europe, and with the other minor languages of Northern and Southern Europe, is destined to disappear, being swallowed up by the powerful central language of English, French, German and Italian. The death of the President elect, Professor Dozy, a man of European reputation, was sincerely lamented, but the place was well filled by Professor Kuenen, aided by a band of remarkable scholars each in their own way, De Goeje, Kern, well known at Benares, Laud, Leemans, Pleyte, Pijnappel, Tiele, Veth and others. It appeared from a communication read to the Congress, that the Prince Royal intended to have been present, but he was

prevented by illness, which, indeed, soon after ended fatally, leaving the House of Orange without any male descendant. As soon as the President had concluded his lengthy opening address, leave was given to foreign representatives to present any books which they wished, and address a few words. M. Schefer from France laid upon the table the second volume of the magnificent *Corpus Inscriptionem Semiticarum*, which does the French Government so much credit. Mr. Cust, the Honorary Secretary of the Royal Asiatic Society, congratulated Holland as being the cradle of liberty, the nursery of science, and the fellow-labourer of England in the work of introducing civilisation among the millions of the East Indies. He laid upon the table his work upon the Languages of Africa, with the remark, that of all the languages of Europe, the Dutch language was the only one domiciled in Africa, having been adopted by tribes who had abandoned for it their own language. Pandit Shyamaji Krishnavarma expressed his gratification at being sent by the Government of India to represent his own country, and his delight at meeting face to face great scholars, whose names he had read of in India. He hoped that the day was not far distant when a session of the International Congress would be held in India. Other scholars of different nationalities, and in different languages, briefly addressed the Congress, laying their books on the table.

Dr. Leitner, of the Lahore University, then got an opportunity to bring to the notice of the learned world, the foundation of the first and only Anglo-Oriental University in India, which was opened this very year at Lahore, the capital of the Panjáb. He dilated on the importance of this movement, and remarked that Oriental learning as the basis, and European science as the superstructure on indigenous methods are equally necessary. He expressed his gratitude to the Anjumán-i-Panjáb for having originated this healthy and patriotic movement and having founded flourishing Colleges, the Mahavidyala for the Hindu scholar, and the Bait-ul-ulúm for the Mahometan. This communication was received with well merited applause.

The Congress then retired to the different chambers set apart for the sections, and commenced the work of constituting the sections and appointing the Presidents. Consideration has to be paid to the number of papers sent in previously, the number and tastes of the scholars assembled, and the peculiar interests of the country where the assembly is held. There were formed on this occasion five sections, but the first was subdivided; so, practically, there were six separate companies:—

A. Semitic (I). Modern, presided over by M. Schefer;  
(II). Antient, presided over by Doctor Schröder. Ninety-one scholars attached themselves to this section.

*B.* Indo-Germanic or Aryan, presided over by Dr. Roth. Fifty-three scholars attached themselves to this sections ;

*C.* African (purely Egyptian), presided over by M. Lieblein, with seventeen scholars.

*D.* Central Asia and the Extreme Orient, under Professor Von der Gabelentz, with twenty-five scholars.

*E.* Malaisia and Polynesia, presided over by the Abbé Favre, with forty-nine scholars.

This last was the speciality of the Netherlands, with their extensive colonies in the Indian Archipelago. I now follow the proceedings of the modern portions of the Semitic section.

This branch of Oriental research seems peculiarly liable to be oppressed by cut and dried essays on particular subjects, not of general, or modern, or developing interest, and leading to no discussion. I pass such over without notice. Professor Laud opened up the subject of Arabian music, which led to a considerable and interesting discussion, considerably advancing the knowledge of the subject. Professor De Goeje read a paper on the subject of the religion of the Harranien, which the lamented Professor Dozy was preparing for this Congress, but did not live to complete.

An interesting and important discussion then took place on the necessity of a complete Dictionary of the Arabic language. It seems strange, but still is true. The great work of Freytag is out of date. Lane has excluded from his lexicon not only the post classical words, but also those which occur rarely, for which he contemplated a special dictionary. The Supplemental Dictionary by Dozy excludes all the words noticed by Freytag and Lane. There was no sufficient and convenient lexicon available to the student of both the classic and modern forms of the language, one of the most important in the world. It appeared that it would be impossible to organize so great an undertaking, which would require the co-operation of so many scholars, before the great work of the translation of Tabari was got out of the way, and disposed of. However, preparation could be made, such as dictionaries of the local dialects, and of the words occurring in the most ancient poetry. It is to be hoped that the next generation will lay this matter to heart.

In the ancient portion of the Semitic section, a startling subject was introduced by Professor Oort of Leyden, but did not go farther. His assertion was that the Hebrew text of the Old Testament was exceedingly faulty, that all the attention of the critics had been devoted to the Masoretic pointing of the vowels, leaving the consonants in an unsatisfactory state. He admitted that comparison of manuscripts would not help him, that a study of the Samaritan and Septuagint translations would not advance the matter: other

readings might be collected from other sources. He wished to have a book compiled containing every conjectural alteration of the text of importance. The silent opinion of the section seemed to me that, bad as the state of affairs might be, according to the view of the Professor, it would be better to leave them alone than to stir up a contention, which none could hope to outlive. The *textus receptus* is the admitted basis of all Bible translation.

M. Tiele, so well known for his *History of Ancient Religion*, read a paper on the worship of the great Assyrian goddess, Istar, the goddess of fertility, and the prototype of the Syrian Astarte. He tried to define with greater accuracy the character of this primitive symbolic worship. A long discussion followed, in which the chief cuneiform scholars joined. Professor Noldeke, himself an Arabic scholar, taunted the Assyrian scholars on the absence of agreement in their opinions, which was depressive for those who waited for instruction from the experts.

Professor Sayce of Oxford then propounded a subject of new and great interest, of the kind most suitable for such Congresses—"The decipherment of the Mal-Amir inscriptions, and the origin of the so-called Median texts." The plain of Mal-Amir lies to the east of Susa, and contains the ruins of an ancient city, as well as remarkable rock sculptures described by the Baron de Bode and Layard. The latter copied some of the inscriptions, but imperfectly, though the frequent repetition of the same group of symbols renders it possible to restore the greater part of the text. Translations of these inscriptions, accompanied by a grammatical analysis and a vocabulary, were given in the memoir, though not read to the section, the object of which was to prove that as regards the peculiar syllabary employed, as well as the phonology, grammar, and vocabulary of the language, the inscriptions of Mal-Amir represent the same syllabary and language as those used in the second tablet of the far-famed Achemenian inscription at Behistún, but in a slightly older form. Professor Sayce endeavoured to show that the district of Mal-Amir was also the seat of the Amardians of the classical writers, and that the most correct title of these inscriptions was Amardian. The syllabary, according to him, was derived from a cursive form of the famous Babylonian method of the age of Nebuchadnezzar, but the 'Determinatives,' which precede certain words, were the same as those used in Susian inscriptions; this leads to the conclusion that the derivations of the Median syllabary must have taken place in Susiana, and not in Babylonia. As would be expected, Professor Oppert had remarks and objections to make, but no practical criticisms

can be passed upon such a subject until those who are capable of forming an opinion have the whole paper in print under their eyes.

Professor Oort then drew attention to the absurd notions that prevailed in the middle ages among Christians, that the Jews committed murder in the course of their rituals, a notion which, apparently, still lingered in the more uncivilised portions of Europe. A discussion followed, in which several distinguished scholars took part, on the meaning of the word EL in Sabœan inscriptions. Did it mean "the Supreme God" only?

M. Oppert, and M. Halevy, the two famous French polemicists, took a large share in the discussion of these sections, both of the Hebrew persuasion, and extremely independent in their conclusions, and combative in their form of enforcing them. To both, however, it was conceded, that they were profound and enlightened scholars, and even the fact of their entertaining different views had its value, as every assertion was made under the eye of a competent and hostile critic. M. Halevy closed the proceedings of the Semitic sections by an elaborate communication on the subject of the decipherment of the Thamudite inscriptions in the Hajaz of South Arabia. He considers that these belonged to a form of writing extensively used in that part of Arabia before the birth of Mahomet. They relate to the worship of pagan divinities. They have an interest, therefore, religious as well as philological, and throw a new light on the pre-Mahometan period, which good Mahometans would make believe to have been a period of entire absence of culture. It is gradually transpiring that such was not the case.

I now pass to the Indo-European or Aryan section. Two whole days a crowded assembly were occupied with the discussion of the origin of the famous cluster of alphabets, known as the Indian alphabets, made use of with variations throughout the whole of nearer India, further India, and the Indian Archipelago. Mr. Cust, Honorary Secretary of the Royal Asiatic Society, laid the question before the meeting in a brief but complete statement of the precise issue in the English language, and distributed copies to his audience that they might more readily follow the thread of a complicated argument. There were those who asserted that the idea and the germ of the alphabet were indigenous in India, in fact, an invention of that learned and ingenious people. But the distinguished scholars who agreed so far, differed totally in details. There were those who asserted that the Indian alphabet, like all the other alphabets in the world, was derived from the Phœnician alphabet, but the distinguished scholars who agreed so far, differed beyond all hope of reconciliation

as to the channel by which this derivation of the germ or borrowings of the idea, took place. There were those who differed from both the preceding companies, and maintained that the alphabet was derived from countries lying to the East of India. On one point all agreed, that the inscriptions of Asoka in the second century before Christ, present the earliest ascertained form of that alphabet in two variations, with regard to the first of which the Northern Asoka, there was a general consensus, that it was derived by a particular channel from the Phœnician : with regard to the second, the Southern Asoka, there was a hopeless discrepancy of opinion. Some of the most celebrated scholars took part in the discussion. It is one of those questions which must stand over for the decision of the next generation.

Professor Bükler in the name of Professor Max-Müller, who was unable to attend the Congress, laid before the Section photographs of the ancient palm leaf manuscripts, the description of which had caused such interest at the Berlin Congress. It was with great difficulty that they had been obtained, by a special order of the Emperor of Japan to whom they belonged. In the memorandum accompanying, the Professor expresses his opinion, that the palm leaves came to Japan not later than 600 A. D. from China, where they had been preserved some time previously : they must again have been preserved in India some time before they were conveyed to China, so that 500 A. D. is not an unsafe date to be assigned to them. This date is confirmed by the similarity which exists between the alphabet in which these palm-leaf manuscripts are written, and the alphabets used in the contemporaneous inscriptions on metal or stone in Nepal. The facts thus proved, and stated, are of the highest importance.

Professor Roth, the President, remarked on the new edition of the *Avesta*, which was being prepared by Professor Geldner at Tübingen, from the collation of a great many manuscripts not previously accessible, for the Parsi community, contrary to their previous customs, had placed all their family treasures at the disposal of the critic. This marks a great progress in religious and literary feeling, the value of which can only be appreciated by those who know the jealousy with which Orientals shroud their sacred books.

The question of transliteration into the Roman character, of Indian characters, then came up again, and was fully discussed without any reasonable hope of any solution. We might as well hope to hear of rooks cawing in concert, or herds of cattle keeping step, as of European scholars agreeing in the mode of pronouncing and transcribing foreign written characters. It is in the essence of national linguistic separation that they

should disagree on such subjects, and it is waste of time to suggest any expedients. So long as we knew the principles upon which each company of scholars transliterate, and they keep to those principles, no practical difficulty arises. If German scholar should attempt to force their principles upon English schools, they should be sternly resisted.

M. Lehmann brought forward the subject of Jain literature, which is a mine still to be exploited, and which is, as it were, shunted, till the heavy Sankrit trains have got by, but it will occupy future Congresses.

The President laid upon the table a memoir upon certain terms used in the Avesta, prepared by Dastúr Jama-pi-Minocheherji, Chief Priest of the Parsi community of Bombay, specially for this Congress. It is to the same enlightened member of a most respectable body of Her Majesty's subjects, that Professor Geldner is indebted for several manuscripts of the Avesta, sent for collation. It marks an epoch in scholarship generally, and the history of a particular community, when they enter into the Republic of Letters. All honor to them!

Professor Bühler then proposed, that the literary Institutions and Universities of India should be admitted into the Body Politic of European Science and Research, that publications should be interchanged, and freedom of communication established, which would be profitable to both. To this the section after discussion agreed, but as to a proposition of Dr. Leitner that the academical degrees conferred in India by Universities should be reciprocally acknowledged in Europe, they declined to discuss, as manifestly that matter rested with the Universities themselves, and was scarcely yet of a practical character.

Professor Peterson of Bombay brought to the notice of the section a memoir by Pundit Bhagvantál Indrají of Bombay on the great inscription of Udayagiri, of which photographs had lately been made. The Pandit considered that he had been able to determine the real place of this important document, which belonged to the second century before the Christian era, and related to a king of Kalinga, who was a Jain and not a Buddhist. Professor Kern remarked, that he had independently arrived at the same opinion, and had published it in a work, which however could not have reached the eye of the Pandit. The unanimity of the Indian and European scholars was of importance.

Dr. Leitner made a communication on the subject of, I. Professional and Secret Trade Dialects, the Argots, or Dialects of the criminal and wandering tribes of Northern India, Kabul and Central Asia, and the cryptographic and other secret characters of the Panjáb and Kashmír. II. The influence of Greek art on the Buddhist sculpture of the Panjab.

Photographs were laid upon the table of Greco-Buddhist sculpture, and the Section resolved to memorialize the Government of India to place these interesting discoveries more at the disposal of scholars, by increasing of the number of objects sent to London, and distributing casts or photographs to Foreign museum.

I now turn to the African, or more\*properly, the Egyptian section, as not a word was spoken for Africa proper.

M. Pleyte of the Leyden Museum drew attention to the fact that mummies were sometimes found crowned with flowers, and he suggested that the crown was the symbol of victory in the battle of human life, and was decreed to those of the dead, where life had been irreproachable; being a crown of recompense and reward, such as was alluded to by St. Paul in the Epistle to Timothy. The idea is beautiful, and has the merit of novelty.

It was determined in this section to confine the business to the reading of papers on the second day, and admit of no discussion. The subjects were interesting but technical, to be fully appreciated only by Egyptologists. One feature of interest was, that two papers were presented by a lady, whose absence on account of illness was regretted,—Miss Amelia Edwards, who has done so much for the work of this section. The papers were read by a friend; one of them was really of surpassing importance, as it related to the lamentable dispersion, waste, and destruction of Egyptian antiquities by unauthorized and reckless plundering of the Arabs. It has been asserted that only one-half of Egypt's hidden treasures have come to light, and that a persistent and systematic search would reveal wonders. All this is in the bosom of time. We may anticipate the day, when there will be an Archæologica Survey of Egypt.

I now pass to the fourth section, or Central Asia and the Extreme Orient.

Professor Schlegel of Leyden made the astounding proposition, that the Dutch language was the best medium for the translation of Chinese works. It would be inconceivable to suppose that such an assertion could be made, so ridiculous in it's national narrowness, if it had not been made. He had, however, another subject, which the section cordially accepted to recommend—the compiling of an English-Chinese and Chinese-English dictionary on a plan and scale adequate to scientific requirements. Considerable discussion took place as to the method to be followed, but it was determined by the section,\* and subsequently ratified by the General Congress, that an address should be made to the English Government to appoint a commission of experts of all nationalities to carry out this necessary measure.



Professor De Rosny then brought on the *tapis* the subject of the most ancient monuments of Japanese literature. He considered that the eight century of the Christian era was the remotest date to which they could be assigned. There was no discussion, as the study of Japanese has not as yet been sufficiently developed. Its day is coming.

Dr. Leitner made a communication on the races and languages in the region of the Hindu Kush, specially of the Hunza, expressing his hope to be able to make further investigations on his return to India. He remarked on the extreme difficulty of getting intelligent answers to questions put to savage tribes, and the necessity of employing in such enquires only men who had the gift of language in them, and who were at the same time of patient and sympathetic dispositions. A wish was expressed by the section that the works of Dr. Leitner on this subject, which had been issued at different periods, should be collectively published.

The fifth section, or Malailia and Polynesia, being peculiarly Dutch, was well attended.

Professors Pijnappel and Vreede read kindred papers on the roots of the Malay and Japanese languages. It was pointed out that there was an essential difference betwixt a Malayan and an Aryan root, as the first were *boud fide* words, and the latter only scientific postulates. The Malayan root could be divided into two classes, the first consisting of words which imitate natural sounds, and the second of sounds accompanying gesture, which may be called involuntary sounds. Both consisted of words composed of a consonant followed by a vowel, which was often closed by another consonant.

Professor Kern read a paper on the affinity between the Mafar, the best known language of New Guinea, and the Malayo-Polynesian family of language, in opposition to the opinions expressed by Dr. Fred. Müller, Professor Von der Gabelentz, and the President, Abbe Favre, joined in the discussion, which was extremely important but technical.

M. Marre read a paper on the Lexical Affinities of Malagasi with the Languages of the Malayan Family. The President, Abbe Favre, who has himself published books on the Malagasi, remarked how important philology was in deciding the origin of a race, as from a geographical point of view it would have been imagined that Madagascar was peopled from Africa. Professor Kern remarked that the presence of a few Sanskrit words in Malagari marked that the date of the Malayan emigration to Madagascar was subsequent to the commencement of Hindu influence in the Indian Archipelago.

M. Humme, Professor of the College for the Training of functionaries for service in the Dutch Colonies in the East Indies,

read a paper on the Peculiarities of the Javanese Language. He asserted that it was one of the most civilised forms of speech: such hasty generalisations are often made by men, who know one or two languages at the most, and have no means of comparing. If a professor of Mexican or Quichua were to get up and assert the same as regards the single language which he knew, who can decide? There is one feature in Javanese which is not in its favour, that it has a high form, used by men of education, and a low form by the people:—this fact is rather against the assertion that it is a civilised language, as such a linguistic feature disappears, if it ever existed, in a country which is highly civilised. The lower classes may pronounce words differently, and use different words, but cannot be said to have a different language. He tried to deduce from the existence of the two languages the abstract fact, that language can have a great influence over the character and civilisation of a people. To this I cannot assent, as we have before us in Africa, Asia and Australasia instances of education in the highest form being conveyed in languages, which were a quarter of a century previously entirely uncultured vehicles of thought, showing that the lowest type of language, if properly handled, is able to convey the highest ideas, and the highest type of language can do no more. Savage people may make their language, naturally beautiful, appear savage by their abuse of it, in the same way as the pure fount of English undefiled is disgraced by the slang and oaths of the roughs. But it appears impossible that a language can *per se* have any effect upon the people who use it. English and French, great vehicles of thought as they are, became degraded beyond belief in the mouths of the West African and West Indian.

Professor Hunfalvi of Buda Pest then made a communication upon the different methods of counting in use in different countries; by fives or tens, or otherwise. It was exceedingly interesting, but very lengthy and technical.

Upon a paper by Mr. Long on the subject of Oriental Proverbs, the section recorded a wish, confirmed subsequently by the United Congress, that an effort should be made to collect in one corpus all the proverbs scattered in different books and serials in different countries, each one of which should commence by collecting its own.

This completed the work of the five sections. Two general meetings of the whole Congress took place before it broke up.

The closing assembly for the purpose of business took place in the town hall, but it appeared that many of the members had taken their departure. One question of importance was discussed: a wish was expressed by the Congress

that the British Museum would lend its manuscripts to foreign scholars. It was pointed out to the Congress by those who knew the state of affairs best, that this, under the constitution of the Museum, was impossible and were it possible, it would be neither expedient nor fair: expediency suggested the notorious recklessness and unbusiness-like habits of great scholars, who died with borrowed books and manuscript mixed up with their own, the whole being sold sometimes by auction: add to this the great risks of fire and other damage both in the course of the necessary journeys, and in the private residences, or rather apartments, of the borrower. Fair play suggested the feeling of indignation which would be felt by the American or other scholar, who had come a long distance to consult a unique manuscript, and found that it had been exiled to a continental tour for months. The India Office, the Royal Asiatic Society, and the University Libraries undertake to run the risk, and freely lend their treasures. The priceless treasures of the British Museum must be kept within its own walls. In the appendix to the Report, I remark that a decided negative was at once properly given by the trustees to the proposal.

It was then announced that the next Congress would take place at Vienna in 1886, and an organizing Committee was appointed. The President in a few chosen words bade the members farewell, and the Congress ceased to exist. But there was, of course, a banquet, from which the ladies were ungallantly excluded, or rather relegated to the galleries as spectators of the eating, and listeners to the speaking. The Minister of War represented the Government of the Netherlands. The toast of the King and the House of Orange, so closely connected with the independence of the Netherlands, was then proposed and received with applause, not without melancholy forbodings that the days of that illustrious House were numbered. The health of the Ministry was then received with favour, as every reasonable assistance had been rendered to the Congress, and it was announced that a large collection of oriental manuscripts had that day been purchased by the State for the Library of the University, and this was justly accepted as a compliment to, and an expression of, sympathy with the Congress.

We quote from the columns of the *Times* an account of an incident apart from the ordinary programme of the Congress, but worthy of record. It had occurred to many visitors that some return was due to the people of Holland for their kindness, and it was arranged that a subscription should be made for the sufferers in Java and Sumatra from the late earthquake. Accordingly the President, after the Minister of War had concluded his thanks for the second toast, gave the

opportunity of speaking to Mr. Cust, Honorary Secretary to the Royal Asiatic Society, and delegate of that and several other learned Societies. He rose and briefly but clearly expressed the wishes of the assembled strangers : "Grateful for the hospitality received, they wished to make some return. How could that be done? There were two subjects, strictly international, independent of religion, nationality or politics : "First, Science, which had brought them together: secondly "Benevolence, and Pity for sufferers, which should accompany them on parting. A cry of anguish had come from the "Islands of Java and Sumatra Let them help them, and "evidence their gratitude to the people of Holland by helping "to alleviate the sufferings of the subjects of the King of "Holland in the Indian Archipelago." The proposal was cordially approved, and acted upon at once. A troupe of little girls with baskets filed down the narrow divisions of the tables, and in a few moments upwards of one thousand gulden were collected.

Many other toasts were proposed in French, German, Dutch, Latin and even the Sanskrit languages. It was clear that the Congress had arrived at a stage of incohesion, very like that of the House of Commons in the month of August. Quiet Professors were seen pairing off with their wives and children from the galleries, and finding their way into the cool street, while the festivity raged hot and furious within. Several orators were on their legs at the same time, relieving themselves of the speeches which they had prepared. Pandit Shamaji Vishnu Sarma, and his brother-in-law Ramdass Chubildass, were seen addressing a crowd of guests in Sanskrit, Gujarāti and English, or in a compound of all three. Everybody was cheerful and delighted and satisfied, and the compiler of this account started early next morning on a long excursion across the Black to the Caspian Sea, an account of which journey has already been given in the pages of the *Calcutta Review*.

But there was a third Congress which is deserving of notice, the splendour and grandeur of which eclipsed the modest reunion of the oriental scholars. I allude to the Third Geographical Congress, which took place on the sixteenth of September 1881 and the following days at Venice. These only occur after an interval of five years : the first took place at Antwerp in 1871, the second at Paris in 1875, and it is believed that the fourth will take place in London in 1886. The compiler of this narrative had the difficult task imposed upon him of being in two places at once, and at places so distant as Berlin and Venice, and it was only by travelling at night and losing the last day of the Berlin Congress, and the first of the

Venice Congress, that he was able to take a share in both. The Geographical Congress at Paris in 1875, had not been without practical results. I. A decided impulse was given to the cutting of the Panama Canal. II. Several new Geographical Societies had been formed in different countries. III. Several explorations by land and sea had been set on foot. IV. A rivalry had been started among European nations as to who should get first to the North Pole and to the Centre of Africa.

Every thing in the Geographical Congress was on a much grander scale : there were no less than fourteen hundred and forty seven members enrolled, and of these eleven hundred and thirteen were present. The countries represented were in the alphabetical order of the Italian language. The Argentine Republic, Austria, Hungary, Belgium, The Brazils, Canada, Chili, Columbia, Egypt, France, Germany, Japan, Greece, England, Italy, Mexico, the Netherlands, Portugal, Roumania, Russia, Spain, the United States, Switzerland, Venezuela. All these countries sent delegates, and many great cities sent representatives also, and numberless learned societies, for, the subject of geography touches upon every branch of human knowledge.

Nor was the place of meeting unworthy of the great gathering of men of note from every part of the world. The Queen of the Aridatic never looked more bright and beautiful, and the weather was transcendantly lovely. New life was given to many half-deserted palaces, and a great strain was placed upon the powers of accommodation to receive so vast a crowd, for with the members, who were of both sexes, came relatives and friends, and the prospect of a gala day on the Canal brought a quota of mere sight-seers. The King and Prince of Italy, and all the Ministry, and all that was distinguished and illustrious in Italy, were there. A great exhibition of geographical subjects had been collected, and thrown open several days previously. The Doge's Palace was the place of the general reunions, while in the adjoining palaces rooms were set apart for the sections.

The President of the Congress was the Duke of Genoa, cousin of the King and brother of the Prince, but as a fact, he did not return from a voyage round the world until the very last day of the Congress, and his place was worthily occupied by the President of the Managing Committee. Dore Onorato Galetani, Prince of Jeano, who has since succeeded his father as Duke of Sermoneta : the Presidents of all the Geographical Societies in foreign countries were Vice-Presidents, and these, added to the Representative Delegates of all countries, formed the Committee of Management, and most efficiently they discharged their duties. More than a year had been occupied

in preparations, and nothing was left unprovided for. Other Congresses may equal, possibly, but none can ever possibly surpass the splendour of this. Where else will be found such a city as Venice, such a climate as the Italian, a sovereign ready to take a personal part, and be present all the time, as King Humberto; such a Congress room as the Sala de Pregada of the Doge's Palace, such illuminations as those of the Grand Canal, so courteous and pleasing a people as the Italian?

Geography, as taught in schools, is not unpopular, and in after life, its study is one of universal and general interest: it is par excellence the subject which attracts ladies, and that numerous class of the community who seek to make themselves, (but often seek in vain) well informed. But Geography, as it was presented to a Scientific Congress, puts on a formidable, Gorgon-like appearance, elevates itself far beyond the interests, and even the comprehension of any but the initiated. The subject was divided into Eight Sections.

*Section I.*—Mathematical Geography, Geodesy, and Topography.

*Section II.*—Marine Geography, and Hydrography.

*Section III.*—Physical Geography, Meteorology, Geology, Botany, Zoology.

*Section IV.*—Anthropology, Ethnology, Philology.

*Section V.*—Historical Geography.

*Section VI.*—Economic Geography, Emigration, Commerce and Statistics.

*Section VII.*—Geographical Instruction.

*Section VIII.*—Expeditions of Discovery.

If ever eleven hundred men were assembled to talk and argue *de omnibus rebus, at quibusdam aliis*, it was on this occasion, and it was difficult to see what subjects could not, in some way or other, be forcibly introduced, except those that related to religion, which were rigidly excluded.

With a view of giving a fearful reality to the work, a long series of questions had been, many months before, circulated upon very abstruse subjects, to which answers were sent in, and the Congress ended by drawing up a series of recommendations of things which ought to be done. We can only be thankful that the Committee of Management did not possess sovereign power, for they clearly had all the attributes of merciless task-masters and relentless slave-drivers in the cause of science. It cannot be said that the subjects discussed in the section were in any way attractive to the general public; on the other hand, the general gathering of the whole Congress was exceedingly interesting. The great hall in the Doge's Palace, called La Sala del Maggior Consiglio was declared

by the architect to be unsafe, if it's floor were occupied by the vast number which it's dimensions would admit. The smaller hall would only hold about seven hundred, and many were therefore necessarily excluded on the occasion of the first solemn opening by the King in person.

The Counte de Lesseps of the Suez Canal, who represented the second Congress at Paris, opened the proceedings, and made over the authority, previously vested in the French Committee, to the Italian. The Prince of Teano read his inaugural address, and the Minister of Public Instruction then declared the Congress opened. The Syndic of Venice then addressed the meeting in terms of hearty welcome. He bore the wondrous names of Dante Allighieri. His speech was as beautiful and poetic as his name. There is a sweet melody in the sound of the Italian language, and orators on public occasions in Italy allow themselves a flow of poetic imagery, which would be intolerable in Northern climes. He alluded to Marco Polo, the father of all travellers, and drew attention to the vast progress of Geographical discovery since that time, and since the days of Christopher Columbus, when what was really true seemed to the world to be folly.

"From the desert solitudes of ice, from the fearful African forests, made more fearful by the cries of wild beasts and the shouts of savage men, from the ends of the world, a hundred voices are heard this day : they are the voices of the Martyr Explorers, who fell in this great Odyssey : and it is the glory of Italy that amidst those voices are heard the voices of some of her own sons.

"After saluting these who are present, let me be permitted to salute those also, who are absent : absent upon the ocean, or in some inhospitable country, who are forcing their way through some perilous enterprise, or trying to compel the Virgin at the North Pole to disclose some portion of her icy mantle."

At the conclusion of the formal proceedings, certain personages were presented to the King, but as is usually the case, the great travellers who had done the work of exploring, the real men of science who had brought the science to its high level of practical efficiency, were elbowed into the background by courtiers, sycophants, men in blue and gold coats, who had contributed nothing to the extension of their knowledge, and who to save their lives could not have answered one of the questions propounded.

I will notice one or two of the subjects which were discussed :—

The Italians, Manteuci and Masari, had just completed their tour across Africa from the Red Sea to the Bight of Biafra, and the ill-starred Manteuci had arrived in England only to

die. They had, in fact, discovered nothing, for they went over ground traversed by others, but the young Masari was listened to with applause as he narrated briefly the outline of his journey.

Lesseps told the Congress about the progress of the Panama Canal, and announced that by the time of the next Congress (1886) it would be open to traffic. These were bold words, yet the man who has succeeded in physically dividing the Eastern Hemisphere for the sake of uniting more closely the inhabitants, may probably live to see his second great enterprise, of dividing the Western Hemisphere accomplished. General Turr followed suit, and told the Congress about his scheme to cut the Isthmus of Corinth, which was mere child's play. The much vaunted Trans Sahara Railway was alluded to, as something not within practical consideration.

Much was said, in the scientific sections of establishing one Meridian from which all distances of longitude could be uniformly counted. There is no doubt that the Meridian of Greenwich will, in the end, triumph, but nothing will convince a Frenchman that Paris is not the centre of the world. Another question was as to the establishing a uniform Zero of levelling. A decision on this point also must be left to the future. Another question was the expediency of having Societies of Commercial Geography. As is well known, the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain excludes from its consideration all matters connected with Commerce, Emigration and Religion. There is, however, no reason why separate Societies should not be formed for the former subjects: and no doubt that they will be of great utility.

Allusion was made in one of the general meetings to the assassination of President Garfield, the news of whose death arrived while the Congress was sitting. A vote of thanks was passed to Leopold II, King of the Belgians, for the enterprise, munificence, and far-sightedness with which he had set on foot the International Association in Equatorial Africa, which, in the present year 1884, has risen to the dignity of an independent State, guaranteed by the Great Powers of Europe and the United States. It was a noble idea to convert the basin of the River Kongo into a free State, open to the commerce and religious Missions of all nations. Well might King Leopold be saluted with the title of "*Africanus*."

Venice is at all times and seasons beautiful, but on this occasion, hospitality and loyalty added to its charms. The illumination of the city at night was perfect; 110,000 small lamps showed every architectural feature of the buildings in the Piazza di San Marco. The church of St. Mark was illuminated by 12 reflectors, with electric lamps secured to the



three Venetian masts in front. It is impossible to describe the surging crowd of 60,000 or 70,000 persons in the Piazza and Piazzetta; every window was filled with occupants looking at the scene. San Giorgio Maggiore, on the other side of the canal, was most beautifully and artistically illuminated. The various bridges of approach to the square were guarded by soldiers, who had orders to allow the people to pass in one direction only, so great was the crush. The crowd, however, was most orderly, and the King and Queen frequently during the evening came to the windows of the Palace and graciously acknowledged the cheers and shouts of "*Viva*" which were made. It took 200 men, I understand, to light the lamps. For 45 years no such great illumination has taken place in Venice, and the one then (on the occasion of the visit of the Emperor of Austria) could not bear comparison, as numerous electric lights were displayed.

There was a regatta and a grand procession of decorated gondolas. The men were dressed in picturesque antique costumes. All Venice was looking at the spectacle on the Grand Canal. In the procession were 12 huge municipal barge gondolas, carved and gilded with magnificent silk canopies, with gold tassels and life-size figure-heads. The gondoliers wore different dresses; some represented Esquimaux, others were mediæval and old English costumes. There was only one race: the winning-post was at the Palace of the Foscari. The King and Queen were present, but left soon. The Royal gondola could only proceed very slowly, so dense was the crowd. A dense pack of boats was formed; presently the mass drifted like pack-ice to the fore; and the *corso*, or procession, followed the King and Queen. It suggested the water-shows on the Thames *temp.* Elisæ, but with a nineteenth-century addition—the advertisement-boat. None could mistake the gorgeous display of the Venezia-Murano Glassworks Company, and the *dodesona* (twelve oars) of the well-known Salviati house.

To many, some of the arrangements seemed imperfect. The unemancipated condition of the Italian Press prevented any attempt on the part of reporters and short-hand writers to keep the members of the General Congress, and the general public informed as to what was going on in the Sections. It was as if Parliament was sitting, and there were no daily newspaper. Everybody was at sea, and none could follow the discussions, and two years elapsed before the report appeared, by which time all interest had died out, and in this busy age other matters had become uppermost in the minds of men. The barest skeleton report of each day's proceeding was indeed given, sufficient to make one regret that it was hopeless to know more. In England or the United States, a full account

of the work of each Section would have appeared in the evening papers. Other and severer things were said.

This Congress will be remembered for its utter want of order, for its perfect mismanagement. It is not a pleasant truth to tell when all the authorities, both of the meeting and of the city, did their best ; but it should be told for future warning. *C'est, la confusion organisée* (organised disorganisation !)

The time for the meeting of the Juries was so fixed as to clash with the meeting of the Sections. The very fact that the exhibition was held at the same time as the Congress, was injurious to the Congress as a deliberative body. There was no general meeting-place, or rather there were three ; consequently, the Piazza was the sole rendezvous. There was no daily list of names and directions ; the former were printed so as to be unintelligible. Hours of meeting were arbitrarily changed at the last moment ; time was wilfully wasted in spouting long-winded nonsense. Not a few of the delegates fled, as soon as possible, from this *peine forte et dure*.

In the midst of the Meetings and the Serenadas on the Canal, there were excursions to neighbouring cities, unveiling of statues, visits to manufacturers of beads : one thing was markedly absent except to a select few—banquets and entertainments. Perhaps the number was too great for even a Lord Mayor to grapple with.

ROBERT CUST.

LONDON, *November* 1884.

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#### ART. IV.—POISONERS AND THEIR CRAFT.

Dire was his thought, who first in poison steep'd  
The weapon formed for slaughter ; di'er his  
And worthier of damnation who instill'd  
The mortal venom in the social cup  
To fill the veins with death instead of life.—*Cowper.*

**P**OISON has been defined to be 'any substance which is noxious to life or health'; but the action of substances on individuals varies so greatly, as to have given rise to the homely saying, that what is one man's meat is another man's poison. And this diversity of action is nowhere more conspicuous than in the case of those articles commonly known under the comprehensive term of drugs. For example, opium, mercury, Epsom salts, can be beneficially taken in moderate doses by some persons, whilst in others the smallest quantities produce the most alarming symptoms. Things which are common articles of diet with men are fatal to other animals. Thus, for instance, we have the authority of Beck for stating, that almonds cannot be safely eaten by dogs, foxes, or fowls, nor pepper by pigs, nor parsley by parrots. On the other hand, Dr. Anderson\* tells us that to dogs and cats he has given morphia in enormous doses with hardly any effect. that rabbits will feed for months on Belladonna leaves, and blackbirds eat the berries in large quantities without dying. Goats, too, will eat and thrive on the *dhatūra* plant. Dr. Hönigberger mentions another curious instance of the diversity in action of poisons. His *mehter*, he says, ate all the fowls which he killed in a series of experiments on venomous serpents at Lahore, and fattened on the diet! The Tharus, Garrows, and other tribes live on fish which they catch with poisoned baits.

This variability is not confined to the subject. for it displays itself often in the agent. We read in the Cyropædia that Xenophon's famous army was poisoned by eating wild honey, though none died; and similarly, in the year 1790, many persons were poisoned at Philadelphia from indulging in the same condiment, and, less fortunate, died from the effects. In this latter case the poisonous property of the honey was attributed

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\* Quoted in Dr. Norman Chever's valuable *Manual of Medical Jurisprudence for India*—a work to which this article is deeply indebted, and which should be read by every Police Officer.

to the fact that the bees had gathered it from the flowers of the *Kalmia latifolia*. Some fish, like the Trygon, with the bone of which the Lord of Ithaca was killed, are naturally poisonous : others are so at one time, and not at another. This is the case with oysters, mussels, lobsters, the conger, and the yellow-billed sprat. I myself was poisoned, together with a ship's crew, by eating fresh mackerel at St. Helena. I remember the explanation given by the local boatmen was that the fish had been left in the moonlight, and the explanation, if not moonlight, was unquestionably moonshine ! Chevers mentions another case of fish-poisoning, of which I have personal knowledge—that of the wife of an officer of the Calcutta Police who was made very ill by eating a small crab. Some kinds of edible vegetables are poisonous in their wild state. This is the case with cucumbers. Mushrooms also are a not unfrequent source of accident, the reason here being the difficulty of distinguishing between the edible and non-edible varieties, rather than any inconstancy in the properties of the fungus itself. The symptoms in this case, so far from being unpleasant, often resemble hilarious intoxication.

Apart, however, from these freaks of Nature, the world abounds with substances which fully answer to the definition of poison above given. They are found plentifully dispersed in all three of the so-called kingdoms—animal, vegetable, and mineral—into which Nature is popularly divided ; in the case of organisms—animals and plants—being sometimes confined to one part, sometimes to another, and occasionally pervading the whole. They lie concealed in the fangs of the serpent, and in the sting of the scorpion, they circulate in the blood of the leper, and are exhaled with the breath of the glandered steed. They pursue the plant from the root to the fruit, from the seed to the scere and yellow leaf. There is not a development of any living thing that can claim exemption from their contaminating influence. For Nature in her impartiality has rendered all alike amenable to their baneful effects, and has made ample provision for their dissemination—to this end even permitting them to abide in harmless contact with some organisms, in order the more surely to encompass the destruction of others.

Yet are some of these poisonous substances possessed of such valuable properties, that the idea of eradicating them from the face of the earth could not, even if possible, be for one moment entertained. The poppy, for instance, a plant from which a powerful, and at the same time useful, poison is extracted, might perhaps be exterminated ; yet so far from desiring its destruction, the human race are—anti-opium societies notwithstanding—bent upon extending its cultivation.

The earliest discoveries of poisons were most probably

purely accidental and attended with unpleasant consequences to the discoverer. Then followed the ardent search for the philosopher's stone, which engaged the assiduous attention of the alchemists of the middle ages, and to which it is said chemistry is indebted for many valuable discoveries,—among others that of the properties of acids, the most potent of all poisons. Of these, however, prussic acid—the poison most in favour with western suicides—was not known till 1782, when it was discovered by the chemist Diesbach. The last of the professors of the spagyric art was Dr. Price, of Guildford, a Fellow of the Royal Society, who so late as 1783 pretended to have discovered how to make gold, but upon being called upon to repeat his experiments before two members of the society, on pain of expulsion, he took poison and died.

In modern times the strenuous endeavours of chemists and physicians have been directed chiefly towards mitigating the effects of the deadly poisons which produce what are known as infectious and contagious diseases. In the face of many obstacles, among which must be numbered the prejudices of mankind, some measure of success has been attained; and self-sacrificing, noble men are still ever ready to devote their whole energies and talents—nay even bodies—to experiments, having for their object the alleviation of the miseries of their fellow-creatures. Such were Dr. Russell, of Indian fame, who tasted the poison of the cobra, and quite lately Dr. Klein, who unceremoniously swallowed the cholera-producing bacilli of his rival Dr. Koch. Sir James Simpson, of Edinburgh, experimenting on himself with chloroform, was found one day by his butler under the table, who exclaimed, "Eh! the auld fule, he's done for himself at last!" On which Dr. Simpson replied, "I'm no *deed* yet, James." Nor in this connection must the name of the great French physician Pasteur be omitted, a gifted inquirer who seems to be on the eve of the greatest physiological discovery of our own times, namely, a prophylactic for hydrophobia. He is said to have found, so far as his experiments have gone, that by inoculating a series of monkeys and rabbits—the first of the series with virus taken from a mad dog, and the rest with virus taken from the brain of the animal last inoculated—a lymph may be obtained which, if injected into a dog, will protect him from rabies, as vaccine protects men from small-pox. Unfortunately his system involves the practice of vivisection, and is sure, therefore, to meet with the opposition apparently inevitable in these attempts to stamp out dangerous diseases. Indeed, certain *sarants* and scientific societies have already declared, that so far, his experiments have been productive of naught but harm.

The mysterious action of poison, the ease, safety, and secrecy with which it can be administered, and the frequent difficulty of detecting its presence, has rendered it in all ages a favourite instrument of murderers, though doubtless most resorted to in countries where it is easily procurable. Fortunately for mankind the poisoner has always been held in the utmost abhorrence by the best of his species, and many of the most dangerous poisons were not known till civilization had so far advanced as to form a check on their free use. It was at once to civilization that their discovery was due, and by the same influence, by a sort of reflex action, that their use was kept within bounds.

In the absence of real knowledge many vulgar errors were afloat. Things that were in no wise harmful were credited with the most baneful properties. Plutarch asserts that Themistocles was poisoned with bullock's blood, to which he ascribes a peculiar action.\* Mandrakes, it was thought, could not be pulled from the earth without producing fatal effects, so a cord used to be fixed to the root and round a dog's neck who, endeavouring to escape, drew out the mandrake and died. The mandrake uttered a shriek as it was uprooted, and this superstition is immortalised by Shakespeare in the lines—

And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth  
That living mortals hearing them, run mad.

About the Upas tree of Madagascar, it was generally believed, so late as the close of the last century, that not a tree, or blade of grass was to be found in the valley or surrounding mountains; not a beast, or bird, reptile or living thing could exist in its vicinity. On one occasion it was said, 1,600\* refugees encamped within fourteen miles of it, and all but 300 died within two months!

On the blasted heath  
Fell Upas sits the hydra tree of death.

At the present time this deadly tree may be found in Kew gardens, flourishing in innocent contiguity with other exotics.

On the other hand, it was believed possible to fortify the body against the effects of poisons, no matter how deadly. Mithridates, king of Pontus, is said to have invented a confection which had this valuable property. It contained seventy-two ingredients, and was named *Mithridate* after its royal inventor. Macamut Sultan, of Cambaya, we are told by the learned Purchas, was another poison eater—

Pain was mix'd in all which was served up to him until  
Like to the Ponuc monarch of old days  
He fed on poisons.

He became so saturated with this unwholesome diet, that his breath or touch carried instant death. Agrippina, Lucretia

Borgia, and others are also reported to have vainly fortified themselves against poison, and those whose safety they desired, and even so late as the middle of the seventeenth century, Ste. Croix was believed to have saved the life of the husband and intended victim of the profligate Marquise de Brinvilliers by the secret administration of antidotes.

Again, certain poisonous reptiles were thought to carry about them an antidote to their own venom. In *Hudibras* we find mention of this—

'Tis true a scorpion's oil is said  
To cure the wounds the venom made,  
And weapons dressed with salves restore  
And heal the hurts they gave before.

Fenton writes—"There is to be found in the heads of old and great toads, a stone they called borax or stelon, which being used as rings, gives forewarning against venom." The unicorn could, according to a belief once popular, by dipping its horn into any liquid, detect whether or not it contained poison. The mungoose was, and by some still is, believed to know of an antidote to the bite of the cobra, and to resort to it when bitten. Another curious error was the belief in the existence of slow poisons which could be administered so as to act at a given moment. Linschoten is apparently responsible for this, he having written of the Indians "for they know how to make a certain poyson or venome, which shall kill the person that drinketh it at what time or hour it pleaseth them; which poyson being prepared, they make it in such sort, that it will be six years in a man's body and never doe him hurte, and then kill him without missing halfe an houre in time." Upon this an enquiry was instituted by the direction of the Fellows of the Royal Society, and the idea, it may be presumed, exploded.

With such credulity abroad it is not to be wondered that those people endowed with "plenty brains" should seek to profit at the expense of those less blessed. Accordingly we find all manner of inventions in the way of protection against poison and of working wonders by its means. Snake-stones, warranted to cure snake-bites, were to be had for a consideration. Venice glasses said to possess, at that time, the inestimable virtue of detecting poison, were greatly in demand—

'Tis said that our Venetian crystal has  
Such pure antipathy to poison as  
To burst if aught of venom touches it.

A similar vessel was the Narwhal, made of the bone of the sea-monster of that name.

The Greeks, too, had various antidotes against the bite of wild animals, which they called *theriaka*. It was from this

that the renowned Venice treacle took its name—a compound of some sixty-four drugs in honey.\*

These impostions are by no means peculiar to early times. The reign of James I. was graced, or rather disgraced, by the intriguing Mrs. Turner, who combined the professions of milliner, procuress, and poison-vendor. In 1807 there lived at York one Mary Bateman, who pretended to work miracles, and did with the aid of poison, and an invisible Mrs. Blythe—a prototype of Mrs. Gamp's friend, Mrs. Harris—produce some very extraordinary results, among which was her own execution. About the year 1830 a more lucky quack, named St. John Long, was in high favour with the aristocracy, and having been twice acquitted of killing ladies, was drawn in triumph from the Old Bailey in a nobleman's carriage. He professed to have discovered a liniment which had the power of distinguishing between disease and health. The body was rubbed with it, and if irritation set in, secret disease was announced, which the quack undertook to cure. In France the midwives and fortune-tellers, Lavoisin and Lavigoreux, found a fair and profitable field for the exercise of similar talents. Madame Rachel of Bond-street was the latest and not the least noxious development in the way of poisonous impostors. Wherever there is a demand for them there they will ever appear, and their motto should be *Vulgus vult decipi et decipitur*.

In respect of antidotes, there exists to the present day a diversity of opinion. Some physicians believe that certain poisons may counteract others—that opium, for instance, may counteract *dhatura*, whilst others hold a different opinion. Alkalis are known to counteract acids and *vice versa*, and if administered soon enough may prove effective, but after all the surest remedy appears to be the speedy removal of the poison by means of an emetic, the stomach-pump, or the knife. Poison may occasionally prove its own antidote, and I myself witnessed a notable instance of this at Hong-Kong in 1857, when a Chinese baker, intending to kill the whole European community, put so much arsenic into the bread, that the stomachs of those that ate it rejected it before it had time to injure. A-lum, that was his name, was tried and acquitted. I forget on what grounds.

Looking to the ignorance which prevailed till recently in respect of science generally, and physiology in particular, it

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\* Dr. Richards, in a recent article on snake-poisons and their antidotes, quotes the following passage from a report made by the Medical Officer of St. Lucia :—"A powder named Theriaque is in great repute. This consists of a forago (sic) of 72 ingredients, the flesh of the viper being one." The number of ingredients, it will be observed, is the same as in the case of Mithridate.



seems probable that some of the instances of poisoning that have been handed down to us were in fact not cases of poisoning at all. The case of Brittannicus, who, we are told by Tacitus and Suetonius, was assassinated by Locusta at a feast, in the presence of Nero, has been cited as an example. A beverage was presented to him, but being declared to be too hot by his taster, to whom, in accordance with the custom of the times it had been handed, cold water was added from a vessel in which poison had previously been placed. Brittannicus drank, and instantly expired. His face became rapidly black, and to conceal this was rubbed with chalk or other pigment which, however, was washed off by rain at his funeral. Nero exclaimed at the time of his death that 'twas epilepsy with which he was seized, and that he was subject to it. Possibly Nero was right, for the Romans knew no poisons capable of producing such instantaneous effects. And even at the present time no poison is known which instantly blackens the face, though it is said there are some which, if taken slowly, will gradually discolour the skin; and it is this fact that Wilkie Collins has made use of in his novel called "Poor Miss Finch." Still, if the main features of the story are truly related, the part played by Locusta, and the desire for concealment evinced in chalking the face of the corpse, coupled with the character of Nero, are certainly suspicious circumstances. The presence of a taster, too, affords evidence of the existence of a dread of poison in ancient Rome. Other cases in which it is left as a matter of historic doubt, whether persons of note died from the effects of poison or from natural causes, are those of William Mentieth, Archbishop of York, who dying suddenly in 1154, was thought to have been poisoned in the chalice at mass; Geme or Zisimno, brother to Sultan Bajazet, a supposed victim of the Borgias; Cardinal de Medici; the Dauphin Francis; Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex; Dudley, Earl of Leicester, Queen Elizabeth's favourite; and Philip, Earl of Arundel, who died in the Tower of London.

Of ancient races the Jews have perhaps resorted least to the use of poison, and this is the more creditable to them when the persecutions they have suffered are taken into account. The Old Testament affords only one reference to the crime of poisoning, namely, where Elisha is said to have healed the deadly pottage prepared for the sons of the prophets in the land of Gilgal. In other instances, the allusions to poison in the Bible are mostly metaphorical, and refer to the poison of dragons, serpents and asps. Poisoned arrows appear, however, to have been used in warfare. Several direct accusations of poisoning made against the Jews rest upon very slender bases. Such is the mysterious affair of Kharbar, in which it is said

the life of Mahomet was attempted. While in the citadel of Kharbar, so runs the legend, he partook of a leg of mutton, which had been poisoned by Zainab, a Jewess, and felt the effects of it to the end of his life! Another instance is that of the Jewish physician Sedecias who, upon very insufficient grounds, was believed to have poisoned Charles the Bald, of France. During the panic caused by the ravages of the Black Death, the Jews too, were ignorantly, or maliciously, charged with poisoning the wells and springs, and numbers of them wrongfully executed.

The earliest notices of poison among the Greeks are, as might be expected, mythical. Hercules is said to have shot Nessus with a poisoned arrow, and Nessus to have revenged himself by presenting to the hero's wife a poisoned shirt, telling her that to whomsoever she gave it would love her exclusively. The faithful Dejanira bestowed it on her husband, Hercules, who, unable to endure the agony, threw himself on a funeral pile and was devoured. Numerous other passages prove that the Greeks were familiar with poisons, and made frequent use of them. Criminals were often put to death by this means, and notably Socrates, who had hemlock given him to drink. This practice was not by any means peculiar to Greece, and it is thought to be in allusion to it that Jesus Christ is said to have *tasted* death for every man.

About the year 331 B. C., a conspiracy of Roman ladies for poisoning their husbands was discovered. A female slave denounced 170 of them to Fabius Maximus, who ordered them to be executed, and this, it is said, was the first public knowledge they had of poisoning at Rome. Tiberius is variously said to have died of poison, and to have been smothered with pillows. Germanicus too, is said to have been poisoned; also Titus—by his worthless brother Domitian. These cases, however, rest merely on suspicion. The most notorious of Roman poisoners was Locusta, who was employed by the Empress Agrippina to poison her husband Claudius, and by Nero to poison his step-brother Britannicus, as already related.

Some centuries later poisonings became common at the seat of the Byzantine Empire. Constantine is said to have been poisoned by the Empress Martina, and John I. by his eunuch Basil. The army of Conrad, we are told, was poisoned by drinking water from the wells and fountains on the plains of Constantinople into which the people had thrown poison in order to rid themselves of the crusaders who had proved an intolerable nuisance. An outbreak of the plague was, perhaps, the real cause of the mortality.

About this time too, flourished the famous band of assassins under Hassan ben Sabbah, otherwise known as the *Old man of*

*the Mountains.* This band was the terror of the world for two hundred years, and numbered among its victims the Marquis of Montferrat, Lewis of Bavaria, and the Khan of Tartary. It was at last suppressed by the Mongul Sultan Bibaris in the thirteenth century. Mount Lebanon was their stronghold, and *haschisch* or *blang* the poison they used. It is thought that the word assassin is derived either from the name of this liquor or of their chief. Sir Charles Napier is said to have recognized in Aga Khan of Bombay, a descendant of these robbers!

The practice of poisoning was not extinguished with the assassins. It prevailed long afterwards under the Ottomans, and, though never so much in favour in the Golden Horn as the bowstring and the sack, was common enough to give currency to the euphemism of "bad coffee" for poison. There is an Arabian tale of a king killed by turning over the poisoned leaves of a book sent him by one who desired his death. A similar curious story is told of Peter the Great, who is reported to have chosen this method to kill his son Alexis Petrowitz, whose life had become forfeited to the State. The record of his sentence was poisoned, and the stern father insisted on his reading it. He was not the first of the descendants of Ivan the Terrible, who was killed by poison. Feodor I. had been poisoned just a century before.

On the revival of letters in Italy, it appeared that the art of poisoning had not been lost in the storm-wave of gothic ignorance which had deluged that enlightened land. Many-tongued rumour had already ascribed the deaths of Popes John VIII, Benedict XI, and Alexander V. to poison, when Agrippina and Locusta found merciless imitators in the Borgias, whose misdeeds form the theme of Lytton's novel and Donizetta's famous opera, and upon whom well-merited retribution is said to have fallen in the practice of the very art which has rendered them for ever infamous. And the poisoned cups of Italy were not yet full. It remained for the ever-to-be-aborred Hieronyma Spara, and the equally detestable Tofania to obtain for Italy the unenviable reputation of the cradle of modern poisoners. It was the business of these wretches to assist Italian ladies in ridding themselves of their husbands—an amiable accomplishment in which their Roman progenitresses had shown themselves such proficient more than 1800 years before. The desired end was obtained in the case of Tofania, by means of an elixir called the Manna of St. Nicolas of Bari, or more commonly *Acqua Tofana*. Many hundreds of persons were victimised, and then the secret was revealed to the government without betrayal of the penitents by the father confessors. La Spara was tortured and hanged, and Tofania strangled,

and, to avoid a scandal, her body was thrown back into a 'sanctuary which had been violated at her arrest.

A check was put to poisoning in Italy, but alas! the fatal art had already been carried to France, So far back as the year 841 there had been a suspicion of poisoning at the death of Charles II. of France, as already related. His nephew Lothaire, king of Lorrain, was also thought to have been poisoned by his wife Queen Teutberga. And six centuries later Rabelais is said to have taken advantage of a proneness to believe in plots to poison the great. One day being at a country inn, without money to pay his score or his way home, he managed to get himself arrested and conveyed to Paris on a suspicion of having formed a plot to poison the princes, and thus cleverly, if somewhat meanly, escaped from the difficulty. But it was about the middle of the sixteenth century that poisoning, for the first time in history, became common in France. To Catherine of Medicis belongs the infamy of introducing the art, which she accomplished by taking with her to her new home one Luke Gauric, an astrologer and quack, well fitted to give effect to her cruel dictates. Among her victims was Jane d' Albret, mother of Henri IV., who being invited to Paris to attend the espousals of her son with Margaret de Valois, was killed, it is said, by means of poisoned gloves. The method most in favour with Catherine was, however, the presentation to her guests of a poisoned posset or gruel.

From the death of Catherine till about a century later, poisoning seems to have gone out of fashion in France. Then a new exponent of the art arose in the Chevalier Gandin de Sainte-Croix. This reprobate is reported to have learnt the art whilst confined in the Bastile from one Exili, another famous poisoner from Italy, where the art was not yet forgotten. He killed a number of persons with whom he had monetary transactions, and having heard the stories of the poisoned napkin used to kill the young Dauphin, eldest brother of Charles the Seventh, and of the fatal gloves of Jane d' Albret, sought to recover the lost secret of the deadly poisons employed. His glass mark falling off whilst so engaged, the fumes of the poisons killed him. An accomplice named Lachaussee was implicated by his papers, and being put to the torture of the buskins, confessed and was broken on the wheel. But the Chevalier had another accomplice whose singular ferocity belied her sex. This was his paramour the infamous Marquise de Brinvilliers, to whom he had imparted the art, and who perfected herself in it by practising under the guise of benevolence upon the unfortunate patients in a hospital. Among her victims were her father and her brothers; and her husband is said to have been saved only by the counter-machinations of his rival Sainte-Croix! On

seeing the fate of her partner in crime, this she-wolf retired into a convent, but was thence arrested by an officer of justice disguised as an abbot. Upon her was found a casket containing a full confession of guilt, and accordingly she was tortured and decapitated. This was about the year 1676. In 1814, during some repairs, a secret laboratory supposed to have been used by her was found in a wall of the house in which she had poisoned her father. The poisons used by this infamous couple were known as "succession powders."

The arts of the Italian poisoners had become so commonly practised in France, that Madame de Sevigné expressed a belief that the words 'Frenchman' and 'poisoner' would become synonymous. Despite this gloomy foreboding, poisoning again became rare in France. A poisoner named Desrue, was broken on the wheel, burnt, and scattered to the winds in 1777, and became known to posterity under the sobriquet of L'Infame. There was, too, a suspicion of poison in the case of the unfortunate son of Louis XVI,\* but the guillotine had in fact taken the place of poison as a means of clearing the road to power. In 1823 much excitement was caused in Paris in consequence of a physician named Castaigne, having poisoned a friend after inducing him to make a will in his favour. In 1847, a girl named Hortense Lahoussée was convicted at Lille of poisoning her father and other members of the family for thwarting her in the indulgence of amorous propensities. She further distinguished herself by implicating a lover who had discarded her. Another monster in female form, was Helen Jagado of Rennes, who, from first to last, poisoned upwards of forty persons, and expiated her offences under the guillotine in 1852.

Germany, though far less guilty than either Italy or France, has not been altogether free from the taint of poison. Palgrave informs us that the Vehmgerichte found it necessary to make special rules in regard to poisoning. "Secret crimes not to be proved by the ordinary testimony of witnesses, such as magic, witchcraft, and poison were particularly to be restrained by the Vehmische judges." Friedrich II. is said to have been poisoned by Innocent IV. This case is by no means authenticated, and if true, the crime should be debited to Italy. In regard to it Voltaire pointedly remarks that, at any rate, the doubts raised by history are sufficient to convince us of the iniquity

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\* Scott says, his jailer and murderer, one Simon, a shoemaker, asked his employers "what was to be done with the young wolf's whelp; was he to be slain?" "No."—"Poisoned?" "No."—"Starved to death?" "No."—"What then?"—"He was to be got rid of." Accordingly by a continuance of the most severe treatment, by beating, cold, vigils, fasts, and ill usage of every kind, so frail a blossom was soon blighted.

of the times. In our days there took place at Magdeburg the remarkable case of Bernhard Hartung, who set the example of insuring the lives of people and then poisoning them—an example which, within five short years, was so fatally followed by Palmer. Hartung was induced to confess by the sight of the corpse with which in accordance, with the German custom, he was confronted at his trial.

"It is remarkable," says Lord Campbell, "how few instances of poisoning or assassination occur in the history of England, compared with that of France and of the States of Italy. The reason may be, that with us Parliament was a more ready and convenient instrument of vengeance than the bowl or the dagger, and the object of the ruling party could always be attained under the forms of law." However this may be, Dr. Taylor, the eminent toxicologist and professor of medical jurisprudence, was of opinion that the use of poison for ordinary criminal purposes was more common in England than appeared on the surface, and that many of the deaths by poison believed to be accidental, were in fact murders. Dr. Taylor is by no means an infallible guide, and on two memorable occasions expressed deliberate opinions in the witness-box in regard to poisoning, which he was afterwards compelled to recant. It is, at any rate, a fact that poisoning was never so prevalent in England as to cause serious and continued alarm to the community for any length of time. The professional and systematic poisoner has appeared after long intervals and enjoyed a short shrift. Old Decker and others give us goodly lists of rogues of sorts, yet this kind of villain is always conspicuous by his absence.

The earliest notice of poisoning in English History is to be found in the pages of that untrustworthy chronicler Geoffrey of Monmouth, who mendaciously or ignorantly relates how Aurelius, a British king, (!) was poisoned by Ambron during the invasion of Pascentius, son of Vortigern, and how there "appeared a star at Winchester of wonderful magnitude and brightness, darting forth a ray, at the end of which was a globe of fire in form of a dragon, out of whose mouth issued forth two rays, one of which extended to Gaul, and the other to Ireland." The next three or four cases are of hardly greater historical value. Bertric or Beorhtic, king of the West Saxons, is said to have been poisoned by drinking of a cup his dissolute queen, Eadburger, had prepared for another. Then there is the pretty legend of Fair Rosamund:—

Murder'd by that adulterous Eleanor,  
Whose doings are a horror to the East,  
A hissing in the West!

The next noteworthy case is the attempt to poison Queen Elizabeth, made by one Squyer, an emissary of William

Walpole, a priest of Seville. Squyer is said to have smeared poison on the pommel of the Queen's saddle, and at the same moment to have called out 'God save the Queen' by way of disarming suspicion. His artifice did not save him from execution. A curious feature of the case is, that the Eucharist was administered to Squyer previous to his despatch on his unholy mission, to strengthen his courage, just as sacrifice to Debi was made by the Thugs of India, and the Mass is now given, so it is said, to Irish assassins. Then followed an attempt to murder the Bishop of Rochester, by one Rose, or Rouse, his cook, in which no less than seventeen other persons were poisoned. These attempts appear to have excited a momentary alarm and a retrospective act was passed, providing the punishment of boiling to death without 'advantage of his clergy' for any poisoner. Rose, the cook, was by the irony of fate the first to be consigned to the pot. Margaret Dawie, a young woman, suffered a few years later, in the same manner, for a similar crime. The preamble to the new Act expressly declared that poisoning was previously of rare occurrence in England, and the fears of the public having subsided, the Act was shortly repealed. That poisoning, or at least the dread of poisoning, was somewhat common in the reign of Queen Bess, is pretty clear from the custom in vogue of 'taking the say,' or tasting food and drink before presenting it.

Nor deem it meet that you to him convey  
The proffered bowl, unless you taste the say.

In 1590 the lady Fowles was charged with witchcraft and poisoning in Scotland. She procured her poison on the ancient but flimsy pretext of desiring to destroy vermin. "Thou art accused," runs the indictment, "of giving eight shillings money to William McGillivrie's dame, to pass to Elgin, for buying *ratounn poison*, who wared thereof but sixteen pennies; and brayed the said poison, and put it in one piece of leather, and delivered it to thee in June." This use of poison was mentioned by Chaucer two and a half centuries earlier in the Pardonour's Tale.

And forth he goth, no longer would he tary,  
Into the town unto a potiocary.  
And prayed him that he him wolde sell  
Some poison that he might his ratouns kill.

In the reign of James I. the unfortunate Overbury fell a victim to the revengeful and profligate countess of Somerset (whilom Essex) who, notwithstanding her youth, beauty, and high rank, was no novice in the use of poisons. The crime made a great stir, but she and her noble accomplice, Somerset, though sentenced to death, yet managed to slip their heads out of the noose and leave some half-dozen others to suffer in their stead. Among these were Sir Gervase Elwaysly,

Governor of the Tower of London, where Overbury was a prisoner when murdered, and Mrs. Turner, already mentioned, whom Scott has immortalized in *The Fortunes of Nigel*, under the name of Dame Ursula. This woman had introduced from France, with less innocent customs, the use of starch, and was made by Lord Coke to appear on the scaffold in a monster ruff, with a view to check the extravagant lengths to which this fashion had run. Then came a rumour that King James himself had been poisoned by Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. One Eaglishan asserted as a proof that poison had been administered, that the king's body and head swelled above measure; his hair, with the skin of his head, stuck to his pillow and his nails became loose upon his fingers and toes. The same person attempted to show that the Marquis of Hamilton had been poisoned, by a still more extravagant account of the appearances presented by his corpse. Equally false was the accusation of Titus Oates, charging Sir George Wakeman, the Queen's physician with an attempt to poison King Charles, and even implicating the Queen in the plot. "The villains," said the merry monarch, "think I am tired of my wife; but they shall find I will not permit an innocent woman to be persecuted." Scroggs, the Lord Chief Justice, was accordingly instructed to be favourable to the accused, and Wakeman was tried and acquitted, but wisely retired abroad. No better guarantee of his innocence is required than the fact that he was accused by Oates.

Of the cases of the eighteenth century, the most noteworthy were that of Miss Blandy, executed at Oxford for poisoning her father with what she called 'powder to clean pebbles,' and that of Donellan, tried for the murder of Sir T. Broughton. In this last case the body was exhumed and presented appearances which, in those days, seemed to denote the use of poison, but which are now known to be due to natural causes.

About the year 1835, Mary Ann Burdock, the celebrated Bristol poisoner, bid farewell to the public from the vantage-ground of a public scaffold. Her pernicious example appears to have brought poisoning into fashion for a time. Shortly after the termination of Burdock's fell career, Sarah Chesham

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\* "No sooner was he dead, when the force of the poison began to overcome the force of his body, it began to swell in such sort, that his thighs were swollen six times as big as their natural proportions, his belly became as big as the belly of an ox, his arms as the natural quantity of his thighs, his neck as broad as his shoulders, his cheeks over the top of his nose, that his nose could not be seen or distinguished, the skin of his forehead two fingers high. He was all over divers colors, full of waters, some white, some black, some red, some yellow, some green, and some blue: and that as well within his body as without. His mouth and nose foaming blood, mixed with froth, of divers colors, a yard high."



murdered several of her family, and Lytton remarked upon the tendency of crimes to come into vogue, now suicide, 'now poisoning tradespeople in apple-dumplings.' Newspapers, he thought, were in a great measure responsible for this. Cases of poisoning by means of arsenic, which could then be easily obtained from any druggist, became so frequent as to render a check upon its sale necessary, and accordingly Act XIV, Vic. c 13 of 1851 was passed, and salutary restrictions imposed.

As if, however, to show the futility of attempting to deprive the criminal of the use of the deadly agent poison, there then occurred in England a case of poisoning, by far the most serious of the present century, and well calculated to cause profound alarm to all classes. It was that of William Palmer, a medical practitioner of Rugeby in Staffordshire, who was hanged in 1856 for the murder of a young sporting friend named Cook. This cold-blooded monster had previously poisoned his wife and children, besides several others. His profession afforded him at once a knowledge of the action of poisons, and the means of procuring and administering them. His plan was to insure the life of his victim, usually a patient, and then poison him. His iniquitous behaviour led to the passing of a law for the protection of Insurance Companies against such frauds. Palmer's fate, like that of the Bristol poisoner, appears rather to have acted as an incentive than a deterrent, and within a few months only of his execution, one William Dove was hanged for the murder of his wife, and almost directly afterwards Thomas Bacon, after acquittal on a charge of poisoning his children, was re-arraigned and convicted of poisoning his mother. About this time, too, took place the *cause célèbre* of Madeline Smith, against whom a verdict of 'not proven' was recorded at Glasgow on a charge of murdering her sweetheart, Emile L'Angelier. Then came the curious case of Dr. Smethurst who, in 1859, apparently in collusion with his own wife, bigamously married Miss Banks, having previously induced her to make a will in his favour. He then slowly poisoned her, under the eyes of two other practitioners, whom, to disarm suspicion, he had himself called in. These gentlemen, however, were men of exceptional ability, and discovering the real cause of Miss Banks's illness, gave information to the police. Then followed a serious miscarriage of justice, and this double-dyed villain escaped with one year's imprisonment for bigamy. The will having been unfortunately signed by his victim in her maiden name, he was enabled to reap the full fruits of his crime. From certain facts which came to light afterwards, it seemed probable, that this was not the first case of poisoning in which this man and other members of his family had been mixed up. The last English case of any importance in

the annals of poisoning is that of Dr. Lamson, who was hanged in 1880 for poisoning his own brother.

That the crime of poisoning is common in India cannot be thought astonishing when due consideration is given to the abundance of deadly plants, the difficulty of restricting the possession and sale of poisons, the widespread knowledge possessed of their properties, the light estimation in which human life is held, the facilities for disposing of corpses, and the difficulties attending *post-mortems*. That the crime is ancient here as elsewhere is amply proved. In Wise's translation from the Shastras, the following passage occurs:—"It is necessary for the practitioner to have a knowledge of the symptoms of the different poisons and their antidotes; as the enemies of the Rájá, bad women, and ungrateful servants sometimes mix poison with food. On this account the cook should be of a good family, virtuous, faithful, and not covetous, not subject to anger, pride, or laziness. He should also be cleanly and skilful in his business. The practitioners should have like qualities, with an intimate knowledge of poisons, and should examine the food to be eaten by a Rájá in the cooking-room. This should be large, airy, light and surrounded with faithful servants, and no one should be allowed to enter it unless he is first examined." According to the institutes of Manu the punishment for machinations with poisonous roots, and for the various charms and witcheries intended to kill, by persons not effecting their purpose, was a fine of two hundred *panas*. A Brahman or a Kshatri obliged to subsist by the acts of a Vaisha or trader, was enjoined on no account to deal in certain articles, of which poison was one, on pain of becoming, on the seventh day of his offence, a Vaisha not only in acts but also in nature. A cattle-poisoner was prescribed as an appropriate offering to the god of sin, on the principle of sacrificing like to like, which regulated the ceremonies of the great Purusha-medha festival. Popular superstition among the Hindus represents their deity Shiva as constantly under the intoxicating effects of *dhatura* and *ganja*. A story, too, is told of an attempt to murder the infant Krishna made by his maternal uncle, the demon Kansa, then reigning at Mathura. A nurse was sent to the child with poison on her nipple, but the young rogue gave such a pull at it, that the nurse dropped down dead! The practise of drugging infants in this manner has unfortunately survived the death of this particular *dhat*.

According to Strabo, the custom of *Sahogaman* was invented as a check to the poisoning of husbands by their wives. Captain Hamilton, who traded in India between 1688 and 1723, reports this legend, apparently, from oral tradition:—"In Canara, there are several customs peculiar to itself, and many of them are

spread abroad to remote countries. Here it was that the custom of wives burning on the same pile as their deceased husbands had its beginning. It is reported that, before the Brahmins invented this law, poison was so well known and practised, that the least quarrel that happened between a married couple, cost the husband his life, and this law put a great stop to it; and now custom so far prevails, that if any faint-hearted lady has not courage enough to accompany her spouse to the other world, she is forthwith shaved and degraded, and obliged to serve all her husband's family in all kinds of drudgery."

In the *Hitopodesa* among numerous metaphorical mentions of poison, are found these passages:—"The body having encountered some efficient cause—water, fire, poison, the sword, hunger, sickness, or a fall from an eminence—is forsaken by the vital spirits." "For the water of life becometh mortal when mixed with a poison." And again, "a draught of milk to serpents doth nothing but increase their poison." In the *Betul Panchibinsati*, a woman is accused by her husband of having committed the heinous crime of poisoning a Brahmin, but the death is accounted for, to the satisfaction of the authorities, by the explanation that a snake had previously dipped its mouth into some milk of which the Brahmin partook.

Dr John Fryer, who visited India between the years 1672 and 1681, gives the following quaint description of the treatment of State-prisoners at the Court of Aurungzeb:—"Upon an offence they are sent by the King's order, and committed to a place called the *Post* (from the punishment inflicted), when the master of the Post is acquainted with the heinousness of the crime; which being understood, he heightens by a drink, which at first they refuse, made of *bhang*, (the juice of the intoxicating sort of hemp,) and mingled with *Datry*, (the deadliest sort of *Solarium* or nightshade) named *Post*. After a week's taking they crave more than ever they nauseated. *Ad illorum vicem qui degustato Sardonum graminum succo feruntur in morte ridere*; making them foolishly mad. Then they are brought into the inner lodging of the house, in which folding doors open upon delicious gardens, where apes and cats, dogs and monkeys, are their attendants, with whom they maintain their dialogues, exercising over them their humour of an assassin, usurper, miser, or what their genius led them to, whilst themselves. After this manner they are imprisoned according to the King's pleasure, or he orders their cure, to restore them to their senses again, which otherwise after their spirits are tired by a restless appetite of doing, and in the meantime have not a suitable recruit, they linger by a lasting leanness into the shades, which alive they represented." There is clearly confusion here between *dhatūra* and poppy. Bernier's account of the

practice is doubtless more correct. "This Poust," he writes, "is nothing else but poppy expressed and infused a night in water, and it is that potion which those that are kept at Gwalior are commonly made to drink. I mean, those princes whose heads they think it fit not to cut off. This is the first thing that is brought to them in the morning, and they have nothing given them to eat till they have drank a great cup full of it; they would rather let them starve. This emaciates them exceedingly and maketh them die insensibly, they losing little by little their understanding, and growing torpid and senseless. And by this very means, it is said, that Sipeher Shekoh, Moorad Buksh and Sooleeman Shekoh were despatched." It was to this passage, no doubt, that Macaulay referred in a splendid speech on the Government of India made in the House of Commons in 1833.

Tavernier, in an account of his visit to Gwalior, the great State prison of the Moghul Sovereign, wrote:—"When Aurungzeb sends any great lord to this place, at the end of nine or ten days he orders him to be poisoned, and this he does that the people may not exclaim against him for a bloody prince." It is elsewhere recorded that Aurungzeb's own and eldest son, Mahomet Sultan, was detained in this fortress under the slow influence of *Poust*, for fifteen years. "It cannot be doubted," remarks Dr. Norman Chevers, "that under the Mussulman dynasty, assassination by poison became, if not the most prevalent, undoubtedly one of the most prominent of Court atrocities. As the closing act of a great political contest, as a means of removing a stubborn minister, or an intriguing kinsman; the *dhatūra*, with its power of gradually drowning the astutest intellect in a state of drivelling fatuity; and the arsenic certain to destroy existence in a night, with symptoms which the most learned *hakeems* could not distinguish from those of cholera (even then one of the most prevalent diseases of India) wrought as effectually, and, as the assassins doubtless consoled themselves, far less noisily and unseemly than the wheel at the Grêve, and the axe on Tower Hill.

James Bristow, one of Hyder Ali's prisoners, relates in the narrative of his captivity that "the month of September 1793 was distinguished by the inhuman murder of General Matthews, who was certainly poisoned in a very barbarous manner, being starved until he had consented to eat of the food which he had discovered contained poison. He refused for several days to taste nourishment, but hunger surmounted at last the desire of protracting a miserable existence, and he swallowed a plentiful portion of the victuals prepared for him, and in a few hours afterwards expired in violent convulsions." Again, "Captain Rumley, when he found that he would be constrained

to swallow poison, put an end to his own existence." "Captain Frazer had poison forced down his throat, of which he soon after died." There is confirmation of this statement in the memoirs of Captain Philip Melville, and in Forbes' Oriental Memories.

This, and much other evidence, proves that poisoning was common in India long before the British rule, and common to in circles where now it is happily rare. That it was equally common in circles free from the temptations of ambition may be safely concluded; for whenever vice of any sort is the lesson to be taught, the lower classes are never slow to imitate their betters, and the subtle mind of man has not failed to find numberless uses, criminal and innocent, to which poison in its Protean forms, may be turned to his account.

The various occasions on which poison comes into injurious contact with man may be conveniently classed in regard to object, as (1) death-involving; (2) death-risking; (3) death-avoiding, and (4) accidental or objectless. The motive where death is essential to the object in view may be *political*, as in the case of most of the murders, and attempts to murder sovereigns, their heirs, rivals and enemies; of the use of poisoned arrows by barbarous tribes in warfare; or of the poisoning of wells and tanks in the field by the Mahiattas, Burmese, Cooch Biharis, and Nepalese; \* or the motive may be *religious*, as in Squyer's attempt on Queen Elizabeth, which was also political. It may be *judicial*, as in the case of Sociates, Alexis Petrowitz, Salumbia, poisoned by the Rajput Chieftain Urri and others; or a *sense of honour*, as where a man poisons a wife or daughter to preserve her chastity or reputation. This, Sleeman tells us, was formerly common among Mahomedans in India, whose law of adultery required four witnesses to the fact, before a divorce could be had. Or the motive may be any of the innumerable springs of action which lead to *suicide*, as in the cases of the illustrious Hannibal,

\* N. B.—According to Moulvi Sirajculhak's exposition of the Mahomedan Law, "the killing by poison, in whatever manner it be given, is not deemed wilful homicide."

If the poison be compulsorily put by another into the mouth of the deceased, the fine of blood is paid as for manslaughter, but if the deceased took the poison into his own hand, and ate or drank it, without compulsion, though he did not know it to be poison, the giver is liable to discretionary punishment only. He adds, however, with apparent inconsistency, that one who mixes poison secretly with another's food, ought to suffer death, as the mixing poison with food is a heinous offence, such as is declared punishable with death for the security of mankind!

\* An infamous proclamation was quite recently issued by a Chinese local Viceroy, inciting people to poison all French subjects in his province, but was promptly disavowed by the Central Government.

Cleopatra, and many others ; or *compassion*, the motive said \* by Napoleon to have influenced him when he caused 50 plague-stricken soldiers to be poisoned with opium at Jaffa ; or it may be *amorous inclinations* to gratify which Spara, Tofania, Catherine de Medicis, and more lately Hortense Lahoussée, are said to have poisoned so many victims ; or *avarice*, as in the cases of Ste : Croix, Brinvilliers, Hartung, Castaigne, Palmer, Smethurst, and a host of other votaries of the devil's favourite vice. A less dishonourable form of avarice is the desire to *avoid expense*, which influences those Rajputs who poison their female offspring. Another common motive is *revenge*, especially that dictated by jealousy, as in the cases of Queen Eleanor and the dissolute countess of Somerset ; or the motive may be merely *a desire to avoid punishment*, as when a criminal poisons another, to prevent his revealing knowledge of a crime. The *Meetavallahs*, or professional poisoners of India, have been classed by many high authorities in this category, but I have ventured to adopt a different view for reasons to be set forth presently.

The motive where death is not absolutely essential to the object in view, but is risked with more or less callousness as to consequences, may be *a regard for personal safety*, by rendering impotent a rival whose spirit and capacity are feared, but whose death is not desired. Such was the case with the Moghul rulers, and the victims of their *posta* draughts. Or the motive may be to prevent childbirth at any hazard ; or to facilitate the commission of robbery, as in the case of the professional poisoners, or many other criminal or non-criminal acts ; or for the purpose of revenge as in the shocking case of Lord——, who deliberately contracted a loathsome disease in order to punish an unfaithful wife and her paramour.

The motives where death is incompatible with the desired object are very numerous. Pre-eminently among them is the desire to effect a cure or mitigate suffering, as where poison is used medicinally or anæsthetically. Of this the use of chlorodyne is a good illustration, compounded, as it is, of the three potent poisons. opium, chloroform and prussic acid. That of the *Bish Boree* of the Bengalis is another. This wonderful nostrum contains arsenic, sulphur, mercury, croton seeds and snake-poison ! For anæsthetic purposes the Greeks had their *Nepenthe*, and the Hindoos various drugs. Fryer and other travellers tell us that the friends of *Satis* gave them *dhatura* as a preparation for the pyre. The Emperor Humayun ate opium in large quantities to assuage

\* "I caused opium to be administered to them to release them from their sufferings."—(*Jomini*).

pain: Another innocent and curious use of poison appertains among the Rajputs, who according to Todd, ratify friendship between individuals and rival clans by eating opium. Less defensible is the use of poison where the motive is the selfish one of securing ease at the expense of others, as in the story of the ayah and the infant so pathetically told by poor Ali Baba in his *Baby in Partibus*; or merely to procure the delights of intoxication, as in the cases of the *haschish* eaters and opium-smokers whose seraphic transports are so graphically described by M. Baudelaire and De Quincey. Unjustifiable also is the use of poison by way of frolic, as where by means of *dhatūra* the whole of a jail guard in the North-Western Province was once placed *hors de combat* on the floor of their guard-room; or even for the *per se* laudable purpose of detecting a thief, by dosing food or drink which he is in the habit of stealing. I once saw a man nearly killed by this dangerous trick.\* Still more criminal may be its use to facilitate the commission of an offence. A curious instance of this is described by John Bristow, who in 1781 witnessed the forcible circumcision, by order of Hyder Ali, of sixteen British soldiers, whilst under the influence of a strong opiate called *majūm*. Another instance was a system of drugging to facilitate kidnapping, which was reported, by Missionaries, to prevail in the Madras Presidency. But perhaps the most eccentric use to which poison has ever been put, was the destruction of a lad's intellect by his father in order to prevent him from becoming a Christian. Such a charge was actually made by a Missionary in the year 1838.

Poisons, as well as many harmless substances, often have been, indeed, in most countries still are, employed as aphrodisiacs, philters, charms, and the like. In ancient times the Thessalian philters were especially esteemed. Caligula's death is attributed to philters administered to him by his wife Cæsonia. Lucretius is said to have been driven mad by a love-potion, and Julian is reported to have habitually used aphrodisiac. Lady Grey was charged with plying Edward IV. with love-powders. The infamous countess of Essex used drugs on the one hand, to promote her love-affair with Somerset, on the other hand, to rid herself of the importunities of her husband. Madeline Smith and others accounted for the possession of arsenic by the explanation that they used it as a preservative of beauty. These notions were not peculiar to the West. There is a story that an Indian king presented to Alexander the

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\* A case is on record in which a *pasi* drugged some *tari* to catch a thief. The thief sold the *tari* to some European soldiers, who were made very ill. The *pasi* was convicted and punished.

Great a woman whose beauty was much enhanced by eating aconite. Purchas relates how the women of India having drugged their husbands with *dhatura* prosecuted their amours in their presence ; "the husband sitting with his eyes open like a foole, when he returneth to himself knoweth nothing but that hee hath slept." Garcias ab Horto makes a similar report of the women about Goa, and in the kingdom of Malabar. Dr. Girard, of Bombay, was informed that *dhatura* is not unfrequently had recourse to as a means of foretelling events ; a person, while under its influence, being supposed to be possessed of faculties resembling those of the Pythian Priestess of old. In short, the art of producing magical effects on mind and body by means of philters, love-potions and charms, flourishes now in India as luxuriantly as ever it did in the West.

There may be, and often is, an absence of all motive in respect of the particular act by which poison finds its way into the human frame, as in the numerous cases of accidental poisoning by the misplacing of vessels, to which mistake Alexander Borgia and his son fell victims ; by the bite of venomous reptiles ;\* by the action of copper and lead vessels or pipes, on food or drink ; by the improper use of poisons in house decoration, and by a hundred other mischances. I was myself once poisoned with several others by eating a grouse-pie on a moor in Argyllshire, and learnt from that unpleasant experience that the legs of birds entombed in pies are not uselessly thrust through the crusts, but in order to ensure an escape for the unwholesome gases which are often generated therein.

It is clear, then, that the uses to which poison may be put are manifold, that whilst some are highly criminal, others are not only innocent but praiseworthy, and that there may be often difficulty in arriving at correct conclusions as to the degree of guilt attaching to acts and persons. One of the best criterions is usually the nature and quantity of the poison administered. This ascertained, the motive and object can often be divined. The test is, however, far from being infallible, as the intention may be highly criminal, though the substance administered be harmless, and *vice versa*.† Diamond powder is believed by natives to be one of the most potent of poisons,

\* Venomous reptiles may of course be used homicidally. Hannibal and Antiochus threw earthen pots filled with serpents into the ships of the Romans. The crime of killing by means of snakes was provided for, in both Hindu and Mahomedan Law. Such an offence was actually committed at Purneah in 1868. Snakes have sometimes been used as instruments of judicial punishment. Sir Thomas Roe witnessed an execution of this sort at the Court of the Great Moghul.

† The proneness of natives of India to fabricate false evidence, is another difficulty. Dr. Chevers mentions a good instance of this : a Bengali wishing to revenge himself on an enemy came to a truce with him



though it can only injure mechanically. It formed an ingredient of the poison said to have been administered to Colonel Phayre by the Gackwar of Baroda, and has often been taken by would-be suicides. Sir William O'Shaughnessy Brooke once removed a whole diamond from the stomach of an Armenian gentleman in Calcutta, who had hoped to destroy himself, and received the gem as a fee. An ingenious explanation of this belief given by a native practitioner to Dr. Chevers was, that the word *zewar* or *jauhar*, 'a jewel,' had become confounded with the word *zahr*, poison. He said that in the works of Kali Das and others the diamond is frequently represented as a poison. The belief is not, however, peculiar to the East. Benvenuto Cellini relates that an attempt was made to poison him, when in prison at Rome, by the administration of pounded diamond in his food, and that he escaped in consequence of the accomplice reserving the valuable diamond for himself and substituting powdered glass.

Of the nature of the poisons used in early times, little is known. Sociates is said to have taken hemlock, and the Romans to have preferred aconite. The word 'poison' coming, as it does, from the verb *potare*, to drink, would seem to indicate that deleterious drugs were usually administered, for purposes of murder, in the form of a drink or potion. The poison of the Italians is variously said to have been a solution of diamond dust, or of crystallised arsenic, but nothing certain is known. The French derived the art, and presumably also the poisons, from the Italians. Similar ignorance prevails as to the poisons used previously to the dawn of chemistry in England. One of the witnesses, at the enquiry into the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, deposed that "the countess wished him to get the strongest poison that he could," and accordingly, mindful perhaps of the fate of Tom Thumb of nursery renown, he brought seven great spiders! Shakespeare, it seems, did not partake in this belief, for he tells us that—

There may be in the cup,  
A spider steeped, and one may drink, depart :  
And yet partake no venom !

To obtain a correct knowledge of the particular poison used, is even in these days of scientific research, one of the greatest difficulties the Magistrate has to encounter. So long ago as 1823 M. Orgila deposed, in the case of the poisoner Castaigne,

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and receiving some food from his hands, took the opportunity to drop arsenic into it, make himself vomit over it, and then raise the alarm that he had been poisoned. The poison he pretended had come from his stomach was enough to kill a horse ! Possibly the arsenic was swallowed and proved its own antidote as in the Hong-Kong case, though the doctors thought otherwise.

that by the march of science even vegetable poisons\* might be detected, and with almost as much ease as the more palpable mineral poisons. Yet in 1850-59 at the trials of Palmér and Smethurst, it became painfully apparent that our most experienced toxicologists were liable to make grievous errors, and that the profession were by no means in accord as to the traces left by some of the most deadly poisons. And more recently at the trial of Lamson, there were not wanting indications that our knowledge on this vital subject has not progressed much. Hope has lately been held out that photography may become a valuable aid to analysts by enabling them to compare pictures of pure and impure substances, as seen through the microscope, and thus detect foreign bodies. It is said that the crystals formed by  $\frac{1}{1000}$ th of a grain of arsenic have been successfully photographed; but it remains to be seen what practical value this may have.

In this country, as has already been stated, there is a great variety of poisons to choose from, so great, indeed, that an exhaustive list has never yet been prepared. Those mostly used for purposes of assassination and suicide are arsenic, aconite, nux vomica, and opium, and, less frequently, *lall-chitra* and oleander. Arsenic and strychnia are also commonly used as aphrodisiacs, and *lallchitra* for procuring abortion. Arsenic is generally employed for poisoning cattle, but other more easily procured vegetable poisons are sometimes so used. Where it is desired merely to produce temporary insensibility, *dhatura*, *ganja* and *blang*, are in highest favour. The first of these three is the choice, well-adapted instrument of the professional poisoners. It has the immense advantages of being easily and safely procurable, the seed of it closely resembles that of the capsicum, a common article of diet, it is almost tasteless, and quickly induces delirium, under the influence of which the wretched victim often divests himself of all his clothing, thus affording the poisoner an opportunity of purloining it, together with any other property there may be. The brain of the drugged man remains in a bewildered state for several days, so that he is unable to describe accurately what has occurred, and is fortunate if, on recovering his senses, he does not find himself in custody as a drunkard or lunatic. Moreover, the *dhatura* plant, in one form or another, affords medicine to man and beast and offerings to the gods, so that its possession is no proof of *mala fides*.\*

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\* The *Taleef Shar'ee* mentions another harmless use to which *dhatura* is applied:—"If the flowers of the black *dhatura* be bruised, and a little of your own blood added, and this used as a *tilak*, or ornament on the forehead, betwixt the eyes, whoever sees it will become your slave, be it man or woman. If a wife uses it, her husband will never forsake her."

- Within the infant rind of this small flower,  
Poison hath residence, and med'cine power,
- For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part  
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart'

And it is with a view to a brief enquiry into the origin, habits, and best means of extirpating these pests of the highroads—the professional poisoners—that the foregoing prefatory sketch has been indited.

Attempts have been made, at various times, and by high authorities, to identify or connect the road-poisoners with the thugs; and Colonel Sleeman went so far as to endeavour to trace both back to the assassins of Syria. The following are the passages bearing most nearly on the subject: Forbes, writing of thuggee in 1793, says:—"Deleterious drugs are stated to be used only by novices in the business, the more experienced thugs trusting rather to the certain effects of the knife or cord than to the doubtful operation of poison." • In a G. O. issued by the Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in 1810, warning Sepoys, proceeding on leave, to beware of thugs, their *modus operandi* was thus described: "It appears that in the destruction of their victim they first use some deleterious substance, commonly the seeds of a plant called *dhatūra*, which they contrive to administer in tobacco, pān, the hookah, food or drink, of the traveller. As soon as the poison begins to take effect, by inducing a stupor or languor, they strangle him to prevent his crying out, when, after stripping and plundering him the deed is completed by a stab in the belly on the brink of a well into which they plunge the body so instantaneously, that no blood can stain the ground or clothes of the assassin." In 1836 Sleeman wrote "there are (sic) a class of Byrajee and Gosain thugs who travel about the country as religious mendicants, and rob and murder occasionally. They pretend to alchemy, and, getting the silver of the credulous under a promise of converting it into gold, they make off with it. They are well known to the thugs, and often join them in their murders, when they meet on the roads." Further on he adds that these men generally commit murder "by stupefying their victims with *dhatūra*, and other drugs." In 1862, the Inspector General of Police, N.-W. P., represented that "this crime is in all its main features the very counter part of Thuggee, the only distinction being in the use of different instruments for accomplishing theft." Sir Richard Temple, in 1880, following in the same vein, wrote, "sometimes instances of systematic poisoning of wayfarers have given warning to the Magistrate that thuggee (under another form) is ever ready to spring into life again. The psychology of the thugs shows that there are some baneful tendencies inherent in the native mind which will not be eradicated in one or two generations, and would surely manifest themselves again if repressive

measures were to be relaxed." "It is conceivable," argues Dr. Chevers, 'that, observing the attention of the police employed in their suppression to be mainly directed to the practice of strangling, the thugs should have, in a great measure, abandoned the use of the *roomal*, and have devoted all their craft to the easier and safer practice of drugging. At the same time it does not appear that any absolutely demonstrative evidence has been adduced identifying either the *Meetarwallas* of Bengal, or the up-country *Dhatooreas*, with the true thugs. It seems to me that the evidence—and there is plenty of it—points exactly the opposite way—that it warrants a conclusion that the poisoners were not only quite distinct from the thugs, though flourishing side by side with them, but also distinct among themselves, forming numerous small and isolated gangs working upon one or other of various systems, which appear to have been in vogue from times long gone by. We have most complete information as to the manner in which thuggee was carried on, and we know enough of the poisoners to see that their system differs from it in several radical points. In the first place, as admitted on all sides, the poisoners do not go about in large parties, and, according to most authorities, there is no connection between the gangs. They frequently take their women with them, who render great assistance, both as inveiglers and otherwise. Now the only person who has ever described the true thugs as taking women with them is the traveller Thevenot, who, writing towards the close of the seventeenth century, says:—"They have another cunning trick also to catch travellers with. They send out a handsome woman upon the road, who, with her hair dishevelled, seems to be all in tears, sighing and complaining of some misfortunes which she pretends has befallen her. Now as she takes the same way that the traveller goes, he easily falls into conversation with her, and finding her beautiful, offers her his assistance, which she accepts; but he hath no sooner taken her up behind him on horseback, but she throws the snare round his neck and strangles him, or at least stuns him, until the robbers (who lie hid) come running unto her assistance, and complete what she hath begun." Upon this Sleeman makes the following comments:—"This may have been the case in the sixteenth century, but is so nowhere now I believe. The thugs, who reside in fixed habitations and intermarry with other people, never allow their women to accompany them or take any part in their murders. The only exception to this rule, that I am aware of, is the wife of Bukhtawar Jamadar of Jypore, after whom we have been long searching in vain." In another place, however, Sleeman wrote: "The wandering bands of thugs, who seem to retain the usages of their ancestors, are assisted by their women in all their operations, I believe." It

seems, probable, that these wanderers who took their women with them, and travelled in small parties, were simply poisoners; and this seems to have been the opinion of Dr. Sherwood who, in 1816, made a close investigation into the habits of the thugs.

Another important point of difference is in regard to their victims. The thugs could not kill women, children, pilgrims, dancing girls or persons of certain castes without a gross violation of their rules—rules believed to have been prescribed by a bloodthirsty and revengeful goddess. But all these classes are the common prey of the poisoners without distinction—prostitutes being especially selected on account of their unprotected state. It may be urged that a thug would drug a person that he would not kill. But those who allege that poisoners are identical with thugs, also allege that they always intend to kill their victim. Then, again, the thug usually prepared a grave for the doomed victim, but I never heard of an instance in which this significant preliminary had been taken by a road-poisoner.

Another peculiarity of the thugs was their *Ramasee*, or secret language, yet, throughout their extensive vocabulary not a word about poison is to be found. This vocabulary was reduced to writing by Colonel Sleeman who claimed it to be exhaustive, saying "I am satisfied that there is no term, no rite, no ceremony, no opinion, no omen, no usage, that they (the thugs) have intentionally concealed from me." There is, moreover, nothing to show that the poisoners have now, or had formerly, a language known only to themselves. Nor, so far as I can find, was there any mention of poisoning in the confessions of the thug-approvers, though these professed to embrace every murder and robbery in which they had engaged from boyhood to the date of their arrest.

Identity has occasionally been sought to be established by the practice, said to be common to both thugs and poisoners, of making votive offerings to a deity before engaging in an enterprise. But according to my experience, this custom is common to most, if not all, Indian criminals. Robbers and dacoits begin their campaigns after taking part in the Dusserah ceremonies, and thieves of all kinds think it a good omen if they can do a stroke of business during that festival. The thugs, it is true, had special ceremonies peculiar to themselves; such, for instance, as the ceremony of admission to their fraternity, and the consecration of the sacred pick-axe, and if it can be shown that the poisoners have similar ceremonies, some evidence of identity will have been adduced, but this cannot, I think, be done. On the contrary, enquiry would, I think, show that whilst the thugs usually made their offerings to Shiva's consort in the more beneficent form of Bhowani,

their especial patroness, other criminals prefer to make them at the shrine of Durga, or the bloody Kali. Speaking of the poisoners in 1875, Colonel Bradford, the general superintendent of thuggee and dacoity, distinctly asserted that these make no oaths or sacrifices to Kali or Bhairo (? Bhowani), and this view received corroboration in 1881, at the trial of Sharafudin, perhaps the greatest poisoner of the age. On the other hand, at other trials, the existence of such rites has been deliberately deposed to. The truth probably is, that no hard-and-fast rule can be laid down, that poisoners—and Hindoo poisoners especially—do ordinarily, like most other criminals, observe some sort of religious ceremony before embarking on a dangerous enterprise, but that these ceremonies are not peculiar to themselves, and bear no special resemblance to those in vogue with the thugs.

It is, I think, more likely that the poisoners are, and have been all along, quite distinct from the thugs than that, immediately on the suppression of their favourite form of crime, the latter should have so completely altered their manners. Moreover, most of the thugs were such by inheritance, but I know of no instance in which a professional poisoner has been shown to be the descendant of a thug. In 1840, barely four years after the complete disappearance of thuggee, Mr. Dampier, the able superintendent of police, whilst noticing an increase of poisoning cases, nevertheless deliberately concluded that this practice, then, for the first time prominent, was not carried on by thugs. Mr. Dampier was, at the same time, a staunch supporter of the theory that the intention of the poisoner is always to kill, because "dead men tell no tales." The evidence on which he based the conclusion, that the poisoners were not thugs must, therefore, have been proportionately strong.

The precise nature of the organization, if any, existing among poisoners is a question about which a variety of opinions have been held by high authorities. Colonel Sleeman tells us that "people of all castes and calling take to this trade, some casually, others for life, and others derive it from their parents and teachers." "The small parties are unconnected with each other, and two parties never unite in the same crime." Elsewhere, as we have seen, he tells us that the Gosain poisoners often joined the thugs in their murders. The keepers of serais, he adds, were believed to be in league with the poisoners. Mr. Dampier, too, considered that a combination existed along the lines of road frequented by travellers, pilgrims, &c., for robbery by means of poison, and that the dāk bearers, petty moodies, at halting places, *bhateparas*, and common thieves, were in it. Colonel Hervey, for many years the head of the thuggee and dacoity department, wrote in 1861 :—"There is a vast difference

between the mode in which the crime of poisoning is practiced and the crime of thuggee by strangulation, which, although, now happily almost extinct, was formerly committed by organised bands having ramifications through all India" . . " They do not, in as much as is known of them, form a thug association, nor has any circumstance as yet transpired to identify them (except the cases I have spoken of in the Punjab) with the *true thugs*." In the following year, and with reference to the same cases, the inspector general of police, North-west Provinces, in respect of the same crime, wrote:—" Further I think the uniform character of the crimes committed in the several districts round Benares, give strong and most conclusive evidence that this crime is perpetrated by a system. Not only are the methods employed of decoying the victims the same, the poisons used are identical, and the occurrences of these crimes take place at such distances from each other, and yet frequently so near in the time of occurrence as to preclude the idea of being committed by the same individuals." The Lieutenant-Governor expressed his concurrence with the views of Mr. Court in the following words:—" The Lieutenant-Governor's belief is, that this latter offence (poisoning) is perpetrated by bands almost as thoroughly organized as the gangs of thugs, which have now been happily destroyed."

A change of *personnel* brought a change of views, and, in 1873, the same government declared with reference to the same crime that "when practised it is by individuals, and not by gangs." This opinion gained currency—the government of Bengal, and Inspector-General of Police, Central Provinces, alone giving a qualified assent. In 1875, Major Bradford, who had succeeded Colonel Hervey as head of the thuggee and dacoity department, expressed the same view in still more decisive terms: " It has yet to be shown," he wrote, " that these *dhatura* poisoners are in a similar manner connected with each other by equally binding ties. As far as we have yet been able to learn, *dhatura* poisoners do not work in large gangs, but in twos and threes. They are totally unconnected by any ties, or even by any conventional relations to each other." In 1877, the Inspector-General of police, North-West Provinces, went still farther. He complains that one of the principal difficulties in dealing with the crime was " its solitary nature." " As a rule, the professional poisoner is his own and sole counsellor and confidant, and so you can seldom command the assistance of an approver."

So much for opinions, now let us look to facts, which alone can guide to right conclusions. In 1862, certain poisoners were arrested in the North-West Provinces, and having hopes of pardon held out to them, denounced gangs consisting of from 40

to 300 persons. They usually began their confessions with the words: "I am a thug and a member of a gang of thugs." When these confessions came to be tested, some of them proved to be either utterly false, or so questionable, as to be useless for police purposes. Others, however, were believed and acted on, and it was upon these cases that the authorities of the North-West Provinces, based the opinions which, as we have shewn, differed so diametrically from those expressed by their successors a few years later. In 1865-7, the detective department of the Bengal Police operated against poisoners in the Lower Provinces. In pursuance of the confession of one poisoner, no less than 23 cases were taken up—some of them cases which had not before been heard of;—upwards of 600 persons were arrested, 11 made witnesses for the Crown, 52 committed \* for trial, and 5 capitally punished. It was proved that the system was introduced by men who came from Oudh, but most unfortunately these men escaped, and it was from one of them that, several years later in the seclusion of an Oudh jail, the arch-poisoner, Sharafúdin, learnt the mysteries of his craft. In connection with these cases Colonel Hervey repeatedly urged the revival of the approver-system, though what benefit he expected to derive from it in dealing with small isolated gangs, is far from clear. The head of the detectives in Bengal, too, held the opinion that, "without an approver it is idle to expect to discover any gangs of thugs or poisoners," but this officer must have been convinced, by the result of his own operations, that among poisoners there was very considerable ramification and organization.

The career of the man Sharafúdin, to whom I have more than once referred, throws considerable light upon the character and inner life of these poisoners. It seems that he began life as a policeman in the Upper Provinces, was sent to jail for some offence, and then met one of the men—Ticka Ram, *alias* Lalljee—who had eluded the vigilance of the Bengal detectives. By this man he was taught the craft which cost so many people their lives. On leaving jail the two practised together for some time, till a quarrel separated them, and Sharafúdin, as a *dernier resort*, fell back upon service in the police. Being dismissed a second time, he took possession of the wife and two daughters of his *quondam* friend, who in the meanwhile had again been sent to jail—this time for a long period. With the aid of these three women,—the elder of whom, named Zahurun, was described at his trial as "the grandmother of all

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\* It is not clear how many were convicted. A large number were released or acquitted, leaving a residuum of finally convicted persons quite disproportionate to the number arrested.



poisoning."\* Sharafúdin practised his art in various districts for many years. This woman, Zahurun, was born a *Rajputni*, in the Monghyr district, whence she followed the fortunes of Lalljee to Oudh, ultimately adopting the name and faith of a Mahomedan to suit the religious scruples of Sharafúdin. In 1869, finding herself neglected for others, she denounced her paramour to the police, but apparently without effect, as he remained unmolested. Three years later, finding that he had become too intimate with her daughters, she again denounced him, and this time he found it convenient to shift his quarters. A reward of Rs. 500, afterwards increased to 1,000, was set on his head, and at last he was treacherously drugged and given up to the authorities under one of his numerous *aliases*, by an accomplice. One of the two girls, however, actuated by jealousy of the other, betrayed his name and character, and in 1881 he expiated his sins on the gallows at Amritsur. He detailed 69 occasions on which he had drugged persons, adding that he had committed hundreds of such acts, and could not recollect them all. Fifteen accomplices were placed in the dock with him, of whom three became witnesses for the Crown. Others were named who were not captured. It would seem, from these instances, that gangs of poisoners *are* sometimes large and ramified; but a closer inspection of the matter shows us that here, as elsewhere, the evidence cannot be implicitly relied on.

In the first place, several of the confessions of 1862 were, as already mentioned, ultimately discovered by the officer to whom they were first made, to be utterly false. It was with much difficulty that he persuaded his superiors that this was the case, as men do not readily believe that they have been fooled; but the facts were too stubborn to be got over: and this leaven of falsehood tainted the whole series of cases. Colonel Hervey, in discussing, some ten years later, the value of confessions of unconvicted persons, very pointedly remarked: "The idea is seized that the narrating of a long series of crimes will lead to escape from the penalties" (of a particular crime) and Colonel Hervey's experience tallies with that of other competent judges. Sometimes false confessions are extorted by the police to forward their own interests, and are so skilfully made as to baffle detection. I once questioned a man about a case of poisoning in which he had acted as approver many years before. He replied, "that is the case, A, (another approver) 'confessed to.'" I produced an official report of the

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\* Poison is naturally the weapon of the weak, and poisoning has always been the favorite instrument of crime with depraved women in all ages and countries. Notorious poisoners are, as we have seen, mostly of the fair sex.

case, and after some difficulty convinced him that in point of fact it was he and not A—who had confessed to the case in question. He then remembered, and admitted that this was the case. I asked him to relate to me the manner in which the corpse had been disposed of, and to my astonishment he recollected nothing about it. Moreover, he told me that the poison used was *arsenic*, whereas, in his confessions, the only poison named was *dhatura*. I remarked that this was very extraordinary, and he then said that the confessions he had made were false, and dictated to him by the police. He was, he said, implicated in a case of dacoity, and made the false confessions “to save his life!” Some of his confessions had been believed and others disbelieved by the courts before which they were made.

Confessing poisoners, besides looking after their own interests, frequently take the opportunity to screen friends and implicate enemies, and I remember once witnessing a court convulsed with laughter by a tissue of palpable falsehoods told by an approver apparently out of pure devilry. These poisoners can be as true to their associates in crime as other classes of criminals. Mr. Court, the Inspector-General of Police, North-West Provinces, once offered his life, on condition of turning approver, to a condemned poisoner standing on the drop with the rope round his neck. To this he made no reply, but swung himself off. The officer, who superintended the execution, wrote: “This determined act was apparently to resist the temptation offered of sparing his own life by betraying his friends.”

Another fact which should teach us caution in accepting as gospel the results of even judicial enquiries, is that two persons were found to have been previously convicted of poisoning exploits which Sharafúdin, with his foot almost on the scaffold, claimed to have been the exclusive handiwork of himself and another person as yet unconvicted. It was thought by some that Sharafúdin's tongue was loosed more by a hope of pardon as an approver than a desire to acquaint an indignant public with his antecedents, but in regard to these two cases, at any rate, there was strong ground to believe that he spoke the truth.\* Mistakes of justice will, of course, sometimes occur, whatever precautions may be taken, and fortunately, in the above instances, though murder had been committed, capital punishment had not been inflicted. Less fortunate was Eliza Fenning, a young girl, hanged in England in 1817 for poisoning, and, to the horror of the public, found afterwards to have been almost certainly guiltless of the offence for which she had suffered.

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\* An interesting account of a case of road-poisoning, and how an innocent man narrowly escaped being hanged through the machinations of the police, is given in No. 15 of *Selections from the Calcutta Review*.

Another curious feature of our Indian poisoning cases is the frequency with which policemen have been implicated. In 1835, an old woman was seized in Jehanabad, in the district of Shahabad, and upon her were found credentials from the poisoning community at large, and also special recommendations to the good services of different police officers on the whole line of road. During the enquiries made at Bhaugulpore in 1864-6, it transpired that two constables combined the art of poisoning with that of catching poisoners. Several accusations of poisoning and protecting poisoners have, from time to time, been made against policemen in the Upper Provinces, and apparently not without good ground. Sharafudin, too, the prince of poisoners, as we have already seen, began life as a policeman.

From the above, it may be gathered that it is no easy matter to separate truth from fiction, in regard to these poisoners. There are cases in which poisoners have acted singly and without any apparent connection—there are other cases in which they have first acted with one set of accomplices, and afterwards with another;—communication being maintained between individuals acting with different gangs through a long course of years. In the majority of cases one gang has no knowledge of another, and, where any connection can be shown to exist, it is only accidental acquaintance of individuals, or that sort of freemasonry and sympathy which exists between criminals all over the world. There are no well-authenticated instances of several gangs acting in unison under one leader, or covertly protected by landholders, or other influential persons, as was the case with the thugs. There have been, from time to time, in different parts of the country, men known as *ustads*, or teachers, who have imparted the art to any *budmash* desiring to learn it, and in several instances the scene of instruction appears to have been one of Her Majesty's jails. One of these teachers was a returned emigrant from Mauritius, where it was said he had learnt the art. It seems likely, however, that if he did really learn it there, it was from some fellow-emigrant who had derived it from India. The existence of these teachers fully accounts for a similarity of method which has often been observed and advanced as proof of extended organization.

Professional poisoners do not, however, everywhere follow the same method. They have a variety of plans, sufficiently distinct one from another. There is the respectable-looking poisoner who, with a family, real or pretended, to disarm suspicion, hires a cart, drugs the driver, and makes off with the cart and bullocks by a bye-road, selling them at the first town and beginning afresh. There is the priestly poisoner disguised

as a *Gosain*, who, with several accomplices as *chelas*, presents poisoned *prashad*, or consecrated food, to the first dupe he meets. The devout poisoner, who makes poisoned offerings at a temple and robs the priests. The man of good address, who assumes the rôle of fellow-traveller, and abusing the confidence of his newly-acquired companion, drugs his food. The kind Samaritan, who stopping to draw water for a thirsty woman, drops poison into it. The gay Lothario, who consorts with women of the town, hocusses their wine and appropriates their cash and jewellery. The Brahmin cook, who engages himself to a family, mixes poison with their food, and carries off all he can lay his hands on. Sleeman, in one of his works says: "They put on all manner of disguises to suit their purpose, and as they prey chiefly upon the poorer sort of travellers, they require to destroy the greater number of lives to make up their incomes. A party of two or three poisoners have very often succeeded in destroying another of eight or ten travellers, with whom they have journeyed for some days, by pretending to give them a feast on the celebration of the anniversary of some family event."

And this brings us to the consideration of an important point in dealing with these gentry, namely, the extent of the harm they contemplate. Do they merely wish to obtain an opportunity for theft, or do they, besides, wish by killing their victim to silence him for ever? And if only the former, are they guilty of doing an act which being likely to cause death renders them liable, where death does not occur, to the punishment provided for attempts to murder? On this, as on most points, opinions differ. Mr. Dampier, a great authority, wrote in 1844: "That death does not ensue in every case is not the fault of the *meetawallahs* administering the drug in food or water; it arises from the merest chance, whether the stomach of the receiver is full or empty, the victim robust or weak, or upon the quantity of mixed food swallowed before the effect of the drug appears, and it is, I think, a mistake to charge this class of miscreants with administering intoxicating drugs when the parties recover." Colonel Hervey, in 1861, remarked: "It was Sir William Sleeman's opinion, however, that the design of these poisoners almost always was to destroy life. But subsequent experience has convinced me that their intention generally, only, is to commit robbery, while their victim should be in a state of insensibility from the effects of the drug or poison administered, that the quantity administered is given at hazard, according to the practitioner's individual idea of the sense-retaining faculty of the person to be practised upon, and that the unfortunate man is left to recover or die, as the chance may be." The Inspector-General of Police, North-West Provinces agreed

with Colonel Hervey, but a Deputy Inspector-General of the same province, a few years later, thought that the drug was often administered with no other motive than that of *tigerish* delight in cruelty, or by way of practice ! Colonel Bradford, in 1875, went to the other extreme, writing : " For it is well-known that the persons guilty of this crime have no intention whatever of causing the death of their victims, although death frequently occurs."

Mr. Hobart supported his view with some statistics. " It is commonly assumed," he wrote, " that the poisoner, unlike the thug, does not kill his victim. Perhaps he does not intend to kill, but he very frequently manages to cause death. In the 44 professional cases (three are non-professional), which occurred in 1877, there are no less than 15 deaths, all caused by *dhatura* poisoning. How many more have died in this way we know not, for dead men tell no tales." Here we have something more tangible, and it seems that in cases of professional poisoning in the North-West Provinces, in 1877, the ratio of drugged persons who died was upwards of one in three. Sharafúdin, too, appears to have been a particularly deadly poisoner, he having killed no less than 14 out of 37 victims. If, however, the returns of the thuggee and dacoity department are to be trusted, these appear to have been quite exceptional cases ; for, according to these returns, in 255 cases reported from all parts of India during five years, there occurred only 11 deaths. But here, again, we are at a loss for want of more recent, more numerous, and more reliable data.

The thugs in their confessions invariably asserted that it was an especial object with them to destroy life, both to appease the deity and to gain security for themselves,\* but these poisoners usually persist that it is not their intention to kill. Certainly, unless Colonel Sleeman and Mr. Dampier were greatly mistaken, the ratio of deaths to cases has greatly diminished of late years. Can it be that more lenient treatment in respect of offences short of murder has had the effect of making poisoners more merciful or less anxious to destroy evidence at all hazards ? We know, on the authority of Dr. Chevers, that the *dhatura* is a very potent poison.† and if the design was to kill there could be little difficulty in effecting it. Even if the

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\* Macaulay in his speech about the gates of Somnath said : " I have read many examinations of thugs, and I particularly remember an altercation which took place between two of these wretches in the presence of an English Officer. One thug reproached the other for having been so irreligious as to spare the life of a traveller when the omens indicated that their patroness required a victim."

† According to Dr. Porteous eight grains, or 48 seeds, are sufficient to produce full effects in from two to three hours in a strong, able-bodied man. In the Shastras, *dhatura* is ranked a weak poison. (*Apabishā*.)

poison failed, the knife, or *roomal* might be resorted to, whilst the victim was unconscious, as has more than once been done in Oudh and elsewhere.

There is a case on record which proves indisputably that death is occasionally the result more of accident than intent. A poisoner, to allay suspicion, himself partook of the poisoned food, and, after plundering his victim was found dead on the road a mile away, whilst his victim ultimately recovered! It is the difficulty of apportioning the dose in a quantity just adequate to the purpose and no more, that often leads to the death of the victim. If too little is given, the object of the poisoner is frustrated; if too much, the victim dies. The nicest calculation may be thrown out by circumstances over which the poisoner has no control, the constitution of the victim, the state of his stomach, the quantity he eats. The poisoner must run the risk of causing death or abandon the trade. He does run the risk, and his punishment should be meted out accordingly.

Colonel Hervey tells a story of a poisoner who being called upon to account for some *dhatūra* seeds found in his possession, declared that he used them as medicine and offered to eat some by way of proof. He was permitted to do so, and, nothing daunted, forthwith swallowed a quantity, to the dismay of the officer who had given the permission, thinking it unlikely that it would be acted on. Insensibility set in before the usual antidotes could be applied, and, on consciousness being restored, the man further disconcerted the beholders by remonstrating at the measures taken for reviving him, declaring "that he was just getting into the glory of the thing!" This man perhaps intended suicide. He afterwards confessed to a long series of *dacoities* and robberies by poison in which he had taken part, and admitted that "he was one of the infuriated band by whom Mr. St. George Tucker, of the Bengal Civil Service, was beset, and finally murdered in his bungalow at Futtehpore, on the outbreak of the mutiny in 1857, and that he had received a bullet in his leg from the seldom-erring rifle of that brave man."

Like the thug the poisoner is of no particular caste,—mahomedans and brahmins vastly predominating.\* *Hajjams*, or barbers, are occasionally found practising as professionals, *baidis* (physicians), and *panseris* (druggists) rarely. These, from

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\* Poisoners often pretend to be Brahmins in order to avoid caste objections to taking food from their hands. If difficulty on this score is anticipated, some such trick as this is played: flour is bought or borrowed from the victims on the pretence that the local *bania* has none, and shortly afterwards a portion, mixed with *dhatūra*, is returned, on the plea that it is in excess of requirements.

their knowledge of poisons, and their properties, might be expected to turn them to account, criminally, oftener than it appears they do.\* The poison used is, where ascertained, almost invariably, *dhatūra*, sometimes pure, sometimes mixed with *blang* or *opium*. In the Behar cases of 1864-8 this mixture was called *bookni*, or powder. Arsenic, though the favourite instrument of cattle and domestic poisoners, is rarely or never used by road-poisoners. Of 153 professional cases, however, the precise nature of the poison used was only ascertained in 66. The poison is administered in almost all kinds of food and drink—oftenest, perhaps, in *gur*, or sweetmeat, and sometimes is mixed with *pan*, or tobacco. The scene of the villainy is variously, according to circumstances, a jungly spot on the road, the interior of a temple, the vicinity of a well, a brothel, a serai, a private house, or even, in these days, a railway station. The pilgrim routes, and principal high roads of Behar have, in Lower Bengal, ever been their favourite hunting grounds.

In regard to the prevalence of this crime, it is quite clear that it has existed in India from a time long anterior to British rule, without intermission, down to the present day. It is impossible to say to what extent it prevailed at any given time, and, according to some authorities, the present time is no exception, for it is thought that only a small proportion of the cases that actually occur, come to light. Mr. Hobart has put forward this view most forcibly. He argues: "It is incredible that the crime should be confined to the roads of those 14 districts only, whence it has been reported this year, or that it should be so capricious as to be common on one part of the Grand Trunk Road; then skip a district or two, and reappear in vigour on the same road lower down. I am still of opinion that this crime is very much concealed, and such is the prevailing impression among officers who have had most to do with the crime; and the facts would seem to indicate this. When professional poisoners are caught and confess their guilt, the record is a series of crimes extending sometimes over 30 years—crimes committed with almost absolute impunity, and frequently unrecorded. As a rule, the amount taken is so small, and victims do not care to lose their time as well as money, and so do not report the offence at Police-stations. Indeed, it not seldom happens that the victims will obstinately deny that any stranger joined and drugged them, and cases have to be worked out in the face of this dogged opposition. Zemindars constituting a panchayet are only too glad to find that a man has died by the visitation of God; and such men

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\* Two instances of *Panseries* being implicated, have occurred at Patna: I know of no others.

will at times let both poisoner and victim go, and so save themselves trouble. The Chowki-lar will, at times, take the sufferer off to the boundary of another village and leave him there so as to get rid of responsibility. . . . The average of the sums abstracted in each case is so small, that the crime must be frequently practised merely to support life. Now, in over 30 of the cases on our lists, the perpetrator is a professional and a different man. If he follows the profession solely, and like most poisoners, (according to their recorded admissions), makes his living therefrom and from nothing else; then, taking into account the expenses of living, one may calculate almost arithmetically how many men have been victimised in the year. According to my calculation our present number should be multiplied by three."

Now, if poisoners move about in the eccentric way we know some of the most notorious of them to have done, there is nothing incredible in the capriciousness with which the crime makes its appearance; on the contrary, it is just what might be expected. If we knew the crime to be evenly dispersed over the country, this capriciousness would certainly point to concealment. But this is just what we do not know, and Mr. Hobart's reasoning seems, therefore, to involve something like a *petitio principii*. In 1877, several poisoners were released on proclamation-day, and there was an instantaneous and large increase of drugging cases. In 1879, one Khedru Singh was caught red-handed, near Burdwan, and drugging cases, which had become numerous in that district, thereupon ceased. In the same year Sharafúdin was captured, and the statistics of poisoning in the Punjab were much affected. "If poisoners were very numerous, the capture or release of a few individuals would hardly cause such violent fluctuations. As to the confessions of the poisoners themselves, they have too often been shown to be false to command much confidence. To quote Mr. Court: 'crimes are fabricated which never occurred, in order to make it appear that the information given is of great value.'" The police too, are often interested in affording corroboration of such confessions, and this they can easily do. Then, again, the organization and system of the poisoners does not admit of their disposing of dead bodies, after the manner of the thugs. The opportunity to drug food is more often found in halting-places on much frequented roads than in secluded spots. Some of these roads are patrolled, and along others, police and respectable travellers are continually passing, who might take no notice of a person apparently intoxicated, but would certainly, in the majority of cases, mention the finding of a corpse. Sepoys, policemen, and other Government and private servants, going home on leave with their



hard-earned savings, are now seldom, if ever, missed, though a more careful account of individuals is kept than formerly, when these classes often fell victims to thugs and poisoners. Nobody ever objects to travel along the roads from fear of falling in with poisoners, though in jungly places tigers often block the way. Travellers, perhaps, think they can avoid being poisoned, by caution; still, if poisoners were commonly met, they would be more talked about. Cases in which persons deny having been drugged should be looked on with suspicion, except where opportunity for compounding a case has occurred.

Poisoners do not always, if ever, depend wholly on their earnings as such—many of them having other occupations. And even where honest occupation is only a pretence, convictions of simple theft, robbery, and even dacoity, can be adduced as proof of other resources. The invaluable Sharafúdin, again affords us a striking illustration to illucidate our argument. He practised as butcher, policeman, thief, and poisoner, and seems at no time to have been wholly dependent on any one of these professions. Khedru Singh was in the service of a judge in Bengal, before his involuntary introduction to other judicial authorities. The fact of poisoners sometimes drugging for the sake of small sums does not, therefore, prove that they drug often.

My own impression, after 22 years of police work in Bengal is, that the state of society along the main roads, where alone poisoning would be profitable, is now such as to render concealment to any great extent impossible. I am not acquainted with the Upper Provinces, and will, therefore, not hazard an opinion on the state of things there. It must be admitted, however, that in former years there was a strong impression on the part of competent judges that the crime was very common and much concealed. In the year 1840, Mr. Dampier brought specially to notice the great prevalence of road-poisoning along the main lines of communication—in particular, the grand trunk road near Sasseram. Four years later, Colonel Sleeman wrote that the impunity with which this crime was everywhere perpetrated, and its consequent increase in every part of India were among the greatest evils with which the country was at that time afflicted. These poisoners were then as numerous over the Bombay and Madras Presidencies, as over that of Bengal. There was no road free from them; and he believed that throughout India, there must be many hundreds who gained their subsistence by this trade alone. According to the returns of the Superintendent of Police, the total number of drugging cases that occurred in Lower Bengal, during the nine years from 1843 to 1851, inclusive, was, however, only 120, or an average of about 13 yearly. These figures do not include

fatal cases, which were classed as murders, and were not believed by Mr. Dampier to give the slightest idea of the real prevalence of the crime.

In 1860, Colonel Hervey represented that, since his appointment to the head of the Thuggee Department, he had perceived, that not confined to the territories thitherto in his charge, the crime prevailed in every other portion of India; was of a very formidable nature, and the danger of its gaining head was in proportion to the difficulty of detection. He contended that the law as it stood\* was quite insufficient to put down the crime, and urged that heavier punishment should be provided: the sale of poisons should be restricted throughout India, and the possession, without satisfactory reason, be also made penal. He further asked that the approver-system, by which the thugs were suppressed, but which had been rendered inapplicable by the Code of Criminal Procedure, should be revived, and a special agency for the suppression of poisoning be organised. He was stoutly supported by the Government of the North-West Provinces who, as has been stated, held that the bands of poisoners were as thoroughly organized as the gangs of thugs.

The Government of India, however, pointed out, that the offence of drugging for purposes of theft fell under the definition of robbery, for which the punishment of transportation for life could be inflicted; that the general restriction of the sale and possession of poisons was an impracticable measure; and that the existing law admitted of poisoner-approvers being dealt with under the laws and rules from time to time passed for the suppression of thuggee. On this last point the Government of India proved not to be in accord with the Courts, and consequently, a few years later, the whole controversy was revived, and enquiries made from all parts of India. The replies disclosed an extraordinary conflict of opinion on every point under consideration. In Madras, Bombay, Burmah, and the Central Provinces, the crime was reported to be rare, and in many places hardly known. In regard to punishment, some thought the existing maximum of ten years sufficiently high, others were for enhancing it, and numerous suggestions were offered. All, even the Government of India, entirely

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\* Previous to the passing of the penal code, and the code of criminal procedure, the minimum punishment for the administration of poisonous drugs, whether death ensued or not, was transportation for life. A distinction was drawn between *poisonous* drugs and those of a merely *intoxicating* character. Cases of administering poisonous drugs were dealt with by the Special Department under the laws applicable to Thuggee. Act XXX of 1850 was not, however, repealed by the Penal Code, and the administration of poisonous drugs in the Presidency towns is still punishable with imprisonment for life.

overlooked the correct view arrived at a few years before, and it fell to the lot of Colonel Bradford, the successor of the very officer who had set the ball rolling, to repeat that the law, as it stood, was all-sufficient, and that where theft was the object, and the bodily harm fell short of death, the administration of drugs should be punished as robbery.

With respect to the restriction of the sale and possession of poisons, it was made clear that such a measure was likely to be attended with more harm than good. The following weighty reasons justified the Government of India in rejecting a proposal which had been repeatedly pressed upon it. In the Presidency towns the sale of poisons was already controlled. In small places dealers would not find it worth their while to take out licenses, and the law would inevitably be evaded, the only result being, that after a murder the vendor of the poison, who has now no interest in concealing the sale, would withhold his evidence to screen himself from the penalties of the licensing law. The law could only be enforced by the employment of a large body of officials, who would have opportunities for oppression which would render them an evil of the first magnitude. The law would affect mineral poisons, principally, and persons who now make an ill use of these would be driven to the use of vegetable poisons, the detection of which is far more difficult. In a country where deadly poisons commonly grow by every roadside, the restriction of sale would alone be ineffective, and possession would also have to be erected into an offence. This would cause great annoyance to numberless persons who constantly keep and use such poisons—as *dhatūra*, for physicking themselves and their cattle—as antimony and red-lead for marking their faces. Opportunity would be given to ill-disposed persons and depraved police officers to secrete poisons in such a manner as to secure the conviction of an enemy or suspected poisoner. And such a provision of the law, even if passed, would be inoperative as a preventive measure, unless accompanied with powers of search and seizure which would certainly lead to abuses. Many poisons can be so mixed with other substances as to be unrecognizable, except by analysis. The experiment of restricting the sale and possession of poisons has been tried in the Bombay Presidency, without success. The sale of several poisons, such as opium, ganja, bhang, is already everywhere restricted. These, and other objections, induced the Government of India to hold its hand. They do not apply with equal force to the Presidency towns, where the working of the law can be better controlled, and where poisonous plants are not common, and a knowledge of their properties necessarily limited.

On the question of reviving the old approver-system,\* it was held that such system could not be usefully applied to poisoners who worked in small isolated parties, and that in regard to a special agency, the prevalence of the crime did not render one necessary.

In all its conclusions the Government of India was no doubt right; but certain circumstances, disclosed in the discussion, seem to point to the necessity for some further action. It is undeniable that theft by means of drugging is robbery, as defined in Sec. 394 of the Penal Code, but the Courts, in Bengal at least, nevertheless persist in ignoring this fact, and *invariably* convict under other sections—generally Sec. 328 coupled with Sec. 379—and award sentences accordingly. Now it was much urged in the controversy, that the maxim “once a poisoner always a poisoner,” was the only safe and true guide in dealing with this class of criminal, and this was about the only view which found no malcontents. I do not myself believe that any such hard-and-fast rule can be laid down, as I know facts incompatible with it, and cases of professional poisoning in which moderate sentences of ten years or less has proved a sufficient deterrent. But I also know that some poisoners are most desperate and confirmed criminals, and for them nothing short of transportation for life is an adequate sentence. Khedru Singh, already mentioned, was one of this class. This worthy was arrested and committed to the Beerbhoom Sessions on a charge of poisoning, but got the benefit of a doubt, and was acquitted. He betook himself at once to his old trade, was four times arrested, and four times broke out of jail. After a few months, he was again caught at Deoghur, by my bearer, who was an old acquaintance and fellow-servant. This time he was kept fettered day and night, yet managed to escape finally from the custody of three constables, by jumping from a running train, fetters and all. He has not been since heard of, so it is to be hoped he has joined the majority. Many instances could be, and have been, cited, in which time-expired poisoners have at once reverted to the crime. It seems, therefore, desirable either that the view of the law taken by the Government of India should be adopted by the Courts, or that the law should be amended so as to allow of a sentence of transportation for life for a second

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\* The difference between an approver under the old system, and a witness for the Crown under the C. C. P. is this: the former were induced to confess by a written promise that the sentence to be afterwards passed on them (always either death or transportation for life) would be held in abeyance during good behaviour. The latter are promised freedom for making a clean breast of it, and if they do so are released without conviction.

conviction under Sec. 328, C. C. P. in cases where poison is administered to facilitate theft.

Another aspect of the case which, so far as I know, has not been regarded, is this : robbery is theft or extortion, aggravated by one or other of certain kinds of violence, or show of violence, which justify the raising of the maximum punishment from three to ten years. If the violence be of a particular kind, *viz.*, voluntarily causing hurt, the punishment may be transportation for life. Voluntarily causing hurt *by means of poison* is, by Sec. 324 recognised as a higher offence than simple hurt. There is, therefore, a logically sound reason for providing a higher punishment for robbing by means of drugging than for robbing attended only with simple hurt. But as the highest punishment, short of death, is provided for the latter offence, nothing further is required, so long as the offence is dealt with under this section. But when dealt with under Sec. 328, even when coupled with Sec. 379 (theft), the maximum punishment seems to be, in comparison with that provided under Sec. 394, insufficient. It was perhaps never intended that Sec. 328 should be applied to robbery by means of poison, but as this offence is of a special and particularly dangerous nature, and the section in question might, by the addition of a few words, be made exactly applicable, it seems desirable that a change in this direction should be made. Such an amendment would, at any rate, bring into accord the action of the Courts of Justice and the Government of India, which at present are at variance. There is a further anomaly incidental to the present state of things, *viz.*, that, although, owing to the existence of a suspicion of concealment, it is highly desirable that every person aware of the occurrence of a case of road-poisoning should be bound to report it to the authorities, the probability is that a prosecution for neglect would be futile, except in fatal cases, or against persons bound by virtue of their position to report such cases. For the Courts would almost certainly hold that the unreported offence fell under Sec. 328, or Sec. 328, combined with Sec. 379,—neither of which sections relate to offences of which the public, being aware, are bound to give information.

Speaking of preventive measures, Mr. Hobart, the Inspector General of Police, North-West Provinces, said : " It is exceedingly difficult to suggest any method of preventing this offence. It is indigenous to the soil, and will continue so long as credulous fools exist." The head of the Bengal Police was of a more hopeful turn of mind, and thought that " professional poisoners need only to be dealt with properly, to be rendered harmless." The manner in which they have been dealt with, has, indeed, prevented the crime from making head, but it is not yet stamped out, and every now

and again an outburst warns us of the necessity of never-ceasing vigilance. For a long time past, roads frequented by poisoners have been patrolled, and travellers have been warned, by beat of drum and vernacular placards at serais and other halting-places. More recently, all known poisoners have been registered and photographed. Two sub-inspectors have been specially employed in dealing with cases of drugging, and the movements of known poisoners at large have been closely watched. On the occurrence of a case of poisoning, those out of jail are at once searched for, and thus the field of enquiry is much narrowed. Still, as pointed out by Mr. Hobart, there are many difficulties in our way. The poisoned persons cannot describe the poisoner till their senses return, which often is not for several days. If they are travellers, they sometimes prefer not to complain so as to avoid delay and expense. If they die their mouths are shut for ever. Occasionally the symptoms\* are mistaken by on-lookers for intoxication, or insanity, and not unfrequently the medical examination fails to discover the precise cause of derangement.

Looking to the fact that the art of *dhatūra*-poisoning has often been learnt in jail, the isolation of prisoners of this class might possibly be productive of good. It is not, however, always easy to distinguish professional\* from non-professional cases. This is, I think, often due more to a want of thoroughness in recording the features presented by each case, than to any inherent difficulty in the cases themselves. Dr. Chevers was of opinion that "with due caution no instance of drugging or poisoning, by any ordinary criminal, ought to be mistaken for an example of systematic thuggee." I have no doubt that if the features of each case, such as personal appearance of the poisoner, the disguise assumed, the number of companions, language spoken, poison used, method of administering it, symptoms and effect of poison, exact date and place of occurrence—if these and other peculiarities were carefully ascertained and subjected to careful scrutiny and comparison by some central officer possessed of special qualifications—the General Superintendent of Thuggee, for instance—such officer would soon learn to distinguish the work of professionals and non-professionals, of adepts and others, of men of various provinces, and in some cases recognize the particular hand by which the drug was administered. It is only necessary to read up the literature of the subject, to see that such distinguishing features do exist.\* The Byragee, or Gosain poisoner, is apt to repeat his trick; so also with the

\* Constant dilatation of the pupils, increasing till the iris becomes a mere thread, and impairment of the mental powers, ending in unconsciousness, are the most marked symptoms of *dhatūra* poisoning.

poisoners of cartmen and prostitutes. Sharafúdin's peculiarities were, that he administered the poison in the form of a drink of some sort—occasionally tea—and was usually accompanied by a *Purbia*, that is, a native of the eastern country, *viz.*, Bengal, for the two girls who travelled with him, and their mother were, as we have seen, natives of Monghyr. Up-country poisoners frequently visit Bengal, and *vice versa*. Each have some characteristic of person, or *modus operandi*, by which they may be recognized.

What is wanted is a more minute investigation of the subject, by some one with access to facts, and leisure to examine them. By this only can the full truth be arrived at, and the cloud of ignorance and uncertainty, which has all along enveloped the subject, be completely dispelled. "If there is one thing in India which is wanting, in any investigation of Indian problems," said Sir Louis Malet, "it is an approach to trustworthy and generally accepted facts. There is hardly a subject upon which the authorities in India do not absolutely disagree as to fundamental facts." The subject before us is, as we have seen, no exception. There is, indeed, a tendency on the part of Indian officials, be they high or low, to dogmatise on matters not thoroughly understood. *Ex-cathedra* opinions, passed without full knowledge of available facts, are far too common. A striking instance of this was afforded by a certain high judicial authority who, whilst better informed men were objecting to any restriction being placed on the possession of poisons, because they (including *dhatura*) were commonly used by the people for various\* innocent purposes, pronounced it as an axiom beyond dispute, "that a person who has *dhatura*, pure and simple, about him, can have it for no good end, as it can be turned to no ordinary purpose, save that of poisoning!"

The crime of *dhatura* poisoning, though, perhaps, not nearly so prevalent as Colonel Hervey, Mr. Hobart and others, would have us believe, is yet abroad.\* The returns of last year show no appreciable decrease in comparison with many previous years, and though this may be due rather to more faithful reporting than to anything else, still it behoves us not to rest upon our oars until this pestilential form of crime, happily unknown in most countries, is completely stamped out.

A. H. GILES.

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\* The average annual number of cases of poisoning, reported in Lower Bengal, during the past eleven years, is 17 with murder and 22 without: an average of only five cases was returned as the work of professionals. It is not stated in how many of them *dhatura* was used. The number of known and registered poisoners is about 150, of whom less than one-third are in jail. It seems likely that some of these registered men are not, in fact professional road-poisoners.

The crime appears to be more common in the N.-W. P., and still more so in the Punjab.

## ART. V —AN INDIAN VILLAGE.

FOR the last hundred years the *nihil humani alienum*, from the noble but somewhat negative statement of plantus has been steadily growing into an affirmative principle. Since the time of Rousseau the "solidarity" of the human race has become an established idea, whatever differences may have attended its application. One of the first protests against the exaggerated claims of the social contract theory was Godwin's *Political Justice*. As usually happens with original thinkers, Godwin and Rousseau differed because each saw only one side of the truth. It is a partial truth that society is cemented by the mutual concessions and surrenders of its constituent units: it is equally so, that restriction and regulation, however necessary, are in themselves an evil, which men gradually contrive to minimise. We, in Great Britain, to a great degree, have learned to do without many once needful burdens and prohibitions that even in the sister-island are deeply felt and resented. In a more remote part of the Empire resentment gives way to resignation, respect, and reverence. In British India the social contract is plainly in operation; for the people could probably shake off the yoke by a strenuous and united effort. But, for the present at least, their great need is *discipline*, and they accordingly submit, more or less willingly, to a good deal of restraint.

Especially is this the case with the part of the country known, locally, as "Hindustan," the land of the Hindu, where the Great Turkish power called "The Mughal Empire," flourished and faded, leaving the country a prey to anarchy, rapine, and war. From the Himalaya-foot on the North to the valley of the Narbuda river on the South, between the Bay of Bengal and the Arabian Sea, is a tract comprising nearly six hundred thousand square miles, and peopled by close upon a hundred millions of human beings—perhaps double the size of Russia. A hundred years ago, before any great part of it had come into British possession, this vast region was in a welter of anarchy. According to the authorities cited by Professor Max-Müller in his recent book on India, the population was once among the most virtuous of the earth. At the fall of the Mughal Empire, it was in a state of the most complete social disorganisation that ever afflicted a people not absolutely savage.

Thus, Dow, writing about 1775, records that, in his time, "villainy was practised in every form; all law and religion were trodden under foot; the bonds of private friendship and connections, as well as of society and Government, were broken; and



every individual, as if amidst a forest of wild beasts, could rely upon nothing but the strength of his own arm."

Colonel Tod, from native testimony, adds: "The people of Hindustan at this period thought only of present safety and gratification. Misery was disregarded by those who escaped it; and man, centered only in self, felt not for his kind."

Colonel Skinner, C. B., who entered the Mahratta Army in 1795, tells us that "so reduced was the number of human beings, and so utterly cowed their spirit, that the few villages that did continue to exist at great intervals, had scarcely any communication with each other; and so great was the increase of beasts of prey, that the little communication that remained was often cut off by a single tiger known to haunt the road."

The Duke of Wellington may be allowed to wind up this dreary story of the results of an oriental anarchy with his impression of the morals of the people:—

"They are the most deceitful, mischievous, race of people that I have ever seen or read of. I have not yet met with a Hindoo who had one good quality."—(*Supplementary Despatches*, 1795 to 1805.)

To an average beholder in the picture-gallery of Indian Administration, as it is exhibited less than a century later, it must be hard to believe that we are dealing with the same community. The land is now densely inhabited; covered with roads, railways, and canals; a large revenue is punctually raised; the reign of Law is established. But the traces and scars of the dreadful past are clearly discernible to closer and more intelligent observers. The people are still divided, pauperised, and dependent for existence on the caprices of the most treacherous climate with which any portion of this planet is afflicted. Probably four-fifths have no source of livelihood but agriculture, eked out by the ever-diminishing resources derived from the spontaneous products of lakes and forests. In place of want of human beings, the British rulers have to contend with almost unprecedented fecundity and overcrowding; already some subdivisions have a human being for every acre. The average holding of a family is not much more than five acres of land; the rent rate has trebled in the last thirty years; in many places it has reached a level of six rupees per acre—say six weeks' wages; or as if an Irish cottier had to pay a rent of £5 an acre for his holding. The small Native industries have been driven to decay and destruction. Improvident habits have come down from the anarchy of the last century, when high interest was a correlative of bad security; the peasantry pay from 24 to over 36 per cent. on well secured loans.

In such a state of things two characteristics are usually

shown. There are tribes who have inherited a strong backbone, and who meet their difficulties with industrious self-reliance. There are others who have recourse to cattle-lifting gang-robbery, wholesale poisoning, and as much civil war as circumstances, and the police, will allow. Nowhere is the "mildness" of St. Pierre and the visionaries of European literature to be observed among either class.

Plentiful illustrations of these statements might be collected from an Indian official's note-book. The Judge of a District is almost the only Englishman for whom rural life has no secrets. The Magistracy and the Police may be included among those who see a good deal; but it is in the District Courts that the last and most complete revelations are made, when witnesses are handled by native lawyers in remorseless cross-examination, aided by the occasional sagacity of the Native Assessors.

Let us try to imagine one of their villages. It looks well, seen from a far, basking knee-deep, so to speak, in the thick crops due to the use of the village-refuse, which can only be applied to the homesteads closely contiguous to the inhabited site. There are no hedges, but the level lands are meted out by low banks, on the top of which is often found a channel to conduct the waters of the neighbouring wells wherever they may be needed for irrigation. Here and there are small spinneys, or artificial plantations of useful trees, drooping dalbergias to produce joists and rafters, scathery acacias with fragrant yellow balls, whose hard wood is best for ploughs and sugar-mills, and for yielding charcoal. In the heart of this homely landscape stand the mango-groves of large dark elm-shaped trees, throwing a grateful shadow on weary man and beast, in due season producing a plentiful crop of refreshing fruit. Just outside is the dismantled fort inclosing the house of the Thakoor, or "Squire," raised on a slight eminence, and having at its feet the shining stagnant water of a still pool, formed by accumulations of rain in the hollow, whence was dug the material of the crude bricks and mud ramparts. When we surmount the rise, and enter the gateway, we find that the space within the enclosure is partly surrounded by cattle-sheds, stabling, and masonry walls. In these latter, small perforations in the brickwork indicate the scanty light and air admitted into the apartments set apart for the ladies. On one side is the ancient "nimh-tree" (*Melia azedarachta*) which, in the almost unclouded sunshine of the long summer day, throws its mobile tracery of light and shadow over the terrace, where the master sits or lolls upon a cot, surrounded by his henchmen and backed by the arches of his open hall. Under this tree stands the bullock-carriage in

which, slowly drawn by a pair of large white Nagore oxen, he is wont to visit the neighbouring town when called by business. Long-limbed, stalwart retainers sprawl in corners; old women are seated in verandahs grinding with their hand-mills; dogs of indescribable breed and form snap lazily at the flies that swarm round them as they lie half asleep in the glare; a slovenly, idle abundance seems the key-note. Not a gun, fishing-rod, pointer or greyhound is to be seen; but perhaps a well-thumbed *Nāgari* M.S. of the *Ramayana* of Tulsi Dās lies in a corner, and a hawk sits blinking on its perch. The Thakur and his men do a little business in the morning; make a hearty meal of unleavened bread with vegetables and clarified butter at midday; drowse away the afternoon, inhaling scented tobacco-smoke out of a rude *hookah*. In the evening the barber calls to shampoo the rural magnate's feet and entertain him and his henchmen with gossip. Such is life in a country-house of Hindustan.

A somewhat more stirring picture is presented to the visitor who descends from the *garhi* and, (leaving the main road which runs off in one direction towards London, and in another towards St. Petersburg) enters the *chazok*, or public square. On one hand he has the *champal*, or *chauntra*, the humble Guildhall of the little Municipality, common to the use of the males of the village, and used for the accommodation of their guests. Here the yeomen assemble of an evening to chat with a mendicant friar or to witness a nautch; here assembles the *panchayat*, or council of elders; and here, four times at least in the year, come the unwelcome officials who collect the rents and audit the accounts of the estate. Nearly opposite, the modest office of the local banker meets the eye. This is the famous *bania*, of whom rumours sometimes reach us in England. It is he who is essential to the existence of every class of the community; of the Thakur who sits in his *Bārādari*, listening to an obscene fairy tale and leaving his section of the property to be rack-rented and mismanaged by an agent; to that of the Rajput tribe who personally cultivate small holdings, apportioned among themselves by private arrangement, and to that of the copyholders and the renters of the common land. Finally, he is the representative of the sharers whose holdings have been gradually transferred, under possessory mortgages, many of which the banker now holds in his own hands, tilling the land by means of tenants-at-will and hired labour.

The bank makes no appeal to the eye, in the shape of pointed brickwork, painted doors and windows, plate-glass or cast-iron. It is, indeed, more in the nature of a cavern, in the forepart of which the banker and his clerk squat on the earthen

floor like financial troglodytes. The furniture consists of a couple of worn mats, a pair of scales, a set of account books stitched together in wrappers of coarse cotton cloth, dyed a dull crimson, and a couple of thick bolsters against the back-wall. The banker is a portly man, of middle age probably, with small plump hands, of which the taper fingers bend back as he lays down pen and book to lean his back on one of the bolsters, and level on us the silver rims of his large spectacles. It may be imagination; but we seem to see that these glasses are used chiefly as professional insignia; for keen indeed is the glance of the onyx-like eyes that peer at you over their metal setting. When the day becomes hot the banker assumes an air of profound and happy rest; but if he sleeps it is with at least one eye open, out of which to watch the proceedings of his clerk. A brawny Brahmin, seated in front, keeps vigilant watch over the place. At sunset the shutters are firmly closed, and the man-of-business leaves his office in charge of his faithful sentinel, and waddles up a side lane to seek his home. This is almost the only masonry house in the village. It is neither painted nor plastered; and it looks—if a house without windows can be said to look—upon the unbroken, unlighted, gloom of the lane.

High in the dull wall are a few unglazed apertures. The sky line is broken by parapets of unequal height, drained by spouts that appear purposely calculated to distribute rain-water and sewage impartially among the neighbours' back yards. Every thing about this cosy, cold-blooded, commercial Ishmaelite shows that he is completely unsocial. One would say that his hand is against every man in anticipation of a day when the restraint of obligation will be no longer endurable, and every man's hand will be against him. But, until that day shall come—or until a domestic calamity overwhelm him, he is *homme nécessaire*, and is borne with: his frightful egotism easily passes muster with his apathetic clients: his exactions, though noted with murmurs, are not resisted. Without his assistance the tenants could not pay their rents nor the proprietors meet the Government demand. All business, therefore, must be done through him; when the crops are ready, they must lie on the open floors among the fields, subject to his arbitrary disposal. Advances of millet and of maize—the needful food of the men and their families and cattle—may be obtained, but are closely debited in the accounts; loans are recovered in kind; and no one, as a rule, dares to contest his claims in a court of law.

The only other public buildings of the village are those of Divine worship. First and foremost a *Shwdla* (temple of Shiva) for the Hindoos; a sort of shrine or chapel with a

steeple in the shape of a truncated cone, adorned with grotesque sculpture, or with painting in still worse taste. This is generally the result of some *banid's* compunctious piety, where a small propitiatory offering is intended to atone for hard dealings with man, or ward off divine vengeance. There is little or no accommodation for worshippers. A stone stands in front erect in a curious shaped trough: within is a black idol with a wooden grin; the minister, whose simple canonicals consist of a yard of string, at stated hours rings a bell, and attends upon the idol, pouring water over it, and adorning it with marigolds.

A large minority, however, of the rural population—increasing as you go northward, as far as the borders of the Punjab, and then diminishing again—is of the faith of the Arabian Prophet. To these—whether of pure Musalman extraction or the fruit of forcible conversion in the middle ages—all ringing of bells, blowing of shell trumpets, and idol ministrations in general, are an utter abomination. In a large village, accordingly, and often side by side with the temple, you will see a small open courtyard with a cistern of water, backed by a low wall, in the midst of which is a recess on the Western side. This is the untenanted sanctuary of Islam, where the faithful bathe and bow, looking towards their holy place like Daniel in the captivity. And in smaller places, where there has been no mosque built, the Moslem can still adore, by turning towards his Prophet's shrine at Mecca, and by bending down before the evening sky.

The rest of the village hardly admits of a detailed description. The small sharers and the poorer tenants and labourers cannot afford to seclude their women. All work and live in public; men, women, girls and boys. This is a constant source of trouble in village-life. Giggling hussies, shrill trollops, foul hags, the peasant-women, from cradle to grave, lead a miserable and malignant life; serving at best as rearers of progeny or feeble beasts of burden, at worst as causers of quarrel, corrupters of youth, provokers of mischief and crime. The honour of families is keenly felt, yet easily compromised. It must needs be that offences come where women are so wild.

But though not requiring private apartments like his richer neighbours, the villager must have a byre for his cattle, a barn for his grain (if he can afford to store any), an entry with an anteroom to sleep in, a yard for the children to play in, and for the fuel to be prepared and dried in; all being floored, parted off, and roofed with mud, excepting where out-houses are covered with a thin thatching of reedy-grass from the meadows. All this spreads over much ground, and sometimes several families share the same enclosure.

Nothing less like a habitation of civilised men can be conceived ; and yet the people are not savages. If there be no neighbouring park, or street bright with lamps and shop-fronts ; on the other hand, there are no public houses and no graveyards. It is the *Thakur's* fort over again, multiplied to a high power, yet reduced in scale ; more neglected and slovenly, but with the same accompaniment of nimh-trees, mud walls, pariah dogs and flies. The women are grinding still, or if not, they are making cakes of cow-dung for fuel and throwing them against the walls, where they stick and get dry in the sun. The men, when not working in the fields, are loafing in the entries, or fighting in the mangoe-groves. The houses, mud-pies on a large scale, are chiefly tenanted by large-eyed, pot-bellied children in a state of more or less complete nudity, stalking solemnly about as if they did not know how to play, It is dull, but somehow not quite savage.

Such as it is, this unpretending scene is that on which the drama of life is played in the vast region described in the opening lines. A few illustrative incidents may now be introduced.

The interest of life in our village is not of the idyllic sort. The pursuit of gain—*rem facias, rem*—is at the bottom of most of what goes on. The passion of love has not much part in the drama ; if by "love" is to be understood the yearning of young unmarried people for a permanent union. As in France, and for similar reasons, our romance arises out of unhallowed amours. The strong craving for offspring that we find here can hardly be supposed to exist in France, but the result is a similarity of practice. Young folks of opposite sexes are betrothed by their parents and guardians, without any reference to their feelings ; indeed, in our village the engagements are made while the young couple are of an age, when such feelings are still awaiting their first arrival. After-life, no doubt, may kindle love's smouldering fire. The wandering workman may meet the young, perhaps virgin widow, to whom oriental usage denies a second wedlock, and then such tragedies as this occur—

In the carpenters' quarter there was a poor and honest artizan named Lachman, who earned a modest livelihood by making doors and cart-wheels for the agriculturists of the vicinity. All day long his adze sent the chips flying in his yard, unless when he went out to the dwelling of some prosperous yeoman to do a job that was too heavy to be sent to him ; he was always at home. A comely daughter kept his house ; a fine upstanding lass with flashing teeth and a pair of bold black eyes, all visible enough under her Madonna-like wimple of blue. She had been espoused at the age of six to a boy of her own tribe a little over her own age, who lived in a neighbouring village,

But small-pox had carried off the bridegroom at the immature period of his twelfth year; and the widowed maid remained on her father's hands, forbidden by custom to hope for marriage. As she grew up she showed that she had no vocation for celibacy; but old rule, founded on a long-inherited prejudice, and stronger than any law that alien civilisation could pass, rendered it practically impossible for Surupi to have another husband. So she amused herself as best she could, laughed with the lads whom she met at the village well, a graceful figure as she walked down the twilight lanes with her water-pot on her well-poised head, while the crickets chirped in the boughs, and the spring air was laden with the heavy scent of blossoms. Often and often she did not return home to cook her father's supper till the quick evening had long since fallen. As he sat moodily waiting, dark suspicions took possession of his mind. Many and many were the murmurs of the neighbours, and the consequent warnings that Surupi received from her unhappy parent. Lachman was a good, narrow-minded, worthy man; but the loneliness of his life made him moody. And so wore on the summer, till—when the days had reached their longest—he forbade her to be out after sunset, and got a well sunk in his own courtyard that his daughter might have no further excuse for her nocturnal rambles. But when did woman ever want for an excuse? She pretended visits to female friends. The father forbade them. Shrill objurgations and protestations of innocence on her part, were met by silent sternness on his. One night, soon after this sort of scene, there was a knocking heard at the door of the small police-post, where an acting Head Constable was taking his ease, after posting his men on their night beats, and sending the two who were off duty to collect gratuitous supplies of flour and clarified butter for the coming week.

"Who is there?" called the officer in undress, hastily huddling on his blue tunic, and twisting his crimson turban round his bare head.

"*Mān hun, Luchman, khol do :*" (It is I, Luchman, open!)

"What do you want? What is it?"

"I want the Head Sahib. *Khoon hai :*" (It is blood!)"

By this time the toilette of the officer was completed, and he opened the door. By the light of the moon he beheld the carpenter, standing at the door with wild countenance under dishevelled hair. He was naked! except that a loin-cloth bound his middle. In his right hand hung a heavy adze. As he would answer no more questions, the officer took him by the left arm; and in this fashion, without a word, the two walked a mile in the moonlight to Luchman's house. As they entered the yard, the carpenter, dropping his weapon, took a key from

his girdle and led the way to a closed door, under which a snaky coil of dark fluid was slowly curling down. Fitting the key to the coarse padlock, the carpenter threw the door open, and said one word—

“*Dekkho !*” (Look !)

Poor Surupi was lying dead on the ground, and the sluggish stream that flowed out of the door, rose in her shapely neck, half severed by the cruel adze. While the officer gazed and pondered his slow mind working out a theory to suit the facts before him, a splash was heard without. Luchman had rushed out during the momentary pause, and leapt into the well, the new well that he had made in the vain hope of saving his daughter. He was fished out alive, tried, and sentenced to death. But the sentence was commuted by the confirming authorities, in consequence of the poor man's good character and remarkable case, and he was transported to the Andaman Islands in the Bay of Bengal.

We have seen that the banker was a common object of dislike, with whom, nevertheless, men could ill afford to quarrel. But he, too, had to succumb to the passions of others, and to show how hard it is for a man to isolate himself from his fellow-creatures. He was not a family-man, his wife having long since died, leaving him one child—a son. No words could do justice to the “spoiling” that young Hira Lal got out of his position. He was scarcely taught anything, because he had the usual boy-like objection to being taught. He was allowed to do almost anything he chose, because he had the usual boy-like hatred of direction and restraint. When he reached his eighteenth year, he was all that a young *Lala* ought not be: uneducated, uncontrolled, and unwed. In his lawless, loafing life he had become acquainted with a man of his own tribe, a *bania* of the neighbouring city, named Zalim, and with Zalim's buxom wife. The pair were unprosperous and ill-conducted, and they spared no pains to make young Hira as bad as themselves. Their evil efforts met with no resistance; Hira went to the bad, drinking, gambling, making love to Zalim's wife. The wretched father had not the European father's poor resource of disinheriting his son and leaving his money to a hospital: by the Hindu law of desolation all must be kept together, and when the father died, the son must take his place. All that the miserable banker could do was to turn his ill-gotten gains into jewellery, gold coins, and such like forms; and conceal them under the earthen flooring of the house till—if his son should not reform his course—they might, in one of the son's long and numerous absences, be carried away and bestowed upon some distant shrine.

While matters were in this state, the banker disappeared.



The sôn put locks and seals on everything, and gave out that his father had gone to the shrine of Jagganath, at Pooree, on pilgrimage.

Shortly after Zalim brought a suit against Hira Lál on a bond purporting to be signed by him and his father, and Hira Lál did not put in any defence. The suit was about to be decreed by default (in consequence of there being no defence filed), when, just as the case was coming up for final orders, a telegram was put into the Judge's hands. It was from the banker's younger brother, a resident of Pooree, to the effect that he had heard of the bond, which was—he felt assured—a forgery; that it was not true that his brother had come there on pilgrimage or otherwise; that he suspected foul play and begged for an adjournment. The Judge communicated with the police and granted an adjournment of one month, in spite of strong remonstrances from Zalim's pleader, who declared that the banker was dead, and that Hira Lál was in possession of the estate.

A reward was now offered for the trace of the missing banker, and Hira was examined—but to no purpose. At last when the period of adjournment had almost expired, a man of the labouring class came to the private residence of the District Superintendent of Police, and gave information that he knew where there was the body of a murdered man concealed in the fields. Taking a party of police, and some men with mattocks, the Superintendent allowed the labourer to guide him to the place. It was a lonely spot, where a long lane ended in an open place, partly barren land, partly marsh, with a rotten-looking pond in the midst. The guide took bearings, and directed diggings, which were for some time without success.

Finally, in a half-dried corner, where the mud and the muddy water met, an end of cloth was discovered sticking out of the moist ground. The season was that of early summer, when stagnant waters dry rapidly under the burning heat of the almost verticle sun. The mud was soon scraped away, and a body was taken out wrapped in a coarse sheet, nearly decomposed and quite beyond identification. But as the party were returning to the city whence they had come, with their ghastly and uncertain burden, a man half-clothed and of disordered demeanour rushed upon them from a bye-path leading to the village, who was seen, on approach, to be Hira Lál.

"*Báp hai, mera báp :*" (It is my father) he cried. "See! here is his coral necklace, and here, in the waist-belt, is his spectacle case."

It was as he had said; and the officers without further ado, took him into custody, and marched him off side

by side with the body to the city. The body being placed in the dead-house for the view and report of the Civil Surgeon, the police proceeded to interrogate Hira. But he refused to give any answer till they took him to the village and saw the state of the house. On their arrival all was soon commotion; Zálím and his wife were at once sought for; and after some trouble were traced to a neighbouring hamlet, where they had got harbour with a friend who made no attempt to hide them when he heard that they were wanted by the police. In the poor banker's house a scene of ruin was laid bare. Boxes had been broken, floors dug, there was not left property of the value of five rupees.

Confronted with Zálím, Hira told his story. As soon as the Judge had granted the adjournment, the baffled Zálím had turned on him. Forbidding him access to the house, he had denounced him to the council of the tribe on a charge of endeavouring to seduce his, Zálím's wife; though the woman, in fact, had been his paramour (with the husband's consent,) for many months. Zálím having done this and driven Hira, an excommunicated man, from the village, had come to the house and ransacked it from floor to ceiling, taking away the portable property, and destroying quantities of bonds and negotiable instruments.

Further inquiries were now made. Many of the ornaments and gold-mohurs were found in pawn in various town shops at a distance of many miles from the village. The man who had guided the police deposed to having been hired to carry a load which he suspected to be a dead body, and which he had taken by night, accompanied by two men with muffled heads, by whom it had been sunk into the pond, at that time fuller of water than it was, when discovery took place.

Zálím and Hira were both committed for trial, but got off on a defect of evidence. It is, however, morally certain that they had murdered the poor banker in combination, and then that the elder and more astute conspirator had hit upon the expedient of the civil suit as a means of getting possession of the property, promising Hira his share, and trusting to female influence for the rest. But the suspicions of a neighbour having been excited, he had written to the brother at Pooree; the brother had taken a well-advised part and the Civil Judge had done his duty. But, in his disappointment, Zálím had then resolved on acting for himself, as we saw. The labourer who had helped in the disposal of the body—and who perhaps knew more than he chose to admit—had come forward in hope of the reward, just at the time when Hira had been rendered desperate from having been thrown over by his accomplices. It is quite conceivable that it was Hira who put the labourer

forward ; and this notion derives confirmation from Hira's meeting the body in such a theatrical way as it was being borne towards the dead-house. What is certain is that Hira was ruined. He got the ornaments and coins that had been recovered before they had found their way to the melting-pot, but the total value of all was not much over ten pounds or so in English money. Zálím fared even worse. Public opinion is not apt to be active in our parts, but it was strong enough on this occasion to send Zálím to Coventry ; he and his wife went off, and it is said were identified with two travellers (answering to their description) who were soon after poisoned robbed on the road that they had taken. The only people who benefitted were the debtors of the bank, whose bonds were burned, and against whom no claims were ever brought. And so did our banker and his business disappear, and were no more known in the village.

A less tragical event than either the last two was known as "the great Subjátnuggur poisoning case." As a matter of fact nobody was poisoned, but the police got it down as poisoning ; and when the police get anything down, you won't easily get it up again. I have known the police start with a theory that no evidence could ever be got to support, and stick to it in a spirit of "so much the worst for the evidence." But this by the way.

Not far from the *Champal*, stands a small mosque, and the lane that turns up here leads to the Musalman quarter. Here, in an enclosure of some pretension, lived a respected family of the tailor guild, some of whom practised their trade, others cultivated land and kept cattle. The head of the house was not, however, any of these, but what is not usual in Asiatic families—a female. The wife of the man in whose name the house was entered in the village register, was a handsome woman of thirty, tall and strongly built, with regular features, a keen eye, and a resolute short-lipped mouth, who ruled by force of character, and the confidence which rewards integrity. Her sister, a very pretty girl, was on a visit, and was a very different person ; weak in character and equally indulgent to herself and others. One of those who never said "No."

Now it happened, at the time of which I am telling, that there was a young and idle man in the village who got rather intimate at the house in question. He had been what is called a *durzee* (*darzi*, that is, a private tailor in the house of an English officer in the chief town of the district—what has been spoken of above as "the City." Here among the smart sepoys, and other dandy natives at the provincial capital, he had learned all sorts of airs and graces. When in his master's verandah, he dressed in the ordinary way : but when off duty, he wore

a snowy little turban, tightly tied round the top of his head which came down on his left cheek like a poultice. His land-black hair curled up over the nape of his neck like a duck's tail, and reappeared on his temples in two shiny twists. He had long, half-opened eyes, a pointed nose (rather red at the tip,) and a small black moustache, artificially twisted up at the points. The rest of his costume was of a piece, his white *chapkan* and tight waistbelt, his trowsers of washing silk gathered tight at the ankles, and his tiny patent leather shoes. Such was Mashouk Ali, the dandy *durzee* (the sparkling wit, bright remnant, and nice little ninth-of-a-man) when he determined to retire temporarily from the thralldom of Feringhee service and enjoy himself on the modest economies of his position, what he had saved and, still more, what he had cabbaged. Having no particular home of his own, his first visit was to Subjâtpoor, where he had an uncle; and here he soon made acquaintance with the family that has been described, who were, indeed, the leading members of Islam in the place.

Now the girl that I have mentioned, the sister "who could not say No," was not a single woman, so that Mashouk could make love to her in an honourable fashion. In India, the Musalmans are just as unwilling to have spinster daughters as the Hindus; and Banau had been married when very young. But her husband was a trooper in a regiment of Bengal Cavalry, and had gone with his corps to Cabul, which was, indeed, the reason why she was at our village on a visit to her sister. Our village is a very large one, with a varied population, and Banau had been amusing herself for the first few weeks of her stay in observing the humours, and picking up some of the myriad lies with which the social soil was thickly strewn. But, about the time when the elegant Mashouk appeared upon the scene, these innocent pleasures had begun to pall; and the urban graces of the dissolute *durzee* came as an agreeable novelty to her frivolous soul.

Zinat, "the head of the house" as I have called her, did nothing to encourage the intinacy. Indeed, as days went on, and her sister began to show presents that she had received from her admirer, Zinat's sense of propriety received a shock, under the effect of which her manner grew cold and colder still. At length one day, when Mashouk was lounging, as his custom was, in the verandah of the courtyard, talking to Banu through an open window, Zinat, who was cleaning the pots that had been used at breakfast, resolved to give the stranger a bit of her mind.

It was a bright baking sort of morning, such as the natives love. The entry from the lane was in deep shadow, and through the open door was visible the glowing dusty thoroughfare

dotted with grey-and-black daws. Inside, a goat was browsing on its hind legs, so as to nibble the pendant branches of the shrubs. By the side of the mosque, visible over the garden wall, a date-palm slowly waved its dry blades in the hot breeze a few zinnias and marigolds were growing anyhow in the neglected borders; and there was one plant of a kind unfamiliar to English eyes, which on that account may merit a brief notice. It was about the size of a potato-plant, to which, indeed, it bore some resemblance; the leaves, however, were deeply indented like those of a thistle or a holly-tree, and it had a smooth stem and large trumpet-like flowers of pale violet colour. The fruit, of which some was ripening, was in the form of an erect and prickly capsule. Altogether, this plant had an uncanny look, not wanting in beauty, but of a weird and witching character, like a sort of vegetable snake.

As the Lothario of the needle talked nasally to his fair enslaver, he surveyed the scene with languid satisfaction. To them entered Zinat, still with a pot in her hand, which she continued scouring while she talked:

"Have you heard the news, O! Caliph?" she asked, as she looked over her sister's shoulder with an honest shyness.

"I have heard no news, my life," was the somewhat bored reply; "what news?"

"The war is over."

"Ah!" observed Mashouk, "the Patans have driven the unbelievers out of the land of Kabul. Are they coming hither?"

"They are not coming, but the Jemadar is." (The Jemadar was Banu's husband, so called by social brevet.)

Mashouk (who was not as brave as a Don Juan should be,) gave a start.

"The Jemadar coming? When?"

"To-morrow morning, and he is going to take Banu away. You had better say good-bye to her this evening."

Banu gave not a word to her admirer, but disappeared into the house followed by her dish-cleansing and prudent sister. The Durzee rose, stretched himself with a frown, and walked slowly across the yard; as he passed the violet-coloured flower, he picked a capsule with a furtive air, and passed under the shaded entry into the glaring lane.

Those who met him that afternoon (he was a man who talked to every one) thought him in a strange temper. He told everyone of the infamous way in which he had been treated. "The people up there had ruined him," he said. "After all that he had spent upon the jade, Banu, here was a beggarly horseman coming to take her away. Why, he (Mashouk) must have laid out first and last a matter of twenty Rupees (say five-and-thirty shillings) upon the hussy; and now he was to

lose her and his money too." This seemed a curious way of putting the case and was somewhat noticed, accordingly, by the simple folk of our village.

In the late afternoon, when the shade had crept from the porch to the lane, when the good wife's household cares had gone from cleansing to cooking, and when all was nearly ready for the return of the master and his men from their various employments, to partake of the evening meal, Mashouk reappeared. Zinat felt sorry for him, and tried to be as friendly as her contempt and dislike for the man would allow. After all, there was no truth in the trooper's return; and though her moral development did not reach the height of repentance for telling lies, Zinat had a warm heart and felt compunctious visitings.

"Come in, Caliph" she said, "we are going to have supper as soon as the men come home. You can have some *bat-chit* (talk) with Banau, you know, and a bit of something for the last time."

But Mashouk was in no humour for these civilities. "I only came to see you both once more," he said: "I will light my pipe and go. I am not inclined for talk."

He stepped up to the hearth as if to take a coal. Zinat's quick ear caught the sound of the pot-lid being raised and replaced.

"What are you doing?" she cried sharply.

"Only looking to see what you are going to have for supper. Ah! *dāl* (lentil-broth), a very nice thing. I hope you'll all enjoy it."

So saying, he walked off with his lighted pipe in his hand. They called after him; even Banau, who had been pouting in the corner, but it was vain; he would not return.

And now night fell, and the men came home, full of their own talk and eager for their supper. Zinat took the pot off the fire and ladled out the steaming broth; and soon the men were at their meal, the women waiting on their wants. When they were satisfied they went into a corner to smoke, while the women sate down to finish their leavings: such being the social etiquette of these circles. The self-indulgent beauty helped herself first, taking the pot in one hand, and scraping out its contents with her flap of unleavened bread, or *chupatti*, in the other. "Well, I declare," she said with a giggle, "my poor Zinat has nothing but dry bread for supper."

"You are a guest, my life," answered her sober sister; "all that I have is yours." And the good soul, uncomplaining, supped on dry bread accordingly.

Presently all retired to repose; and now ensued a strange scene. If Zinat had not known that her husband was a strict

Moslem, and, as such, a total abstainer, she must have thought him gone in liquor. No sooner had he lain down, than he began to talk vaguely, and in a strain of unwonted hilarity. Presently, by some unexplained association, his mind turned to a cow that had just calved, and he vowed that he must go and give her food. In suiting the action to the word he stumbled and fell rolling under the bed, where he lay, laughing idiotically, and utterly rejecting his wife's request that he should rise. She went out and found her sister half dressed and gibbering crazily as she sate on the side of her cot. The other inmates of the house were in a similar condition of silly and purposeless exhilaration ; no one would pay the least attention to anything she said.

Zinat was thoroughly alarmed. Her practical sagacity, aiding a keen woman's wit, showed that there was a connection between what was going on, and the visit of the *durzee*. That Mashouk had in some way bewitched her household was the first and most obvious solution. But like most obvious solutions, it failed on close application, because, why was she herself exempt, she who had given him the provocation. In her perplexity she did what an Asiatic is not usually willing to do, but the step justified her wisdom, and was of a piece with her sensible nature. She went off to the station and fetched the police. The Head Constable, no less puzzled, got a cart and put everybody into it, driving them with a yoke of oxen to the city, where his European superior and the Civil Surgeon were, who would, he felt sure, unravel the mystery. Early in the morning the cart drove up to the dispensary door with as strange a freight as ever arrived there. The men were all singing, independently of each other, and dancing wildly in the cart, while poor Banau leant pensively over the side in a passion of maudlin tears.

The Doctor was on his early rounds and had but little difficulty in perceiving what had been the matter. With the exception of the good Zinat, all were in that peculiarly genial state of intoxication that follows from a moderate use of the thorn-apple—the fruit of the *Datura tatula*. Zinat, whose unselfishness had prompted her to sup on dry bread that her sister might enjoy the remains of the lentile-purée, had been rewarded by exemption from the involuntary inebriety to which her friends had fallen victims. The affair was a *mauvaise plaisanterie* ; a malicious practical joke, played by the baffled lover, whose revenge had taken this odd turn.

The police were in raptures. The force of the district had long been fretting under pressure from head-quarters because they never brought to light any cases of poisoning, which the doctrine of averages led the Inspector-General to expect. Here, at last, was a thing to remove their reproach and crown

them with an aureole of professional glory. Alas ! No. The case indeed got through the inquiry before the Magistrate and was safely landed in the Sessions Court. But here it foundered ; when the evidence came to be scrutinised in the dry light that ought to shine in such places, it was observed that no one had seen the prisoner pick the seeds that we have imaginatively made him gather. No one had seen him put anything into the pot whose lid we heard clicking as he, for an instant, examined the contents. Lastly, the symptoms pointed to such a small infusion as could not have been intended to cause death or serious sickness. The assessors (a panel of modified jury-men) found him "Not guilty ;" and the Court concurred. Mashouk was discharged, and sympathy with his sufferings ran so high, that the Municipal Commissioners (appointed under the famous self-Government Resolution,) gave him the post of compounder in the charitable dispensary of the town.

Such are a few genuine samples of Indian village life. They may serve to show that—however universal may be the broad lines of human motive—men act in a strange fashion where there has for long been no equality between the sexes, and where Law has only reigned for three generations. The common sense of the Hindustani public is still very much in favour of the new *régime*. The ideal in their country is essentially different from ours. They do not desire to be free, but to be governed. It is for their rulers to note the fact.

• H. G. KEENE.

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• ART. VI.—MY RECOLLECTION OF A  
BATTLE-FIELD.

**F**EW Europeans now living in India have any recollection of the battles of Moodkhee and Ferozeshahur, for it is more than half a long lifetime since they were fought. I was at the time quite a youngster, and a clerk in one of the offices with the Governor-General, Sir H. Hardinge. We left Calcutta in steamers and barges (called flats) under a salute of 19 guns, which were all the Governor-General got in those days—great crowds assembled to see the “Moolkey Lát” (Lord of the country, the Commander-in-Chief being called Jungey Lát, or Lord of the Army) start on his long tour of two or three years in the Upper Provinces. The band on board one of the steamers struck up “Auld Lang Syne,” and we were off. Ignorant and inexperienced as I was, I could not help observing that we made all the speed we could, and that the fleet was kept going so long as there was light to see and avoid danger. Advantage was taken of moonlight nights to push on against the stiff current of the Ganges, but the Government steamers of those days were such ancient affairs, and of such small power, that our progress was slow. I have often seen the whole flotilla take hours to get round a point where the current happened to be stronger than usual—now gaining two feet, and then losing this small advantage. We got to Allahabad in eighteen days (the East India Railway now does the journey in 18 hours), or just three days under the ordinary time, and went into camp the same day. Little time was given us to settle down, or arrange for a camp life, as we began our march up-country two days after leaving the steamers. The Governor-General was without his usual strong escort of infantry, cavalry, and artillery; we had only three companies of Native Infantry with us. We pushed on by forced marches until we reached Bhurtpore, then, as now, the capital of an important Native State. We halted here for a few days in order, it was said, to rest the cattle and camp-followers, but after events made me think that the real object of the halt was to give the Governor-General an opportunity of patting the Rajah on the back, and encouraging him to keep square during the coming struggle with our powerful and dangerous neighbours, the Sikhs. Like all native towns, Bhurtpore was a crowded, dirty place, with long narrow streets. It had, however, a good deal of interest for us, as the British found its fortress a hard nut to crack in the good old days gone by. It defied Lord Lake, and forced him to raise the siege and retire from before it, but Lord Combermere gallantly took it a few years afterwards. There was a curious tradition

connected with its capture. It was said and believed by the natives, that Bhurtpore would never be taken by an enemy until a *koomeer* (alligator) appeared before its walls. When, therefore, they heard that Lord Combermere, pronounced *koomeer* by the natives, was advancing against the fortress, the defenders lost heart and did not make such a good fight of it as they probably would have done, had their enemy come with another name. We saw some of the alligator's teeth in the shape of round shot, and marks of round shot in the great gates and in the walls.

The Rajah gave the Governor-General and his followers a splendid entertainment at his palace in the city, and after lunch there was an exhibition of wild animals, elephants, tigers, leopards, buffaloes, &c., &c., several of which were made to do battle with each other for the amusement of His Excellency. All I recollect was a fight between two elephants, one a tall, strong brute with long tusks, and the other just as strong, if not stronger, but shorter, with thick stout tusks. Both animals were led blind-folded into the walled-arena, specially built for such purposes, having balconies around for the spectators. One entered from one end of the enclosure, and the other from the other end; the body of each was covered with a strong rope network to enable the Mahout, or driver on the back, to hold on and move about and encourage his beast during the fight. When all was ready and the ring cleared of the attendants, the covering was removed from the eyes of the elephants and they saw each other. Up went their trunks, and they hurled trumpet blasts of defiance at each other, shrill and loud enough to wake the dead. The mahouts encouraged them by screaming and shouting, and they rushed at each other, the little stout fellow being the most eager for the fight. I expected to hear a tremendous thud when they met, but there was not much of a shock. They seized each other by the trunk, and pushed with their heads, trying to prod with their tusks. The great object of each seemed to be to get on the side of the other so as to find a clear space to drive home the tusks, but both were wary, and encouraged by the mahouts who were shouting and gesticulating with mad excitement and looked like demons, kept face to face pushing and prodding with their tusks. After a time the tall one seemed to get exhausted, and gave way a little. At last he lost ground and half turned, as if he had enough of it, and the little fellow gave him a dig with his tusks near the shoulder, which nearly upset him, and he fairly turned tail and bolted towards his own gate of the enclosure which, seeing how the fight was going, the keepers had opened ready for the big fellow to get through. The little chap started in chase, but he had no chance against the long legs of his

antagonist, who got through the gate a long way ahead, and the gate was closed and barred before the little fellow could reach it. It was late when all this, and the fireworks which followed, were over, and it must have been 10 P.M. when we mounted our elephants to return to camp.

I have said that the streets of the town were narrow : they were barely wide enough to allow an elephant to pass along, but would not admit the passage of two abreast. The night was pitch dark, but a torch-bearer trotted in front of each elephant. We had got about half way through the town, when a stampede took place among the elephants, about twenty in number, carrying us. They dashed off at top speed and shuffled along at a rate, that one, who has never seen a frightened elephant going, would not believe, and trumpeted like mad. The torch-men, knowing that frightened elephants are not particular where they tramp or rush, jumped aside and escaped into the houses, and away we were carried into black darkness expecting every moment to be pitched off by a stumble or tumble of the brutes below us. One elephant did actually jerk itself so suddenly from side to side as to send the occupants of the *cherjama*, a concern like the body of a jaunting car on which the riders sat on her back, on to the tops of the houses on each side of the street, but they luckily all escaped with a few bruises only. Some of the mahouts (they ride straddles on the necks of the elephants) tried to soothe and quiet them by soft words and by bending over and rubbing their foreheads soothingly, while others tried to stop the stampede by bullying the brutes and striking them with their *gugwaps* (a short iron instrument like the end of a boat hook), but nothing had any effect until we got clear of the town, and then the beasts gradually cooled down and got quiet, except one which rushed into some jungle and damaged its *howdah* and the occupants, Major Somerset and his wife, rather seriously against the overhanging branch of a tree. I never could find out what frightened the elephants ; some said one thing, and others another, but I believe it was caused by a leopard. In former days it was common for wealthy natives, in cities like Bhurtpore, Lucknow, &c., to keep hunting leopards, and I feel sure that our elephants must have scented or seen one of these while passing through the town, and hence their fright.

I was told of a rather funny occurrence which took place at Bhurtpore many years before, during a visit of a previous Governor-General. I think it is worth relating. The Governor General, while in camp there, held a durbar for the reception of the Rajah. After the usual ceremonies and *attar* and *pān*, the Rajah said he had brought some of his best swordsmen and wrestlers to display their skill before His Lordship

A space in the centre of the durbar tent was at once cleared for the exhibition. The swordsmen commenced the performance, doing wonderful things with short and long swords. One of them brought in a sword about 8 or 9 feet long. The handle, a sort of hollow tube, was from 2 to 3 feet in length, and the arm went into it up to the elbow, and then the hand grasped a cross bar near the blade, and the holder was ready for action. The man who had it used the unwieldy weapon most dexterously, whirling it and flashing it about in all directions and cutting oranges off another man's hand and head with wonderful precision and ease. The wrestlers were then introduced. They were tall, handsome, powerful men, and their wrestling was magnificent. After looking at them for some time the Governor-General turned to the Artillery Officer commanding the guns, doing duty outside as part of the guard-of-honor, and asked whether he thought he had a man among his gunners who would have a chance with one of the wrestlers. The officer said he thought he had, and he left the tent and returned after a few minutes followed by a bulky, red-headed horse artilleryman in full fig boots, breeches, sword, brass helmet, and all. The man came to attention and saluted. The Governor-General enquired if he could wrestle, and he said he could a little. His Lordship asked him if he thought he could throw one of the wrestlers; and brass helmet, who was an Irishman, replied: "I'll thry any way, ye'r Honor," and he stripped. He was a fine big fellow, no doubt of it, but all knew he would have no chance with a practised and trained native wrestler. One of the wrestlers, the biggest, stepped forward to meet Pat, and they faced each other. Paddy stood slightly bent, keenly watching his adversary. The native bent still lower, one hand resting lightly on his thigh just above the knee, and the other held out in front ready to take a grip when opportunity offered. The native went around and around the gunner, now moving low and cat-like, and then bounding right and left—now raising himself almost upright, and again bending low as if ready for a spring, but never taking his eyes off Paddy. The latter turned as he turned, and kept a bold front to his enemy. Suddenly they were together, and poor Paddy was on his back, his red head coming down on the carpet with a thud. The wrestler strutted and swaggered about and looked contemptuously at Pat who had picked himself up, and was rubbing his red head and looking at the wrestler with no friendly eye. The Governor-General and all the Europeans laughed heartily, but it was no laughing matter to Pat. "I think, my man," said His Lordship, "you have had enough of it;" but Paddy did not think so, as he replied with a look that meant mischief, "I'd like another thry, Sur." The

Governor-General hesitated, but at last said: "Very well, try again." Once more the wrestler and Paddy fronted each other and went around and around as before. Paddy's right arm with a fist at the end of it like a sledge hammer was slightly drawn back, and the muscles of his great bare arm (the shirt sleeves were rolled up) stood out large and hard; his teeth were close set and his eyes had a wicked look in them, and he never for a moment took them off his antagonist. His legs were braced and well apart, one a little in advance of the other, and his feet were firmly planted one after the other as he turned, following every movement of the wrestler. Suddenly the latter bent as if to spring forward, and like a flash of lightning Paddy's big right arm shot out like a bolt from an engine, and the sound of the sharp hard smash when flesh and bone meet: flesh and bone followed and the wrestler was on his back bleeding badly from nose and mouth, with cut lips and flattened nose and several teeth lying on the carpet. "Take that, ye thafe," said Paddy, and looking as if only still half satisfied, he began to dress. All jumped up from their seats, and the poor wrestler was picked up and taken outside. The Governor-General looked half angry, but a twinkle in his eye shewed that he was not altogether dissatisfied with Paddy's way of settling the question. He went over to Paddy, who was quietly getting into his boots to go back to his gun, and said, "that last round was hardly fair, my man." "And do ye think. Sur," said Brass Helmet, "that I was going to let the Nagur throw me about for nothing?" and he saluted, turned, and left the tent. The Rajah went away shortly afterwards, not apparently over pleased at the way his favourite wrestler had been handled. When he had gone, and the guard-of-honor had been dismissed, the Governor-General laughed loud and long, and ordered the gunners an extra ration of grog all round.

We left Bhurtpore after a stay of three days, and again pushed on by forced marches until we reached Umballa, tired and worn, and the escort and camp-followers nearly on their last legs. Here we found assembled a small army of 3 or 4,000 of all arms, conspicuous among them the 3rd Dragoons, which did such splendid service in the fields that followed. We remained some days at Umballa, and there was a good deal of hurry skurry—dragoons and staff officers riding for dear life here, and there, and everywhere, and fresh troops joining us every day. There was a review of the troops, and though the number was small, not probably more than 6,000 or 7,000 Europeans and Natives of all arms, they looked splendid, and His Excellency was much pleased with their appearance and fitness. I was too young and careless to trouble myself about

the cause of all this, and I had not the remotest idea of what it portended. People may think that this is all rubbish, and that common intelligence would have told me the meaning of what was going on around me, but I was young and diffident, and only a humble clerk who had little opportunity of gathering information outside his office. It is true that the newspapers might have told me something, but I could not afford a paper, and I was so delighted with my new life and the novelties of a camp existence, that I did not care to look at a paper on the few occasions I had an opportunity of doing so. We were joined by Sir Hugh Gough, the Commander-in-Chief, and by Major Broadfoot, the Political Agent, on the frontier, and a general move was made towards Ferozepore. What with the Governor-General, the Commander-in-Chief, the troops and followers, there could not have been less than 20,000 people in camp, and we were joined here and there on the way by more troops who had come across country by forced and difficult marches to swell our numbers. The marches were long and distressing. The road along which we moved was not metalled and not over broad, and was altogether insufficient for the passage of such a host, and all the cavalry, and most of the infantry had to take to the fields and march on our right and left, leaving the road to the remainder of the infantry, the guns, carts, baggage, animals, &c.

It was the month of December and the dust was something awful, and to add to our troubles, a drink of water became a luxury not easy to be got, as we crossed no rivers or streams, the country being flat, dry and sandy, and such wells as we met were instantly surrounded by hundreds dying of thirst who drew up the water in brass *lotahs* attached to strings. A man was pulled up nearly as often as a *lotah*, as the pushing and fighting around the wells was so great and fierce, that every now and then two or three of the foremost would tumble in and get more water than they desired; but there was little danger from these accidents, as the wells were not more than from 12 to 20 feet deep, and the unfortunates got what they most wanted, *vis.*, a good drink, and had then only to lay hold of half a dozen out of the twenty or thirty strings around them, to be pulled up and placed on dry land again.

As we got nearer to the then frontier, we found the villages more or less deserted, and it became difficult, and sometimes altogether impossible, to get anything to eat; and were it not for Jotee Persad, the famous Commissariat contractor, matters would have been very bad indeed. Every European, soldier or otherwise, in camp, got his loaf of bread and pound of meat late in the evening, and as the fields all round were full of turnips, we had a sort of gipsy stew at about 10 o'clock at night

and made a hearty meal, reserving half of our bread for next morning's breakfast. I recollect having to part with a portion of my half-loaf one day, but I did it willingly. It was in this way. I, with two others, were going along on an elephant at a snail's pace among crowds of camels, carts, elephants, &c. The heat was not much, though it was then about midday with a bright sun shining above, but the light sandy dust was something dreadful; it got into our eyes, down our necks, up our pants, half filled our mouths, and rested thickly on hair and eyebrows. I saw through the cloud of dust a European boy, poorly clad and covered from head to foot with dust half inch thick, trudging along on his tired little legs among the camp-followers. I made the elephant move to where he was, and we picked him up. His father was a private in one of the Regiments with us; he had no mother, and as his father was too poor to support him if left behind with the women of the Regiment, he had to follow his father. He was very hungry and devoured the bread and raw turnip I gave him in no time. Years afterwards I met this boy, grown to be a clever, intelligent and rising man. He is still alive and fills a high and important office under Government. By this time I got a faint idea that the Seikhs were not behaving well, and that the Governor-General with the Commander-in-Chief and army were going to bring them to reason. We had several ladies in camp, who had accompanied their husbands; but an order was issued, directing all to return at once to Umballa. I saw them leaving—some bore up bravely against the great sorrow in their hearts at leaving husbands whom they were perhaps—nay more than likely—never to see again, whilst others broke down altogether. The grief of one sweet-faced kind-hearted woman, the wife of Captain Beecher, Deputy Quartermaster General, a fine fellow and a good soldier, who was not too proud to speak kindly to those below him on life's ladder, and who, I am glad to say, got through the campaign without a scratch, was uncontrollable, and I am not ashamed to say that I absolutely cried with sympathy as she passed me on an elephant leaving camp.

One morning, about the sixth after leaving Umballa, I was riding my pony, and as I was anxious to be out of the dust, I kept well ahead of nearly everything. A troop of cavalry was on the road in front, and I could see more cavalry on the right and left. It was about 1 or 2 o'clock, and I was riding behind a party of mounted officers. Suddenly, and without any previous warning, two guns were fired from a village on high ground right in front of us, and I heard whizzing sounds passing to my right. The officers and cavalry pulled up, and all remained still for a few seconds; then a fine burly old officer called out excitedly: "By God, the guns were shotted, and those

are the Seikhs." That was quite enough for me. The officers dashed to the front, and I dashed to the rear. While getting to the rear, I noticed that the horse artillery, that magnificent arm of old John Company's army—which Prince Waldermar of Prussia then in camp, afterwards pronounced to be the finest in the world—had left the road and were dashing at top speed, the guns bounding after them, over fields and ditches to the front. The baggage, carts, camels, elephants, &c., were halted, and the army got clear of the tangle, and formed up in front. But nothing further occurred, and after an hour or so, we were ordered to move forward. We passed the village whence the guns were fired, and found that it was named Moodkhee, and encamped just on the other side of it. There was not a man in the village, but there were a good many women and children who were brutally treated by our sepoys, when they looted the village next day.

The tents were up and things were settling down. My tent was not far from the Governor-General's breakfast tent. I was lying on my bed munching a raw turnip, and wishing that I had some of the nice things which I knew were being discussed in the tent near me by Sir Henry and his staff—his sons, Charles, Private Secretary, a mild, kindly-natured man, and Ensign Arthur, the wild young Aide-de-Camp (now Commander-in-Chief of Bombay), his nephew, Major Wood (Bob, Sir Henry called him), Captain Munro, Captain Hilliard, Major Somerset (killed a few days after at Ferozeshahur), and poor Captain Herries, who was killed that evening and buried by us next morning in his own tent, Sir Henry, his staff, and a few others being present and the Rev. Mr. Cowley reading the funeral service. If I recollect rightly, Mr. Cowley was the only Protestant clergyman in camp. There was also with us a fine old Irish Roman Catholic priest belonging to the 50th Regiment, who lost his life at Ferozeshahur while administering, amidst shot and shell, carnage and death, the rites of his church to his dying countrymen. Before I got half through my turnip, a sowar covered with dust dashed up at full speed, dismounted and rushed into the breakfast tent without any of the usual ceremony. I afterwards learnt that, in his excitement, he almost shouted at Sir Henry—"Lord Sahib, you are eating while the Seikhs are at your door." A grand commotion followed. Sir Henry, attended by his staff, rushed out swinging his one arm, called for his horse, and they all mounted and galloped off in different directions. In five minutes bugles and trumpets were sounding all over the camp, and the wearied, foot-sore soldiers, who had not had a bite that day, were everywhere hurrying from the tents they had just pitched, and taking their places in the ranks. Before half an hour the whole force, with



the exception of a guard here and there, had left camp and marched, I was told, towards Ferozepore, and there was a hush over every thing about us. I had an idea that a battle was coming. I asked an old man in my office what was the meaning of all this, and he told me (whether joking or not I don't know) that they had caught some Seikhs and were going to hang them. I was green and was trying to make myself believe that it was nothing more than this, when I heard the booming of guns not very far away, and I then knew that a battle had begun. I felt anxious and uneasy and stood outside my tent listening to the guns. Many European soldiers who had broken down on the march and been placed on baggage carts, passed me hurrying on with blistered feet and limping gait, several without boots or muskets, looking neither to the right nor the left, but keeping their faces steadily towards the spot whence the sound of the battle came. Now and again one would stop a moment to ask me which way his Regiment had gone, but I could give him no information, and he pressed on. On the other hand, I noticed that most of the rear guards and stragglers of our old Poorbia Army—the men who had been told over and over a hundred times and taught to think that they, and they alone, had gained all our battles for us—and who in time actually came to believe it, as proved by the Mutiny twelve years later, that they could beat us when they liked—did not in reality like getting to close quarters with our formidable enemy. They came into camp shouting Bum ! Bum ! Bahadoor, and flourishing their muskets about frantically as if the prayer of many years to get at the Seikhs had been granted at last, but when they got through the camp and had a clear run before them to the battle, their ardour cooled ; there was no more bum-buming, and they sneaked about the edge of the field until all was over. Some, however, but they were a small minority, kept gallantly on with bayonets fixed and muskets at the trail. I saw two such plucky parties disappear at the double into the smoke before me. I saw all this and some of our troopers, Regular and Irregular, who had left the field, chasing and capturing loose horses as *loot*, when I plucked up courage a little later on and went towards the battle-field. I got as far as a big tree where a few wounded were being attended to by a Scotch doctor. The spot was not altogether out of danger as cannon balls recocheted past now and again ; indeed, had the ground been hard instead of ploughed and soft, they would have gone into our camp. I stayed here for some time giving what little help I could to the poor fellows around me, and then returned to my tent. Towards dusk the sound of guns ceased and musketry only could be heard, but after a while even this ended, and there was a great hum

throughout the camp from the voices of the returned victors. I then heard that our small army, although taken by surprise, had beaten 30,000 Seikhs on a field of their own choosing, and taken 21 guns from them. The tired and hungry army that fought and won that battle after a long and weary march, consisted of 5 troops of Horse Artillery, 1 European (3rd Dragoons) Regiment of Cavalry, 2 or 3 Regiments (including the Body Guards) of Native Cavalry, 4 European (9th, 31st, 50th and 80th) Regiments of Infantry, and some 5 Regiments of Native Infantry or about 10,000 men all told; while the Seikhs had more than 40 guns and numbered over 30,000 men, the *elite* of the Khalsa army. It was a battle to be proud of, but it was a touch-and-go all the same, because the Seikhs should and could have won, had they sent against our small army 50,000 instead of 30,000 men and more guns, from the 80 or 90,000 men and any number of guns they had in their entrenched camp, only 18 miles away, at Ferozeshahur. I ate my stew in a hurry, put on my big coat, and went out to gather all I could about the battle.

I remember I got into the camp of the 31st, a fine Regiment, nearly all Irish. The poor fellows had just had their dinner and grog after a long fatiguing march, a hard-fought battle, and a fast of twenty-four hours, and were excited over their victory. They were boisterously relating to, and reminding each other of, the occurrences of the fight. I heard how this "baste" of a "Sake" (Seikh), and that baste of a Sake in armour made for Paddy Doolan and Jim Flanagan, and how poor Paddy "was kilt, sthruk on the head wid a battle-ax," Dan Casey bayonetting the "thafe" that kilt him, and how Jim shot the other "clane through and through." But I noticed here and there one sitting apart smoking with quiet sad face, thinking, perhaps, of some old comrade who had marched shoulder-to-shoulder with him for years and all that long day, now lying stark and cold in the dark jungle not a mile away. One soldier gave me a splendid bow and quiver, half full of steel-tipped arrows taken from an "ould Sake" he had "skivered," and bade me remember it was a 31st man gave it to me. The brunt of the fight fell, of course, as it always did, does, and ever will, on the European portion of the force, and, handful though they were, well did they sustain the honor and glory of old England. Each troop, battery and regiment, was as steady under the terrible artillery fire opened by the Seikhs at about 1,000 yards, as on parade, and every movement was executed with coolness and precisibn. The Governor-General said the day after that, much as he had heard of the Bengal artillery, their behaviour in action surpassed his greatest expectations.

The Seikhs, beyond all question, fought bravely and stood

well to their guns, and would have played long bowls with us as long as we liked as their guns were heavier than ours and their artillerymen were well up to their work. They did not care much for our European cavalry, though the 3rd Dragoons charged through and through them more than once; they cared less for our native infantry, and certainly not at all for our native cavalry. But they could not stand the European Infantry and the bayonet; and when we were at Lahore afterwards, I heard them strongly objecting to the cheers of the European regiments as they charged; they said, it was not fair, as it frightened them. The hearty British cheer with the determined line of bayonets behind it in the hands of men whose set faces shewed how well and fearlessly they would use them, was too much for the Seikhs, and they broke and fled before the glittering line. I heard that the Seikhs fought well and pluckily, and was told of many acts of obstinate bravery on their part, and they did not give in, even when lying wounded, but went on using their muskets, matchlocks and pistols, often shooting down the men who had just spared them. When they gave way, one dismounted chief in chain armour disdaining to run, placed his back against a tree, and sword in hand kept a whole troop of the body guards at bay. He took a slice off an officer of the troop who tackled him, and was ultimately shot down by some passing infantry as he refused to surrender.

The British soldier of those days was a man fit to 'fight our battles, and no more like the weedy boy of the present day than a beam is like a lath, the pluck no doubt remains but the stuff and stamina are wanting. Those were the days of long service in India, and the ranks were filled with fine bronzed powerful fellows fit for any work and any danger. It seemed to me that two out of every three were Irish, and I am struck in the present day with the small proportion of Irish to English and Scotch in the army. It is, I believe, as one to four, and I have often wondered why poor harem-scarum fighting Paddy has taken a dislike to the red coat he loved so well, and given up the privilege of making widows and orphans for a shilling a day. I think that, as late as 1857, a very large proportion of Irishmen were to be found in every regiment, even those with the most English names, and in the Highlanders. In 1842 the 10th, or *North Lincolnshire* regiment, landed in Calcutta 1,350 bayonets, and there were not 100 English and Scotch in the regiment. When the 92nd Highlanders were quartered at Chinsurah, previous to moving up-country in the Mutiny, I went up there one evening with some friends to see that fine corps. We waited in front of the barracks for some time thinking the Regiment would come on parade, but were disappointed.

Turning to leave I met a splendid specimen of a Highland

soldier with legs like a billiard table, dressed in white jacket, kilt, &c. I asked him if there would be any parade that evening, and he replied, "No Sor." "Why," I said "you are an Irishman," and he answered, walking away, "Begorra, we'r all Irish."

But to return to my mutton. I got back to my tent at about 10 o'clock feeling elated and happy, and although I was tired, and went to bed at once, I was too excited to sleep for many hours afterwards. I rose early next morning, and after a cup of coffee and a bit of dry bread, I got on my pony and went to look at the battle-field. I passed the big tree where I had been the previous evening, and came on a dead horse in artillery harness, but there was nothing unusual about the horse, no ghastly wound or anything that way, and I passed on. A hundred yards further and a little to the left, I saw some thing in a heap, with blue cloth here and there about it. I went up to the something\* and became sick and faint. The mass before me had been an European foot artilleryman: a cannon ball had struck the poor fellow below the chest and scattered every thing right and left, leaving only the head and lower part of the body intact. It was an awful sight for a youngster. I turned away and went on, and strange to say in a short time, I got so used to what was about me, that I passed more than one equally distressing sight without experiencing much return of the previous feeling. I came across many wounded European and Native soldiers who had been lying in the field all night. The later and worse part of the fight took place in a sort of a jungle of low broad leaved trees (Dahk I think they were called) into which the Seikhs\* retired with their guns after our first onset, and owing to the darkness that set in before the battle was over, many of our wounded were overlooked in this jungle and lay there all night. The European soldier bore this negligence and his sufferings calmly and patiently, and I found more than one chewing a bullet, but the wounded sepoy (then nearly always a Poorbia) was invariably whining or crying. I helped to get doolies for more than one poor fellow, European and Native, and saw them started for camp, and when no more doolies could be got, I gave my pony to a man of the 80th who had a bullet in his instep, sent to him apparently from one of the neighbouring trees. I cut his boot off with my pen-knife and found the bullet in it. A good deal of popping of muskets and pistols was going on, but not near me, and I thought they were only putting the poor wounded horses out of their agony, but I afterwards heard that some of this popping was done by wounded Seikhs who kept firing at our people until they turned and treated them like wounded horses. I was now on foot. Lying around me were lots of dead Seikhs, fine

stalwart fellows, but mostly men of middle age, as some had long grey beards. They were dressed uniformly in blue breeches with a red stripe down the sides, and many had red jackets. One quite close to me was lying on his face with his pouch upwards, and a camp-follower had opened the pouch and pulled out the inside tin under which it was believed the Seikh infantry kept their gold-mohurs, but he was disappointed and had hardly dropped the tin, when a bullet, no doubt fired at him by a wounded Seikh lying somewhere near, whizzed passed close to my right temple and actually shook my hair. This was worse than the two guns the day before, and I moved away from the dangerous spot in quick time, making homewards. I had not gone many hundred yards when I heard behind me a great noise and the galloping of horses, and on looking over my shoulder, I saw our people, black and white, mounted and on foot, following me as fast as their horses and legs could carry them. I felt that something must be wrong, and began to run too. A mounted artilleryman was the first to pass me, and in doing so called out, "keep it up, youngster, the Seikhs are behind you." And I did keep it up, until I thought my heart would burst. I was passed by hundreds on horse and on foot. I looked back once and saw beyond the rushing crowd behind me, and in the jungle I had just left, bright spear-heads glittering in the morning sun, and as I was sure that these spears were held by mounted Seikhs, I kept it up over the ploughed fields until I could keep it up no longer, and dropped exhausted close to camp. I had on a pair of shoes when I began to run, but I do not know when or where I parted from them, and when I got cool, I found my woollen socks covered with burs picked up in this desperate run, which gave me great agony then, but which I did not feel at all while "keeping it up." The alarm was sounded everywhere, and the troops got under arms. The cavalry and artillery were galloped to the front, but returned after an hour or so, and the whole were dismissed to their tents. We were afterwards informed that our stampede was caused by a large body of Seikh cavalry sent out from their entrenched camp at Ferozeshahur to try and recover some of the 21 guns which we took the previous evening and left on the field to be brought in next morning; and I believe that they did succeed in getting back two. Some of our wounded were still lying in the jungle on the further side of the battle-field when this force surprised us, and I heard from more than one of them that the Seikhs brought oranges to give to their own wounded, and threw some to our Europeans, but as often as not dropped a spear into the sepoy's they came across. The Seikhs were, and are, a fine brave race, and I have liked them ever since.

I was present a few days afterwards at the touch-and-go, battle of Ferozeshahur, which lasted, from beginning to end, nearly

two days and two nights, and which the Seikhs would have won, had they been properly commanded and been free from dissensions among themselves. Even as it was they must have won, had they held out a little longer, as our men were starved, worn out and exhausted, and our ammunition all expended. I was also present at the last great battle of the campaign "Sobraon," or "Hurreekeputtun," as the Seikhs called it, and I may some day jot down my recollections of both, and of our subsequent advance on Lahore.

M. P.

## ART. VII.—STRAY LEAVES FROM AN ASYLUM.

I HAD been reading one or two rather sensational novels, which revealed dreadful horrors in lunatic asylums referring to private ones, and I was very anxious to see the inside of one. *Hard Cash* had worked my curiosity up to the highest pitch. As luck would have it, one of my father's old friends and fellow-students was a partner in a large private asylum. My father was very indignant at the sensational books that had been written, though admitting that reformation was needed in by-gone days, yet at present, that patients were treated with the greatest kindness, care, and attention, combined with the most scientific treatment of the age. We often talked over *Hard Cash* and *Valentine Vox*; till one day I asked him if it would not be beneficial for me to see a little lunacy practice. He said, "the very thing; and I will write and ask Doctor L——to put you up for a short time, when you can judge for yourself"

I was delighted, and looked forward to the trip with keen excitement, mixed with a little dread. I arrived in due time at S——, and was received most cordially by the worthy doctor and his wife, who were very kind to me; he handed me over to the resident physician, and asked him to show me all the details; I shall never forget the afternoon I arrived. I was driven up to the doctor's private residence through lovely grounds, surrounded by buildings in which I was much disappointed. I expected to see grim looking ones, windows covered with rusty bars, and large creaking iron gates secured by padlocks. Wrong again. What I did see was a succession of houses, standing in their own grounds, surrounded with flower gardens and trees with birds singing; none of the horrible here, I thought: Where are the bars? I could not see them. I saw neat modern windows with pretty colored curtains, and there was nothing to distinguish them from private dwelling houses. After dinner Doctor L—— said: "this is our evening for amusement, I hope you will join. We have a little singing and dancing, and during the winter, in addition, our theatre going." Thinking he referred to a private tepid lemonade-and-sherry meeting at his own house, I was only too glad to accept: of course, the theatre meant the one in the town. I was very eager for the dancing at that time. I was young and elastic, and could foot it merrily from dark till dawn; nothing came amiss from the friendly quadrille to the Reel of Fulloch. About 8 P. M. the doctor said: "I think

we had better be moving, and accompanied by his son, a young boy from Winchester, and his sister, a charming young lady, together with Mrs. L——, we adjourned to the recreation room. Leaving the grounds and entering what seemed a large garden with two storied villas, the doctor exclaimed 'You are now in the gentlemen's department; take no notice, but follow us. I could not realize I was in an asylum.

It all seemed so different. Where were the keepers with their heavy under-jaw and massive arms, like prize-fighters, so ably described by the accomplished writer of those sensational novels? All I saw was, a few quiet looking attendants dressed in black clothes, or a neat uniform, who glided here and there, now by a look, now by a word soothed their patients. I must be mistaken, I thought, and I passed on till I reached the recreation room, which was brilliantly lighted up, and the sounds of a well-trained band were softly wafted through the evening breeze, for it was summer when I made my visit. I entered a large hall, 200 feet long by some 30 feet wide, lighted up throughout with gas. At the further end there was a stage raised some 10 feet above the floor, evidently the theatre, and seated on it was a full band, all in uniform; the other end was a sort of box for visitors and Doctor L——and his family; round the room, seats and chairs for the visitors and patients. How can I describe the scene? It's beyond description. Imagine Willis's rooms on a large ball night in aid of some charity, and you will be somewhere near the mark. A quadrille was going on at the time and numerous sets proceeding; it was exhilarating, the dresses of the visitors and patients. Ladies in clean muslin frocks trimmed with various ribbons and flowers. The nurses in their handsome uniforms of blue serge with braid and brass buttons. The gentlemen, in dark coats, all looked bright and cheerful, and everyone was bent on enjoyment. There was a buzz when we entered but no excitement: the proceedings went on as at an ordinary ball. The doctor moved about here and there, having a friendly chat with each, and as he did so, a bright smile lightened up the face of some poor afflicted one, who seemed happier for it. The quadrille ended and a slight interval ensued.

A lady visitor sang a song; I recollect it now, "Bonnie Dundee," and was received with great applause. Then a comic gentleman got up and gave us the "Dutchman's little wee dog," and the chorus was heartily joined in by all. I was astonished: all I wished was that those distinguished authors would walk into the room; just then the band struck up the waltz "My Queen." I could stand it no longer, and asked a quiet looking girl to join, and away we went: all she said was "pray don't hold me too tight, as my waist is made of glass!" Then I



knew who I was dancing with. I danced several times, and shortly after God save the Queen was played and we adjourned.

A little adventure happened to me coming back. I was a trifle behind my party when a tall, good looking, soldierly man came up and walking with me began to talk. I took him for one of the visitors. He seemed rational enough, and I thought how kind of him to come and try to amuse the patients : evidently some officer on leave. All at once he said I have a pin here, and if I pricked the drum of your ear, would it not make you jump. I was staggered—fancy a pin through the drum of your ear make you jump? I should say you would beat the best leap on record. At this moment a quiet looking man who unforseen to me, had been quietly walking behind us all the time, glided up and said, "Now Captain, your supper will be getting cold;" at the same time, passing me through the private door, said "Good night, Sir." I mentioned this little occurrence to the Doctor. All he said was that it was a sad case, and the circumstances most melancholy. That was Lieutenant D———formerly of the Buffs. He got a slight sunstroke abroad; this, coupled with a disappointment in love, made him insane. He came to us and improved so much, that we recommended his friends to remove him to a quiet place in Wales, a furnished cottage, under proper supervision, and let him employ his time with fishing of which he was passionately fond: he was to avoid any excitement. He remained in Wales for two years, and the Doctor received most glowing accounts from his brother; he said he was perfectly well and hoped the cure would be permanent; but he wrote back and said he had "better be cautious." Then they did a rash thing: the brother was going to be married; it was to be a quiet affair, he thought there would be no harm in asking him to it; he did so. Alas! fatal step. The wedding brought back such unpleasant recollections, that he had a relapse and returned again. He seemed a quiet, harmless fellow. I was very much interested in him, and asked the Doctor if he would ever recover. He said he might improve a bit—sufficiently to be removed, but he was afraid he would never be thoroughly cured.

It was a matter of considerable speculation to him who I was. Says he, "You are not a keeper; who the deuce are you? You must be a horse-doctor." I rashly went in one day with the physician during his dinner; he insisted on us sitting down—he had private rooms. His proceedings were rather peculiar, but the quiet attendant perhaps sniffing a harmless joke, signed for me to do so. I felt slightly nervous, as although I noticed he had no pin, yet a pronged fork would not have been a pleasant substitute. He did nothing very eccentric. We

excused ourselves eating anything on the plea of having lunched, but he said it was the Queen's birthday, and he insisted on us drinking her health in some of the asylum beer. This I did not mind, as the beer though light, and brewed especially for the inmates, was very palatable. So the attendant brought too glasses, and I thought he had a little twinkle in his eye as if some horrid joke was going to happen. To my astonishment my soldierly friend before pouring out the beer and drinking to her Majesty the Queen, as a preliminary proceeding, emptied the salt-sellar into the jug of beer, and taking a rose from his button hole, this followed suit. Then stirring the compound up, he poured out three glasses, and in solemn tones proposed the health we were to drink. Poor fellow! did he think he was Mess President again. I swallowed a little of mine, but he eyed me, and said, "Sir; no heel-taps, you are a disgrace to the army." He did not take much notice of the Doctor, who had deftly got the attendant to change his glass while the Lieutenant was engaged with me. Well I thought to humour him, as he did not look a man to trifle with. I swallowed the nauseous draught, and for some time the sight of a glass of beer filled me with disgust.

Another morning I was taking a little walk in the grounds, and I saw what looked like a screw of tobacco, neatly done up, on the ground. I picked it up and found the contents consisted of grass. Just as I opened it, I heard a loud laugh, and from behind a tree out stepped a stout gentleman, who evidently thought this an excellent joke. I found out that he had been a publican, and through losses in business had become insane. Poor fellow! He was quite harmless, and used to amuse himself by doing up grass in paper to imitate screws of tobacco. This he accomplished to perfection; and when he went out for a walk into the country, he was wont to drop them about, and many bitter disappointments has he caused among the country people. We had another patient who was a retired commander of the navy, but the advent of steam had made him insane. He was quiet enough, except on this particular point, and I recollect a certain gentleman thought he was not ill enough to be confined, till one day when he was paying a visit, and having a chat in the smoking room, he happened to touch on the subject of steam *versus* sailing. For a few minutes a drinking saloon Down-East would have been a pleasant contrast, and as the visitor tried to fasten his collar up again, he thought perhaps the Admiral—for he went by that name—was better in an asylum than out.

One day a young lady arrived as a patient: her's was a sad case. She had been governess to a family, and the children had suffered from scarlet-fever. She caught it, and as is very often

the case in grow-up people, had a very bad attack ; her brain became affected and she had to be brought in. She was an orphan, and engaged to be married to an officer as soon as he got promotion. Just before she was brought in he had got his step and was going to marry her, as he was ordered to India, and did not wish to leave her behind. She was very pretty, though, of course, was not looking as she should, but in spite of her sad condition and her bad illness, you could at once see she had been beautiful. It will not be worth while for me, in this paper, to describe her condition ; suffice to say it was a curable case, and every hope was held out of her ultimate recovery and restoration to reason.

The physician had just completed his morning rounds when a visitor was announced, and his card showed he was an army man ; he was a fine gentlemanly fellow, full six feet in height, and looked every inch a soldier.

He asked to see Miss R———the young lady previously mentioned. He seemed very much put out when he was told he could not see her, as any excitement in the shape of visitors would be prejudicial to her in her present state. After a few questions he told the physician who he was, and this was his history. He had met Miss R———some two years previously, when he had been staying in the same house where she was acting as governess, and had fallen in love with her, and became engaged. She was an orphan and had no friends ; he was only waiting for his promotion and then they were to have been married, but this illness took place, and he, noble fellow, sooner than leave her behind, had thrown up the army, had given up all his career and everything, for what ? Only love. Yes he sacrificed all, for he was an ardent sportsman as well, and could not afford to indulge much in it at home ; he only had small private means, and he had looked forward to the sport in India which he could have indulged in at a less expense than England. All this came out afterwards. He asked when he might be allowed to see his *fiancée*. He was told this depended on circumstances. He then asked to be allowed to call every day ; he said, " Doctor, I won't occupy your valuable time long, but grant me this, it will be some little comfort to me to come." Grant his request ? Who could refuse him ? It was refreshing in the present century to come across such a brilliant example of the old fashioned idea of love. He came every day and brought some flowers. He was so patient ; so anxious and yet so thoughtful. " I will only keep you a quarter of an hour, Doctor," he said. " I must not be selfish ;" and then he would return to his dingy lodgings, to his solitary dinner, for he only had his half pay and very small private means. Think of this : one accustomed to dine

every night amid all the glitter and glare of a *Mess*, with its various courses and band accompaniment.

The case proceeded slowly but gradually to a certain point, and seemed to get no further. She became rational enough but very depressed, and would give way to bursts of tears, and then be so sorry, and say "I am so vexed I gave way, Doctor." She never alluded to the past nor to her intended, evidently thinking he had left for India. She used to say "I am afraid I shall never be able to teach again ; I feel so unnerved." She little knew how much we were mixed up in her case, and how near her brave lover was. The Doctor tried to persuade her to go to the weekly balls, and at last she agreed if she were allowed to sit quiet and not dance. She went for several nights and then began to dance, and always seemed much better for it ; but still she did not get well as fast as the Doctor would have liked. The Doctor told the Captain about her going to the dances, and he entreated to be allowed to come ; but such a step was not advisable then ; however, the Doctor hit on a plan : He asked "could you disguise yourself and come ? You can then see her and judge for yourself."

"The very thing," he responded eagerly. "I was always fond of private theatricals ; I think I could get myself up very well ; and, if I could only see her, I should feel so happy ; I should be satisfied that she is getting on, and it would ease my mind."

"Very well," said the Doctor, "come to-morrow evening, and I will take you to the dance."

That same evening, just as the Doctor was sitting down to dinner, a visitor was announced—a Mr. Smith from London on particular business : in fact he hardly waited for permission to enter, but walked in, and touching the Doctor on the shoulder said, "In the Queen's name I arrest you, and here is my authority," producing a bit of parchment.

"What on earth have I done ?" answered the Doctor. "Oh," responded Mr. Smith, "it's only for a trifle of a bill you backed twelve months ago for a friend."

"But I understood it was paid," said the Doctor. "Can't help it, Sir, the law must take its course ; so come along."

The Doctor turned pale, then the visitor in an altered voice said, "Will I do ?" Yes, it was the Captain come to see if his get up would do. "Do :" he nearly frightened the unfortunate Physician into a fit, and he was angry ; but it was only momentary when he recollected the case. Had he not told him to disguise himself, and this he had done pretty effectually : no fear of his being recognized.

He came, and had the pleasure of seeing his intended. The Doctor was afraid that he might give way, but he was made of different metal, and though it must have been a fearful strain, he was as composed as on parade. He danced once or twice and made

a few commonplace remarks ; in fact, he was performing a part, and admirably he acted it : he told me afterwards that he fairly broke down on reaching his lodgings. He came weekly, but the Doctor did not deem it wise for her to see him ; it was thought better to remain silent for the present. Time went on and she improved steadily, and at last the Doctor thought he might allow her to see her. The news was, of course, gradually broken ; first by a letter supposed to have come from India to say her lover was quite well and had been ordered home. She read the letter and seemed very pleased, and then told the Doctor all about her engagement, to which he listened patiently (gay deceiver)

At last the eventful day arrived and she was allowed to see him. We will not intrude on that sacred meeting ; suffice to say she was soon able to be removed to some of his relations in the country ; and not long afterwards a wedding took place, and you may guess who was best man. It was considered perfectly safe for her to marry as there was no hereditary taint, and her insanity was simply due to scarlet fever. I am happy to add that through a relation's death the husband came into a comfortable competence, but never forgets those days of trial and suffering. No need to ask where those presents of game and fruit came from, for the afflicted inmates ?

The above is one of the bright cases ; and sad as it may seem, yet there are numbers whose chance of recovery is *nil*, who go on from year to year, till at last death puts an end to their trials, and is often a happy release. For these everything is done that can be suggested. Their lives are made as pleasant as possible by various amusements to which they look forward eagerly. I know one case—a chronic one—who had been fifteen years an inmate of the asylum ; the one bright spot in his existence was Thursday night, and this was ball-night, and then, for some few hours he brightened up. He constituted himself Master of the Ceremonies. Attired in his black suit with his white gloves on, he went through the various dances with such gravity, such precision, such extreme politeness, that it reminded you of one of the olden school, and he only wanted a pigtail and powdered hair to take you back a century back. The remainder of the week he wandered quietly about, taking no interest in anything, or anybody ; talking to himself, and refusing to answer questions. His only little enjoyment was ball-nights ; the rest of the time was a blank to him.

But hark ! what's that whistling ? And warders are seen hurrying across the yard. It was only an attempt among the criminals to break out and kick up a row, for this asylum received some of the overflow from the State asylum. Luckily what might have been a serious outbreak was suppressed by the

strength of one of the warders. It seems it was a planned thing. When they were taken in from the airing yard for the night, one stayed outside, and while the other warders went to get him, the rest tried to break out, but a warder held on to the door till assistance arrived, which did in time, and they quieted down at once, and the disturbance turned out satisfactorily.

One lady used to dress herself in her best dress daily, to receive the Doctor's visit, whom she thought was the Prince of Wales: under other circumstances it would almost have been laughable. She would rise, make a profound bow, and say: "I trust your Royal Highness feels quite well this morning," and retire backwards, bowing from the room. Then there was a gentleman patient who would play billiards for £1,000; he was a first rate player, and as it was rather a risky performance winning yourself, he, as a rule, accomplished it: and then the Doctor had to write him a draft for the amount out of an old cheque book which this gentleman carefully kept. At times he brought them out and gravely counted them up, wondering if he had enough to buy a balloon with, and go up and colonise the inhabitants of the moon.

The resident physician has rather a trying position to fill, not only as regards the various features of the disease, but has to join in all the amusements. For instance, play croquet with the ladies, and cricket with the gentlemen. The fair sex, at all times given to little jealousies and fits of temper, are, of course, a hundred times more trying, and he had to use Bismarckian diplomacy and Gladstonian oratory to calm and soothe the thousand-and-one little outbursts that occur. He must know and study all the little points his patients are weak in. He has to listen to complaints made hourly against the attendants, and discriminate with great  *finesse* between a true and imaginary grievance. It's a grand field for study, requiring tact, mixed with kindness and firmness, seldom found in any other grade of the profession. When one reads of the noble and true men who have spent a life-time in trying to ameliorate the condition of these poor unfortunates, we are thankful that those dark days have for ever passed away and given place to brighter ones. I stayed for some time, had a good insight of the internal arrangements of a private asylum, made the best use of my time, and through the courtesy of Doctor L—and the resident physician, nothing escaped me; true I saw none of the horrors so vividly related in novels, but this was some years afterwards. This asylum was worked on the no-restraint system; that is to say, there was not even a padded room in the whole asylum. If a patient got violent he had to be soothed and calmed; on no account was any force to be used.

Now, a word about the attendants. Those it has been my lot to come in contact with, I have invariably found to be civil and obliging, ready to take any hint to improve themselves, and most careful with the patients. Here, as in every other walk in life, we come across solitary cases of alleged ill-treatment by an attendant. These, if proved, always cause the offender to be severely punished; he forfeits his employment as well, nor is he likely to get another situation. All heavy punishment enough, and quite right it should be so. To ill-treat a poor unfortunate creature bereft of reason is bad enough, but in any way to hasten his footsteps to his grave, is worse still. But yet some allowances must be made: recollect they are not drawn from the higher classes, and they have severe trials to undergo. Is it ever put in the opposite scale, when some unfortunate attendant is hauled up for striking a patient, that he has been open to terrible provocation? I have seen a patient being fed with a spoon with arrowroot, spitting every mouthful out he could, till the poor attendant was like a newly whitewashed wall. I have seen one with his head all cut up with injuries. I have heard nurses called and insulted by the filthiest language imaginable, and I have seen their hair torn out in handfuls—trying to one even with the temper of an angel; but it is a source of great gratification that the cases are so few. All the physicians and attendants carry their life in their hands. A few years ago Doctor Meyers, of Broadmoor State Asylum, was dangerously injured with a stone thrown at his head, and subsequently died from the injuries inflicted. Mr. Nairn, one of the Government visitors, while on an inspecting tour, was injured in the head by a nail, and succumbed a few days after; these are only two cases out of many. I myself was standing in the criminal ward one day, and received a blow from a flint thrown from a short distance; luckily it caught the top of a hard felt hat I wore, and saved me from a severe wound. I hope the public will look with a less jaundiced eye on the cases of attendants who have momentarily lost their temper, and bear in mind, that though it's quite fit and right that they should be punished, yet they receive terrible provocation in the execution of their duties.

Letters are both written and received. Any friend that wrote to a patient who was not in a fit state to answer, the physician did so. One special day was set apart for visiting, but no one was ever refused who was not recognizant at the time, and had come a long distance. Besides the weekly ball during the cold weather, the theatre was open, and assisted by any patients well enough to perform, with the help of attendants, and the Doctor's, little lively farces were acted. The theatre was thrown open to the public, and greatly appreciated by the

patients, and doubtless did a good deal towards their ultimate recovery. Besides billiard-tables, bagatelle-tables, cards, musical instruments, abundance of pictures, a library of suitable books, a Chapel and Chaplain were provided. Food was good and abundant, the meat was killed on the farm which the patients helped to cultivate, and vegetables were given in profusion. As far as I could see, nothing was spared that would conduce to the health, comfort, and ultimate recovery of the inmates. It is all very well to cry out ; but I for one am sick of the sensational twaddle that has been talked and written about asylums being kept for profit, and that they ought to be done away with. Is it ever taken into consideration the amount of capital required to keep them up : wages, amusements, &c., &c. ? No, it is not. Could we do without these institutions when there are certain people who object to their relatives being in Government establishments, however well cared for or however well looked after, much on the same principle that you would rather go to a hotel than the workhouse ; at both you receive first-class treatment, but at the one you pay and the other you don't ? One must consider that these establishments are visited regularly by paid servants of the Government ; men of skill and of the highest integrity, who would not for one moment wink at the slightest deviation from the proper path ; both the medical and the legal profession are represented. Again, we must recollect that private asylums are not always full, yet the establishment has to be kept up. Lastly, by the free admission of the public, it's almost impossible for any irregularities to go on. The proprietors are usually men who have spent a life-time in this particular branch of the profession ; and suppose they do make a little profit, is it a very hard thing to have some provision for old age, or a wife and family, going about as they do with their life in their hands.

That in olden times asylums have been open to abuse I am perfectly aware, but that has long since passed away, for good and all. I could write more on the subject, but have already occupied too much space, and like the tramp, must move on, and in conclusion, say, *audi alteram partem*.

DARJEELING, *May* 1885.

S. O. BISHOP.



## ART. VIII.—MORAL ASPECTS OF TRIAL BY PEER.

THE moral intelligence of human societies cannot be divorced from their physical instincts. Whether conviction precedes, attends, or follows effort, the motives, which invigorate both, draw their own vitality from a region of consciousness in which moral and material influences have equally free play, and from which neither can ever be wholly excluded. The tree which throws its branches into the air draws its life, and even its strength, as well from the atmosphere in which it breathes, as from the earth from which it springs. The statist may find the only meaning of communal life in its routine, the historian may read its deepest significance in its external developments, and the legislator may seek its only true interest in its laws; but the philosopher only unravels half its secrets, and therefore mistakes the whole law of its growth, who ignores the sentiment which warms all human energy, and the principle which kindles all true emotion.

The sway of feeling in business, of habit in feeling, and of principle in habit, is nowhere more picturesquely or more scientifically illustrated than in the progressive development of human laws—that is to say, really, the safeguards, in the way of restraints, which the conservatism, inherent in cultivated intelligence, throws up against novel developments of human freedom; and there is, perhaps, no country in the world in which this illustration has been sustained in unbroken sequence for centuries in a more striking way than in England, where security of person and property has been gradually attained in successive waves of legislation, which have left their marks on many a shore of experience washed by the ocean of effort.

In a brief glance, such as the present one is intended to be, of a part of a subject with endless ramifications into metaphysics and sociology, it is impossible to trace the relative strength of the material and moral forces which, in any country, have conspired to bring about any given result, or to contrast the causes of the differences which are observable in the results of the efforts put forth by different countries in the same direction. That there is an important and instructive differentiation, may be seen, in passing, from the fact that in England the freedom of the Press has been secured by gradual restraints imposed on license, whereas in France, under Napoleon III., it was guaranteed by spasmodic legislation which off-hand decreed it. But the reason of the confession of helplessness just made will be seen, and its purpose understood, when it is pointed

out that the character of the theology which has been professed by nations has visibly coloured their social developments; and that nations sprung from a common stock have much in common, which is partly or wholly traceable to community of origin, while nations having only certain beliefs or practices in common, develop resemblances confined to the domain in which these prevail. The whole structure of national life everywhere is intersected with traces of fierce struggles between caprice, principle, appetite and conscience and the whole brood of motives which haunt a physical body inhabited by a mind.

The attitude of the English law towards crime affords one of the most suggestive studies in moral philosophy and social science, for it yields results at once obviously flowing from a striking combination of material and moral causes, and, equally manifestly, exercising a present and forcible influence in the disposition of individual relations. But to understand this attitude rightly, it is necessary to go a step backward and realise what individual freedom means under English law. "Law," says Paterson in his *Liberty of the Subject and Security of the Person*, page 27, "is the sum of the varied restrictions on the actions of each individual, which the supreme power of the State enforces, in order that all its members may follow their occupations with greater security." The meaning of the definition may be more fully explained to consist in a deliberate transition from the earlier human conceptions of law, which enjoined duties, to a later state of freedom which allows universal license, tempered only by restraints which the common welfare demands. The change connotes a vast leap in ethics. Whether this change is directly traceable to the revolution which Christianity introduced into the world—when it set mankind free from the idea of "religion," which bound men to an endless series of obligations, and gave them instead the idea of a "new life," a "salvation" from the power of evil, and enjoined no duty which did not suggest itself in the exercise of forgiveness and love—is a question which it is impossible to consider here, but may be treasured up by the thoughtful reader for quiet examination. The change itself elevates the whole basis of legislation from the level of mere impositions on personal freedom, to the level of restrictions against invasions of personal freedom. "It is only in the skill," continues Paterson, "with which one restriction is directed here, and another there, and in the skill with which the superficial tendencies of human actions are balanced and played off, one against another, that the total result becomes beneficial." A nation cannot be made free by Act of Parliament, any more than it can be made virtuous in this way. The course of English law, in its preference for careful restraints against offensive

license, over careless declarations of innocent freedom, is chiefly valuable as evidence of antecedent freedom. Such law can only be conceived by a people who have become free by slow growth, who remember what they have struggled against, and who both know the value of freedom from superfluous restraints, and dread the license of irresponsibility. Such law can no more become a part of national life by mere legislation, among any people who have not lived through the steps that lead to it in the slow gradations of self-culture, than the theory of "salvation" from "religion," set out above, can be assimilated by a mind which conceives that life consists in doing rather than living, or than an inhabitant of Patagonia can be made to understand the meaning of the unwritten secrets of English social intercourse by reading an English novel.

Perhaps the first important point to be apprehended in connexion with this view of law is, that it is by no means a mere illustration of the differences between civilization and uncivilization. It forms a boundary between Englishmen and Frenchmen, who alike claim to stand in the van of material civilization. The alignment of the boundary line will best be tracked by returning to the consideration, already suggested, of the difference in the respective attitudes of French and English law towards crime. English law, which holds all men to be free, and only restrains license when it imperils freedom, takes a very different attitude towards crime from that taken by French law which, while theoretically declaring universal freedom, and even permitting a moral and social license which proves pernicious to society in many directions, hampers individual liberty by numerous fetters that are sometimes justified on the pretence of being necessary to the public welfare, but are as often, and as authoritatively, excused, as tending to the success of some purely political partisan struggle. Conscription, which is of the essence of the military constitution of theoretically free France, and enters freely into its national life, is wholly foreign to the British constitution, and could only be tolerated—though it would be tolerated—as a necessary restriction on liberty in a supreme crisis. Marriage is in France the subject of legislation which produces grave moral and social evils; while, in the sphere in which it is thus shackled, in England it is absolutely free. Theoretically free France by executive decrees expels a Religious Order from its territories, on various pretexts which need not be examined, beyond generally classifying them as purely political, and possibly partisan; while England throws open her ports to possible assassins of British ministers and Queen. The last contrast—and some others may be suggested—points the way to an important distinction in the relative attitudes of English and French law towards crime. In times of

popular excitement, because of either internal uprisings or foreign menace, the inlets and outlets of both countries, would perhaps be equally carefully watched in secret; but in France, all pretence of respect for personal freedom would be openly flung aside, and individuals would be recklessly arrested, and suspects would be called on to prove their own innocence; whereas in England, personal freedom would be scrupulously respected; no one could be arrested except on substantial suspicion; and even individuals, accused of grave offences would, in every respect, be treated as innocent until irresistible proof of their guilt was produced. Among Englishmen, any serious argument on the relative advantages of the two systems of jurisprudence would prove an anachronism, antedated by centuries. But many of the most earnest Englishmen, who recognize the superficial facts of this important differentiation, may not perhaps realise its deeper causes, or the extent to which those causes spread under the foundations of English society. We cannot enjoy the fruits of a tree, and yet refuse to allow its roots to strike, and remain struck, in the ground in which it finds its support. Nor, if the English social system stands together as a whole—not the product of mere laws, but the result of centuries of experience and growth, of which the laws are themselves the mere indications—can Englishmen enjoy the safety which comes from its solid foundations, and yet undermine them merely because some edifice, which stands upon them, obstructs the play of some new fangled caprice.

The concern shown by English law for persons accused, and it may be falsely, of crime, is defensible on the highest moral grounds, and may even reasonably be treated as one ingredient in a practical nation's effort to illustrate the golden rule. Like all true moral sanctions, the law of treating others as we desire to be treated, possesses many solid practical advantages. Beyond securing personal comfort, it reacts on the society which enforces it, and while imperceptibly promoting an elevated moral tone, raises the popular appreciation of liberty. Without questioning the moral uses of suffering as tending to refinement, practical men in England are, for the most part, agreed that enforced asceticism has been eliminated from modern social heroism along with other forms of torture. Whatever discipline may be meted out to agonising men and women out of the stream of tendencies, which makes for righteousness—and treads on our corns, or stabs our hearts on the way—the regulation of the unseen destiny by the unknown god must not be interfered with by clumsy human hands. The same combination of moral and material instincts, which has forged the restraints of existing English law against torture, requires a general tenderness towards any person placed, perhaps

while quite innocent, in the humiliating position of a criminal. His comfort of mind and body are carefully provided for, and if care is also exercised in the arrangement of his custody and trial, it takes the form of watchful scruples against excess of severity, rather than of economy of concern. There is an obvious consistency, and even homogeneity, of treatment in the touch which English law uniformly preserves of the accused person, until he is condemned ; and the proof of the moral strength of the conviction and sentiment, which have united to yield this result to national life, may be gauged by the maxim that it is better that nine guilty persons should escape than that one innocent person should be condemned. It is better, no doubt, on social grounds ; but the social advantage of the rule, though sure, lags far behind the enforcement of it. What strikes the imagination first and most forcibly, and creates that enthusiasm which helps to enforce it, and the patience which enables to endure it, sometimes under very trying circumstances, is its high morality. It awakes an echo in the moral consciousness, and, long before selfishness warns us that we may some day need to be so treated in our turn, conscience rings out the truth that it is a great thing to do right.

It is equally useless to insist or to deny that the right of trial by peer, whatever its legal attachments may be, and whatever its political antecedents, is one of the many fair offsprings of this wholesome holy English tenderness for persons accused of crime. There was a time when such a statement, made without reference to any particular experience, would have received universal confirmation. Even in France, where its practical value might have been questioned, its theoretical consistency and uniformity would at once be admitted. And India claims to be as civilised as France. But men are everywhere the creatures of impulse and the victims of prejudice. It may, therefore, be wise at first only to submit that all analogy is in favour of the above hypothesis, and that, in any case, it is a good thing to show every possible consideration to a person accused of a crime. This may not at once be obvious to minds nurtured on the traditions of India, where torture is the only form of consideration which people in power have, apart from English influence, been disposed to show to victims of conspiracies. But it may be well to ring in the ears of such the warning, that refusal to read facts in the illumination of history, exposes men not only to the guilt of preferring darkness to light, but also to the risk of sinking back into the darkness which is preferred. Perhaps, after all, however, it will be admitted by all thoughtful and honest men, of whatever race, that the right of trial by peer rests on moral considerations the universal prevalence of which would increase human happiness.

Such an admission will at once strike a fatal blow at the far-fetched comparisons, often unnecessarily drawn, between the peculiar rights of native Indians and those of Englishmen. There is hardly a special privilege or right of any class of native Indian, man, woman or child, which has hitherto been conserved against the inroads of English law, which it would really not be advisable, in the highest interests of the possessors themselves, to abolish, if not at once, in the future, and the earlier the better. So far as the zenana system has resulted from the impurity of men or the ignorance of women, and keeps native women out of law Courts or social haunts into which pure English women may enter, it is an evil, the ultimate disappearance of whose cause the best friends of native women may sincerely pray for. So far as the remission given to native gentlemen from attendance in Courts, in which Englishmen of rank and character may safely appear, may be owing to false views of Courts of Justice and of human dignity, the truest friends of India and Indian gentlemen must earnestly hope that it will one day be voluntarily surrendered to an educated sense of public duty. But who can honestly say that it would be a good thing for the world if the concern shown by English law for accused persons should some day disappear? Who would not rather say that, all things considered, it would promote human happiness and elevate human societies, if the spirit which breathes in the provisions of English law in relation to the trial of persons accused of crime, began to permeate the legislatures of the whole world, including India in its universal and enlightening sweep?

The candour that carried any earnest mind thus far could not stop here. Our truest convictions are valuable for the energy, which the moral life of which they are the evidence, begets. No one who saw the advantage of assimilating Indian to English law, in the light of its deepest inlying meaning, could stop short at seeing—he would desire to reform, until he began to act.

It is very much a question of detail, rather than one of principle, what external conditions shall constitute actual trial by peer. The principle being kept in view, the exploitation must follow in its wake. The practical consideration of the whole subject has unhappily of late been clouded in India by irrelevant animosities which it may take a generation to allay. But any one can see that such a question must be discussed and settled wholly irrespectively of any consideration of petty personal pride or petty personal dignity.

Theories based on the relative virtues of Englishmen and Natives, when they are not of purely antiquarian interest, are being solved around us in verdicts from which that hardest of

destinies, experience, allows of no appeal. It is equally futile for any native of any country in the world, to ignore the advantages, such as they are, of English heredity, and for any individual Englishman to indulge in personal vanity on the strength of accidental benefits to which he has personally contributed nothing. If the depreciation of an enemy is a strategic blunder, self-glorification is a vice only one shade less contemptible than self-pity. Grave problems like the one now engaging our thoughts can best be made to appeal to the universal conscience—as they can also best be made to win healthy, individual sympathy—by discovering their moral bearings. Under the moral law, which yields by far the strongest sanctions to the right of trial by peer, it is scarcely a greater mistake for Indian Natives to refuse to see the supremacy which destiny has stamped on the Anglo-Saxon race, than for Englishmen to flourish braggart boasts of their incidental graces and gifts. Every hoarse cry of the Pharisee, who thanks God that he is not as other men, awakes as it strikes upon the vault of heaven, this penetrating echo:—"Who maketh thee to differ from another? And what hast thou that thou didst not receive? Now if thou did'st receive it, why dost thou glory, as if thou had'st not received it?" Since the enemy of mankind began to quote scripture, the world of fashion has shrunk from the questionable practice; but the words just quoted contain a revelation that may furnish the only solution of a serious political and social difficulty: and nothing is more certain than that we cannot fall back upon Christian morality, for its arbitrament on the virtues and vices of different societies, without accepting also its searching analysis of individual motives and aims. Those who appeal to Cæsar, to Cæsar must go; and a greater than Cæsar is here. If we appeal to the highest morality for its verdict on heathen depravity, we cannot refuse to accept its definition of Christian conduct.

The practical settlement of the details of the privilege of trial by peer seems to involve the concession to an accused person of every benefit which he can claim for the comfort of his mind or body, provided it entails no wrong on another. It is obvious, at a glance, that, although, in a certain esoteric sense, the trial of a criminal is a matter of supreme importance to society, and it is equally important to society that justice should be done, whether the accused be acquitted or condemned, yet the interests of society in such a trial are brought to a focus in the individual accused, to whom, therefore, his own trial is a matter of paramount importance. All that society yields to him, it declares its readiness to yield to every one of its individual units. In weighing, therefore, the reservations which society has the right to maintain against the individual, mere matters

of convenience cannot be smuggled into the appraisement of the social wrong to be guarded against, while admitting the individual privilege. Otherwise, juries might object to be wrongfully restrained for the trial of a prisoner, and even judges might be found to complain that life is too short for the exactions of criminal procedure codes. Society must respect itself in the individual unit placed in peril, and give him all that can be given without exposing others to actual physical danger or to any mental pain that has any moral taint in it. Unless this is freely admitted at starting, trial by peer becomes, instead of a refining right, a brutalising farce. No defence of it, anywhere, would be possible on either moral or even social grounds.

If non-official Englishmen in India, under the influence of strong excitement, for which others are, at least, partly responsible with themselves, have injured their own cause by unnecessary abuse on the one hand, and unnecessary claims to superiority on the other, the fact can hardly be said to provide a complete excuse for responsible officials, placed alike above all personal interest in the matter, and above all temptation to partiality, who have encouraged Native gentlemen to think that the personal rights of a criminal have anything to do with the dignity or prestige of a judge. This strange mistake may bear evil fruit in the time to come, and efforts cannot be made too early or too earnestly to realise the solemn fact that, though under English law, the Bench has impersonal privileges, which shelter the individual judge; no judge, as such, and least of all when off the bench, can have personal privileges against persons appealing to the law. Any personal interest of whatsoever kind, in any matter in which an accused or a litigant has a personal interest, is held, under the best English legal traditions, to be a disqualification for the Bench. In its relations with suitors or criminals, the judicial office is an office of obligations as opposed to privileges. The duty of the judge, of whatever degree, is simply to interpret law to those who are legally brought before him, and not to speculate on the privileges of those who cannot legally be brought before him; still less, to suggest variations in their legal status, with the special object of establishing relations between him and them which shall exalt him in his own eyes, and lower them, in theirs. It is polluting the stream of justice at its source to encourage developments of this kind, which are not less dangerous because their authors may be innocent men.

There is no arbitrariness in English law; there is a reason for every faith expressed in it; and if ignorance of law is no excuse for mistakes, it is because want of sympathy with the true spirit of a good law is a grave misfortune for any man, and may be his fault. If the judicial character, as such—as



considered apart from the dignity of the Bench—contains no personal elements which can be allowed to weigh against the interests of Society, as represented in the person appealing to law, still less can any element of the judicial office, regarded in its administrative aspect of a public service, to which payment is attached, weigh against, even if it have any intelligible relation to, the currents of the stream of justice. No more serious error could have been made by those who ought to have been better informed, than that committed in the allusions made in recent discussions to the Charter Act of 1831, to the subsequent despatches of the Court of Directors, and to the Queen's Proclamation of 1859. If a man's race and place of birth, are, indeed, to form no bar to his elevation to any office, and the time-honoured truism has any hitherto undisclosed bearing on the ministry of public justice, an English judge might as well plead for the right of trying exempted Native princes, and of dragging Native women of all ranks into his court, as a Native Magistrate insist on trying Englishmen with much the same sort of personal privileges. The principles which form a Native's protection against outrage must be allowed to yield the same safeguards to Englishmen. Any general and sincere recognition of the social safeguards lurking in and round the moral necessity for approaching this matter from the higher standpoint already suggested, will do away at one sweep with all future opposition of the kind already, it may be hoped, for the time successfully dispersed.

The practical question then will remain—What has to be done; what has to be kept in view in doing it; and how can it best be done?

Although a certain amount and kind of reckless daring necessarily underlies all English life in India, those who know best tell us, that a nameless terror of the unknown thing unquestionably haunts Englishmen exposed to the dangers of false and malicious prosecution. The same authorities assure us that one of the most powerful safeguards against these dangers—and the most potent sedative of the consequent anxiety—is the right of trial before English judges. There is nothing irrational and offensive in the preference involved in these confessions. It may sound irrational and offensive when shouted out in the Town Hall, amongst 3,000 Englishmen and Anglo-Indians; but looked at from the standpoint of an isolated Englishman, or better still, a lonely Englishwoman in the interior, suddenly confronted with a malicious accusation, all its artificial unseemliness melts away, and the thing appears in its true light. There is no "spirit of ascendancy" in the railway laborer's solicitude for some one to understand him aright. Even though the anxiety, which is real and painful, were wholly unfounded

ample reasons for humouring it could be found in the best traditions of English law, and still more in the canons of Christian morality. And if the anxiety is not wholly unfounded—alike when it may involve some reflection on the nationality of a foreign judge, and when it involves no such reflection whatever—the reasons which told in its favor before now tell with tenfold greater force. Thus, wholly apart from any consideration of the judge's character, and looking at the matter wholly from the standpoint from which the English and Indian Laws alike still concede to accused persons the kindred right to challenge jurymen, fair ground can be shown for allowing the Englishman his cherished right, and respecting the valuable principle on which it rests.

It may, indeed, be open to the legislator to weigh the elements of all prejudices to which he is invited to defer. But legislation must plead the pressure of irresistible necessity before it can wisely decide on not leaving well alone. A phrase which has much tickled the public fancy, in two countries—the saying that some natives “are more English than Englishman”—will have to be weighed, in the future editions of recent legislative debates, in the light of the authentic story of the Brahman magistrate who acquitted a prisoner who had murdered an infant, because the criminal had vowed before some idol to do the deed. With practical statesmen, alive to all their conflicting responsibilities, the question ought to be, not whether it is fair to judge all Native gentlemen by one or two, but what most Englishmen and Englishwomen feel and want. For it is not only the alarm and anxiety—stirred up by one incident and one danger, that have to be borne in mind: though they may suffice to justify the retention of a privilege—but the general attitude assumed by a man suffering from these feelings, and the influence which spreads from him to all who sympathise with him. The sad race hatreds begotten of late in India, tell a tale which no British Indian statesman can read without regret. It is not the purpose of this paper to consider the recent change in the Criminal Procedure Code. The general belief that it is not of much use, if true, exposes its authors to the charge of trifling in the face of a grave calamity.

But so far as any surrender has been made of the Englishman's right to be tried by a Magistrate in whom he has confidence, it is difficult to close one's eyes to the serious character of the mistake that has been made. Under a compulsion, which is now universally admitted to be insignificant, but has by recognition become formidable, and may again be used with the weight of a precedent, not only has ill-feeling been fostered, which cannot easily be allayed, and a valuable privilege been mutilated,

which had better been conserved and extended, but a wrong principle of legislation has been stereotyped, which is not unlikely to stand in the way of useful future reform.

The condition and prospects of the growing Native Christian community of India present features on which thoughtful Englishmen, Mohammedans and Hindus may dwell with reciprocal friendliness, untainted by suspicion or fear. Linked to the children of the soil by ties that can never be broken, and associated with Europeans by considerations of permanent duration, the members of this community suggest, it may be said, a new domain of interest, in which sentiment and principle conspire to make them objects of a varied but very real regard. The women of this community, some of whom are highly cultivated, and many of whom bear enviable characters, move about freely in both Native and European society. It is unnecessary to re-kindle a dying controversy by allusions, whose bitterness will be in the ratio of their truth; but any one familiar with the interior aspect of Native society, and alive to the grave and unjust misconceptions to which both Native Christian men and Native Christian women are exposed, in varied relations, in which their alien religion and its inevitable freedom cut across the most dearly cherished superstitions and prejudices of the country, can seriously doubt, that it would be a good thing for India if the right of trial by peer were conceded to this community, alike on moral, on social, and on political—but most of all on moral—grounds. The increasing wealth and influence of the Native Christian community will one day make it a question of practical politics whether it is safe, not merely in timid Bengal, but in robust Rajputana, and unruly Punjab, to expose them to such insults as must be produced from the conflict of Christian freedom, with Indian notions of social propriety. If, anticipating this crisis, the Indian Government had, a few years ago, on grounds not essentially different from those which form the foundations of the Indian Marriage Act, propose to give Native Christians a right of claiming, say, a mixed jury, composed of Christians (European or Native) and Mohammedans or Hindus—or had resorted to any other device which recognised the wisdom, justice and expediency of allowing persons accused of offences to be judged by persons qualified to understand their motives—it is not too much to say that no one would have discovered any cause of offence in the arrangement. To concede this much to Native Christians, in argument, and deny as much to Christian morality under European garbs, is to be inconsistent.

And if to Native Christians, why not to all Natives alike? is the question that will naturally start in many minds. Why not, indeed? The principle underlying the right being based

on the highest moral considerations, the only political argument that can be urged against its universal extension is, that the continuance of British supremacy in India is demanded by the best interests of its "teeming millions," and involves a political structure of which the prevalence of Englishmen in the administration is a rudimentary necessity. To reconcile this elementary necessity with the natural aspirations of individual men is the work of statesmen, but no such work can fairly claim to be well done which reverses the relative importance of the national and the individual need. It is surely only when failure to gratify the personal hopes of a few will bulk as largely in the political horizon as failure to maintain the English tone of the Indian administration, that the Government will be justified in looking at the former with the big end of the telescope, and at the latter with the little. To expect to maintain an English tone without Englishmen is really, though the fact may not have been suspected by benevolent innocence, to propound principles of political physiology which have yet received no sanction from human history. Fortunately for the British Government of India, the Native masses repose real confidence in the majority of English officials who uphold the sovereignty of England in the interior. There is much in English character, as candid Natives admit, to justify this trust. It is the fruit of past methods of rule, whose traditions it were wise, on this very ground, not to disturb. While this happy state of things lasts, the occasion for considering whether the right of trial by peer should be extended to all Natives freely cannot be said to have arisen. The alleged injustice of the legal inequality which resides in this reservation is amply met by the necessary difference between qualifying and disqualifying legislation. Where qualification is a matter of growth, it is equally unscientific and immoral to protest against the unequal heights of children and men. So far as personal feeling enters into the problem at all, the Englishmen, and men of English descent, who were some little time ago deeply stirred by proposals to deprive them of the right of trial by persons likely to understand them, can have no possible objection to the widest extension of the right. It is only to the artificial compression or destruction of a good thing that any reasonable objection can be offered.

Under the circumstances, the more or less humorous pictures sometimes drawn of Negroes and Hottentots turning up from British colonies, and claiming with sombre-hued Eurasians the privilege of being "European British subjects," will be seen to be irrelevant and wanting in point. Negroes and Hottentots do not turn up every day in India to commit crime, and law is rarely concerned with infinitesimal exceptions to rule. The

question is not how Indian law affects persons to whom it can never apply in colonies in which the whole tone of society is English, because of the preponderating English influence in its whole atmosphere, but what is best for a handful of Englishmen and men of English descent, commissioned to maintain a sacred trust in an atmosphere steeped with unchristian morality.

W. C. MADGE.

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## ART. IX.—TWO EASTERN EMPIRES : A CONTRAST.

**I**T is a very natural, as well as a common, trick of popular writers, to draw comparisons between the provincial administration of the Roman Empire, and the Indian Government of the Viceroy of the Queen Empress. Such appeals to a past history, familiar in its broad outline to every Englishman, meet a popular demand. They possess a fascination for that class of Englishmen who like to depreciate the present and magnify the past, and who, being acutely sensible of the great difficulties of the task imposed upon England in regard to its Eastern dependency, are apt to anticipate a repetition of the splendid collapse of the Roman empire. More practical men, engaged in the administration, are glad to have their attention turned to methods which they are applying to new problems, and which appear to have been employed under somewhat similar circumstances by the Roman governors. Popular writers assured of a ready audience, and as confident of exciting the interest of earnest inquirers, as they are of evoking approbation from the pessimists, bring forth from the treasure-house of Roman history things new and old, with the exclamation that an exact parallelism exists between the course of the Roman empire and that of the modern empire under whose shadow we are living. Lessing has described history as "the education of the human race," and no apology need be made in the pages of this Review for endeavouring to throw a few side-lights upon a page in the world's history, which has a singular attraction for Indian administrators. There are many apparent analogies between the methods of Rome and England; and since we know that the Roman provincial administration so utterly destroyed the life of the subject nations, that, to the astonishment of Guizot, they "left few traces not only of popular resistance but even of their sufferings," it may not be a waste of time to examine more closely into these points of resemblance. It would be an ambitious task to seek to apply the lessons of Rome's failure to the work of to-day. But in view of the tendency which exists to attach Latin names to objects with which we are all familiar, an excuse may be pleaded for the attempt which will now be made to disentangle the real facts from the specious appearances of resemblance with which they have been invested by popular writers. It will be found, I think, that although many most attractive and interesting analogies may be traced, the real tendency of English rule is entirely removed from those paths which Rome followed to her own ruin and to that of her

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dependencies. The Roman tribute, the centralisation of the Emperors, the farce of self-government in the municipalities and the Roman colonies, exhibit only a contrast to those features of Indian administration with which the names are associated. This statement it will be my endeavour to substantiate in the pages which follow.

At the outset, however, it must be admitted, that superficial analogies between the Roman and Anglo-Indian systems are not confined to administrative details, but even extend to the larger aims and the more general features of the two Governments. The expansion of our Indian Empire, and the justification it receives at the hands of contemporary historians, recall the boast of Cicero to his brother—"Let Asia reflect that no calamity which foreign war or civil disorder could supply, would have been spared her, if she had not enjoyed the protection of the Empire." In fact, Rome put a stop to riots in the towns, and dacoities in the country. She drove pirates from the harbours of Illyria, and protected Numidia from the Moors, and Egypt from the Soudanese, just as England protected the Deccan husbandmen from the Pindari levies, or the Sind plains from the incursions of the Maris and Bhugtis. The Roman governors suppressed human sacrifices, as we did the Meriahs of the Khonds in 1861 in Central India, employed their soldiers as pioneers in making roads and bridges, and even here and there, as at Augustadunum, established a Rajkumar college to "teach provincials to be Romans." Tacitus tells us how remissions of revenue were occasionally decreed by the senate to cities which suffered like Cibra in Asia from earthquake, and Sardis received a rarer and more generous proof of Rome's liberality in the form of a vote of Roman money for its relief. Thus, the policy of Indian famine campaigns, organised by Lord Ripon, may be held to find its parallel in the Government of Tiberius. The insular and conservative Englishman who deplores the decadence of Indian subservience, and judges of native loyalty by its proneness to salaam, may find in the letters of Pliny complaints of the freedom of manners shown by the Bithynians, and the regrets of the old school at the "new fashions of native insolence." In the disarmament of the people, in the Municipal Government, in the prohibition of public addresses to retiring officers, and even in the revenue system, there are numerous features which strike the eye as common to the Indian and the Roman system. The very writings of the classical writers might often be set side by side with those of Indian historians, especially in their regrets at the want of solidarity and union amongst the classes of provincial society. District officers who mix with the people might fill pages with the

analogies which they detect, and a curious parallel might be formed between our municipal constitutions and those recorded on the bronze tablets of Malaga. In this connection, one instance of such a parallelism may be quoted. A collector of Ahmedabad recently explained to a newly franchised burgher of Viramgam the scheme of self-government prepared for his benefit. The municipal statesman protested, and asked why he should be made liable to "Veth," or forced service, for duties of Government which had always been done for him by the servants of Government. The remark recalls the vote of thanks given to the citizen of Aquileia because he was willing to serve on the committee as Quatuorvis in the municipality. Of another municipal officer it is recorded, in a playful expression, that he died after having discharged the onerous honours, "oncribus honoribusque functus," of municipal office. Thus the remark of the Viramgam magnate was anticipated by the subject of Rome nearly eighteen centuries ago. The phrase, paternal despotism, is often met with in the literature of ancient Rome, but whether the phrase meant what it means now, is a matter which the reader of this article must decide for himself.

It may be admitted that some obvious analogies strike the eye, but the existence of a real parallelism must not at once be assumed. Even behind the boasted pax Romana, which is a phrase very frequently applied to the tranquillity of India, there lay concealed the explanation which the great Roman historian puts into the mouth of the brave Calgacus on the Grampian hills—*Solitudinem faciunt pacem appellant*. Let any honest critic ask himself whether any parallel exists between the extermination of the Salassi and the Welsh Ordovices, or Trajan's "bag and baggage" extermination on the lower Danube, and the gentler measures which the British Government has applied to the most troublesome tribes within or without the borders of India. If he seeks for a parallel to the thorough measures of the Roman Empire, he may find one in General Kaufmann's treatment of the Yomud Turkomans in Central Asia. The contrast between the British and Roman methods is so very marked, that it demands a passing notice. Three great agencies of mercy have been applied by the British rulers of India to the reclamation of tribes, whose lawlessness was not a whit greater than that of the Ordovices of old, or of the Yomuds of yesterday. On the Sind frontier General Jacob did not "create a desert and boast of peace," but he converted a desert into a garden, and settled the Maris and Bhugtis upon it to a life of agriculture and peace. His able Lieutenant, the late Sir William Meredith, followed up his policy, extended the desert canal from



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Kashmore in the Jacobabad District, and settled upon it colonies of Maris and Bhugtis to whose pacification the Mahomedan conqueror of Sind had never applied any more effectual weapon than force. In another part of India's extended frontier, the Abors, Bhuteas, and Akhas had waged ceaseless war upon the inhabitants of the frontier districts. Here the influence of trade has been applied to their reclamation. Fairs are held at frontier stations, and the tribes are brought into friendly contact with their neighbours. The Peshawar fair, established in 1870, has already obtained a Central Asian celebrity. At the Udalgiri fair, the Bhuteas exchange their ponies, dogs, Yaks' tails, musk and spices for English cloths, and Assam rice. At the Santrabari fair, near Buxar, in 1874, the Deb Raja, for the first time in history, met the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal on British territory. One more agency has been employed, and it illustrates even more clearly the method of British rule. Dispensaries and hospitals have been opened along the frontier, where the intractable freebooter of the border, tamed by disease or crippled by accident, owns himself a victim to the kindness of his hereditary enemy. It is by the arts of peace rather than by the lessons of costly campaigns, that the British peace has been established. Let the reader turn to a different scene which was only lately enacted under the rule of another empire, between whose process and that of the Roman emperors a strange parallelism exists. It was decreed by General Kaufmann that "the order of things in regard to the Turkomans must be materially and morally changed by subduing their pride and their license." A fine of 300,000 roubles was accordingly imposed on them, and hostages were taken for the payment. While the elders of the tribe were collecting it, the order was issued to give over the settlements of the Yomuds and their families to complete destruction, and their herds and property to confiscation. Schuyler tells us how the order was literally executed. The Cossacks seemed to get maddened by the unequal contest, and rushed on the Yomuds with their sabres, cutting down indiscriminately small children, women, and old men. A mother, who had been riding with three children, was lying dead. The eldest child was dead also. The youngest had a sabre cut through the arm, and was staunching the flow of blood. The other child, who was a little older, was trying to wake up the dead mother, and appealing to the bystanders. The work was, however, completed by the infantry, who continued the murder commenced by the cavalry. Scenes such as these recall the Roman method, without the excuse which nearly nineteen centuries in the world's progress have removed. But it may be said that these are instances of national enemies, whose extermination is demanded by the

public safety. If, however, attention is confined to the treatment of the refractory members of the conquered population, the same difference between the Roman and British method may be observed. The Roman axes and crucifixes are replaced in India by the reformatory settlements into which the lawless tribes of Bowreaahs, Minas and Bhaddaks have been gathered. Yet these peaceful measures of coercion and reform too often escape the attention of those who are caught by the mere sound of words, and who represent the *pax Britannica* as the parallel of the *pax Romana*, a peace which rested solely upon the legions of Rome and the rods and axes of the provincial Governor.

No picture that can be drawn of the Roman provincial system will be free from the criticism, that it exhibits only a part of the truth. But the pages of a Review, like the limited canvas of the painter, can only aim at depicting facts from one point of view at a time, or at throwing side-lights upon a period of history which embraces such various systems as Rome under the republic, and Rome under the emperors, or again, such different characters as those of Nero and Trajan. History has, however, left witnesses of a provincial misrule which was common alike to all periods of Roman history, whether under the large independence that the agents of the republic misused, or under the greater control which jealous Emperors exercised over their Viceroy's. Perhaps there is some measure of oratorical exaggeration in the picture drawn by Cicero, when he describes the Government of Verres in the last century preceding the Christian era. “\* All Asia gave herself up to you to be harassed and plundered, and all Pamphylia lay at your mercy to be pillaged.” “† You invited your friends into the province as to a plundering ground.” ‡ All the provinces are in mourning: all free nations are groaning; every kingdom is protesting against our covetousness and our injustice; there is no place left on this side of the ocean, none so distant that the lust and iniquity of our citizens has not reached it. The Roman people can no longer endure the mourning, the tears, and the complaints of all foreign nations.” But this expressive language is not confined to Cicero's speeches. In his private letters he writes to his friends of the bitter harshness, “*acerbitatem atque injurias*” of the imperial rule. We may pass on to the second century of the present era to the reign of Hadrian, when perhaps the provinces were best governed under Rome, and we shall find abundant testimony to the charges which Guizot levelled against Roman

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\* 2nd Oration against Verres xxxvi. † 3rd Oration xi.

‡ 4th Oration against Verres, lxxxix.

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misrule. Not even Sir Richard Temple was more active in his tours through the district, than was the great traveller who succeeded Trajan. Hadrian was also a good Greek scholar, and much of his remarkable activity was devoted to the reform of provincial administrations. His reign is full of instances of punishments of Governors, special measures of financial reform, and checks imposed on the Procurators. His successor, M. Antoninus Pius, also devoted particular attention to the provinces. But the very edicts which he issued against the spoliation of the provincials indicate, on the reverse side of the tablets, the grievous injuries which he sought to redress. Civilis, in his letter to Antoninus, given in the fourth book of the history of Tacitus, asked the Treverians:—"What reward do you expect for having so often shed your blood, except hard and thankless service, eternal tribute, rods, axes, and the caprices of your rulers." The question asked then recurred to the provincials at each stage of their history, until the rottenness of the Roman system was proved by its fall before the first impact of the barbarians. There was no strength left in it, for the life had been eaten out of the provinces. Misrule had depopulated rich provinces, and their wealth had been drained to feed a servile crowd in Rome. The largesses *congiaria* wrung from the provinces, and distributed amongst the Romans by Nero and Vitellius, were enormous. Whether a similar fate is in store for India must depend upon whether similar causes are at work here. Is India being ruined to pay tribute to England? Are its Viceroys either independent of all control; or are they the servile instruments of rapacious imperial masters? Are the popular committees in town and country merely units of taxation for foreign coffers? These are questions which must be answered before we can predict the fall of the Indian empire by the analogy of the decline of the Roman empire.

The canker which was undermining the Roman structure of provincial administration was the *tribute*. The sound is familiar to Indian ears, since it is a common trick of popular writers to conceal the truth under a false analogy. Thus, the Indian school-boy, who has gained an imperfect knowledge of the Roman tribute, is often deceived by the catch-expression of India's tribute, which sensational writers like Hyndman have misapplied to the foreign payments made by India for the stores she imports from England, and for the hired services of her English employes. The view which the Romans took of tribute under the republic is, however, unmistakably shown in a passage contained in Cicero's fourth oration against Verres. "The tribute is either of a fixed amount *stipendium* being a sort of reward of victory and penalty for war; or else a contract exists between the State and the farmers, settled

by the censor, as in the case of Asia under the Sempbrian law." The notion, which is a common-place in the mouths of Englishmen, that the rulers of India are trustees for the public finances of India, and for the devotion of the people's taxes to the task of good administration, never once occurred even to the most far-sighted and liberal of Roman statesmen. According to Roman views, the provincial revenues were held in trust for Romans. Rome had conquered the provinces, and her children had a right to be fed gratuitously by them. Cæsar changed the tithes of Asia into a regular tribute, which was paid either in money or in kind. In the latter case even wax or hides were sometimes supplied, as here corn could not be exploited. The main basis of taxation was the land; but there were also taxes on trades, income taxes, and above all, heavy tolls *portoria*, from which Romans were specially exempted. • Until the time of Vespasian the proceeds from the domain lands in the senatorial provinces were paid into the *ærarium*, while those in the Imperial provinces were paid into the *fiscus*. After the period of Vespasian all domains were under the Imperial care. The senatorial treasury, or *ærarium*, was in a chronic state of bankruptcy, while the Imperial treasury, or *fiscus*, was charged with such expenditure that it required all that the unfortunate provinces could supply. The armies and fleets of Rome were not only paid from it, but the populace and the public buildings of Rome were maintained from it. The tribute of Asia was fixed under Hadrian at 28 million sesterces, and the equivalent which Asia received was the protection of Italy, which did not concern it, and the pacification of a turbulent populace at Rome by the issue of cheap corn. The so-called tribute paid by India is, on the other hand, scrupulously applied to administration or to military operations in which India is directly concerned. Even here the Imperial treasury, supplied by the taxes of Great Britain, comes to the relief of the Indian tax-payer, and fulfils, not without a sigh, the prediction of Sir Robert Peel in 1842. There is not a single service unconnected with India for which the Indian ryot is called upon to pay. He pays, of course, for the military force which defends his frontier, and for keeping open communications with the country from which the force is recruited. He pays for the services of the officers who serve him and the charges of the London office which supervises his rulers. But there is not one of the elements of the Roman tribute in this. Contrast for a moment the liabilities of India under British rule with those of a province ruled by Romans for the benefit of Rome. The Asiatic ryot of the Roman Empire paid at least one-tenth of his produce, not to supply the coffers of his own administration but for removal to Rome, frequently in ships supplied

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by his own country : he was further forced to supply another share of his crops at a fixed rate ; and it is reported that the rate was sometimes fixed so low that he preferred to keep his crop and pay the money which he was to receive : he witnessed the removal of his religious emblems and his Gods from his country's temples which were carried off to adorn the streets of Rome, and, if he wished to worship them, it was to Rome that he must repair : and he could find no local court to appeal to for protection against the illegal acts of a Governor, or, what was worst of all, those of his staff and hangers-on. Often he found himself exposed to the attacks of robbers or the excursions of pirates, which a bad administration was powerless to prevent. The fruits of such misrule were just what might have been expected. The Emperor Alexander reduced the tribute to one-thirtieth of that which he found it on his accession. But it was too late. Land went out of cultivation, cities declined, population fell off, and even the simplest arts, had perished, so that Constantius sent to Britain for skilled labour to serve in a province whose industries had languished under the iron rule of Rome. The story with which we are familiar in India presents a contrast to the picture just drawn. It is easier to write reckless statements about the over-taxation of British India, the destruction of its arts, and the ruin of the people, than to reconcile them with the incontrovertible facts of increasing trade, a growing population, extension of cities, full schools, an increase in the absorption of gold and silver, and the numerous other proofs of prosperity which famine and war have arrested only for a season, but never permanently injured. The tribute which India's children pay to England differs in nothing from the tribute which the customer pays to the vendor of an article he requires. The Asiatic subject of Rome did not receive back any equivalent for the goods he surrendered. The ships which carried his produce to Rome carried, in the words of Cicero, "the rewards" of victory to the victorious Roman people. The so-called tribute of India, which ships of commerce bear to England in the shape of indigo, corn, tea, and other produce, brings back the raw materials of iron and coal, and those products of English industry which the West exchanges with the East. It secures the skilled labour in the administration of the country, or the development of its industries, without which India would cease to progress ; and there is not one penny paid to England by India for which the latter does not receive fourfold. In fact, there are many liberal statesmen in England who consider that the drain of national resources is from England to India, and that England would be more powerful without the connection. This, however, is an extreme view, but at least it shows that little analogy

exists between the tribute paid to Rome, and that supposed to be paid to England by her great dependency.

The position of the Roman Governor, like that of the Russian Governor-generals in Central Asia, corresponded with the functions of tribute-collector imposed upon him. He gathered up in his own hands all the authorities, which, for the sake of good Government, Englishmen divide. The Indian Governors are the head of the executive, but they possess no powers of control over the courts of justice. The head of a province can only indirectly put the military forces in motion. He cannot, like Verres of old, order the troops to execute acts of private malice. If he travels, he pays for his supplies and his transport; and if his subordinates trample on private rights, he cannot shield them from prosecution. He can only make laws by the consent of his council, and subject to the confirmation of higher authority. The authority of the Roman Governor varied under different *régimes* and under various Emperors. Under the republic the Governor united civil and military authority, and in the former capacity he was both supreme judge and comptroller of the finances. He held office for a single year at first, but in the latter days of the Republic, the term was extended to three years, and the small control, which the central government might nominally exercise, was still further weakened by the struggles between the senate and the assembly, and by the party factions which dominated the capital. The picture drawn by Cicero of the provincial government of a province, so near to Italy as Sicily, may be taken to represent the practical character of provincial administration at that time. "No legal decision for three years was given, on any other ground but his will, no inherited property was safe, enormous sums of money were exacted from the cultivators, men were prosecuted when absent, justice was sold, public statues and ornaments were robbed, and the temples were plundered." It was the boast of Verres that the profits of the first year of his rule sufficed to give him a fortune, the profits of his second year were for his patrons and hangers-on, and the third year's gains were reserved to bribe the judges who were to try him for his misrule. The misdeeds of dacoits were condoned for money payments, the city bankers were plundered, and false charges were trumped up against those who appealed to the provincial law. Notwithstanding this, the cities which had suffered at his hands were induced to pass votes of thanks to him, while the citizens were taxed to erect statues to his memory, and to send complimentary deputations to Rome to thank the Government for the benefits they had conferred on the province by his appointment. When the Governor travelled on tour, his requisitions were met by the people, and his

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retinue was quartered on the cities through which he passed. The hospitality of the leading citizens was abused by the insults which he offered to their daughters, or by the spoliation of their houses. It is true that the laws provided an impeachment, but the appeal was to a body which looked to furnish candidates for the very office that the ex-Governor had abused, and small justice could be expected from such a tribunal. Under the republic, the control which could be exercised over a Governor was further weakened by the violence of party feeling at Rome ; and the result was, that the local Governors exercised an irresponsible despotism over the provinces committed to their care.

But the analogists, who appeal to the history of Rome as supplying a parallelism between our administration of India and the Roman rule, will reply that the times of the Republic differed materially from the provincial government under the Emperors. There is some truth in this ; and had the Emperors been the gods which their flatterers called them, or equal to the government of the world, then the changes introduced by them into the machinery might have restored life to the provinces. But the Emperors were only men, and frequently very bad men ; and thus the centralisation which they introduced, merely increased the load which crushed the tributary provinces. Whatever else was changed, the need for filling the coffers of the Emperors, and the wastage of imperial finance remained. The covetousness of a bad local Governor under the Republic was not more tolerable than the zeal of a good Imperial Viceroy, who sought to win his master's favour by liberal remittances of taxation. Centralisation, as a matter of fact, removed some evils, but it substituted others. It flattered the vanity of the Emperor to feel that he ruled a world, and it also gave him the means of gratifying his cupidity. The very remedy, which extension of the term of local office might have afforded, was rendered useless, because the Emperor, far removed from the scene of misrule, held the reins in his own hand. The picture of centralisation drawn in the letters of Pliny has often been appealed to as a faithful picture of the tendency of Indian administration, as it seems now to be drifting into the vortex of party politics. Undoubtedly the telegraph and the invention of steam have brought India more closely under control from England ; but the centralisation which some people deplore in regard to Indian affairs is, in every respect, a contrast to the centralisation which Trajan's nominee has depicted. The Roman centralisation was devoted to giving an extra screw to the tribute, while the English centralisation aims at bringing English public opinion and its impartiality to bear on Indian administration. The former was interested in tribute

while the latter is disinterested. Yet it would not be just to overlook the reforms, which, under a good Emperor, were introduced into the Roman provincial system. One of them opens out a question which is often debated in reference to the terms of Viceregal office. The Emperors naturally disapproved of the frequent changes which senatorial jealousy had demanded. Under them, the term of service as a provincial Governor was increased to five and even to ten years. Thus, a good Governor not only gained some knowledge of his province, but he was enabled to witness the effect of his own measures. He did not, like Verres, escape from the spectacle of his own misrule, and leave to a Metellus a ruined state and depopulated country. Another improvement was the payment of a fixed salary to the Governors. But although the power and inclination of the Governor to rob was thus curtailed, the increasing demands of the Emperor's treasury only aggravated the misfortunes of the subject races. Even the great Augustus had consented to be a partner in the misrule of his subordinates, when he accepted from Licinus the fruits of his spoliation of his own native province, Gaul. In later days when worse Emperors ruled, it was a Vespasian who doubled the tribute imposed on the provinces, and even appointed vicious Proconsuls to carry out his severe decrees. So, too, of Nero. It is related by Tacitus, that the provinces were despoiled to support the credit of Rome, and doubtless the amphitheatre which he erected in the field of Mars, represented the exploitation of Asia. One edict issued by Nero proves, that even under the Emperor, the pernicious system of obtaining a fictitious popularity from the ruined provincials was not extinguished. The Emperor, says Tacitus, in the thirteenth book of the *Annals*, issued an edict, "that no procurator, nor any other magistrate, who had obtained any province, should exhibit a spectacle of gladiators, or of wild beasts, or of any other popular entertainment whatsoever: for heretofore they had by such acts of munificence no less oppressed those under their jurisdiction than by extortion, warding off the blame of their guilty excesses by the device of popularity." As a rule, however, the Governors were too much afraid of imperial jealousy to aim at popularity. Centralisation produced not only a paralysis of good government, but it encouraged obsequiousness. Pliny referred such trifling matters of detail to the Emperor Trajan, that he was rebuked for not disposing of them himself. His letters also are full of the assurances of obsequious devotion by the Bithynians to his imperial master. The centralisation which shifted the centre of power from the provinces to Rome was a very doubtful boon. There was another change in the position of the Governors which might have been expected to



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work better. Procurators, or finance ministers, were sent by the Emperor to manage provincial finances, and if they could have been kept from usurping judicial authority, they might have proved honest custodians of the public revenues. But the practical effect of their appointment was to place two tyrants instead of one over the people. In the words of the Britons—"A single king once ruled us. We have now two, one to tyrannise over our persons, and the other to tyrannise over our properties." And such was the fate of all the provincials under Rome. The whole theory of the expansion of Rome was to ease the burthen of taxation at home. The tribute was the visible consequence of annexation; and whether the local Governors profited by senatorial dissensions and filled their own pockets, or whether under the centralised Imperial rule they only strove to fill the Emperor's treasury, the result was the same. Land went out of cultivation, the population became unable to defend itself, and as Guizot remarked, the nations became "mute and lifeless."

The reader may, perhaps, be able to judge what degree of analogy exists between the old and the new empire, between that which the military power of Rome raised, and that which the naval and commercial power of England maintains. The catch words of tribute and centralisation, so often borrowed from Roman history and applied to Indian history, must be analysed, before it can be affirmed, as a recent writer has, that "if we are indignant with the Roman rule, we ought to be still more indignant with our rule in India." A further step in the inquiry may be made by an examination of the Roman municipal system. In this direction a parallelism between the course of Indian and Roman history has frequently been drawn, and it will not be out of place to undertake a short investigation of the points of resemblance or contrast. It has often been observed that the greatest monument of the Roman capacity for rule were the towns with their corporate life, which handed down to modern history the idea of municipal institutions. Those who look forward to the creation of national life in India, trust that the germs of self-government will be found in the municipal boards which the Court of Directors planted, and which the Viceroy has watered. The Roman municipalities sank under their burdens, and their fate deserves inquiry if only as helping to educate us who are engaged in applying to India a similar experiment. The constitution of the town communities established by Rome was apparently of a highly popular character. The Roman conquerors made towns wherever they did not already find them in existence. In such cases, it was from a cantonment that a village was first formed, and then

dignified by the gift of self-government. There were several classes of towns, some of which had their constitution defined by treaty, others receiving a gift of freedom from Rome, whilst the great bulk were called "Stipendiary States." Ultimately, all towns which enjoyed the Latin or Roman right, were called municipal towns. To all of these a large measure of self-government, under their own laws, was conceded. The municipality could sue and be sued, and it could acquire and hold property. Its affairs were managed by a corporation and two chief Magistrates called *Duumviri*. Some municipalities had even a mint of their own. The franchise was based on landed property, and all the inhabitants who held 25 jugera of land were liable to serve, and had a right to vote for the municipal office-holders. There were, however, large exemptions which excluded all titled *clarissimi* persons and public officials from a share in the municipal government. But with all the apparent dignity and honour of office, the onus of it was such that it became necessary to interdict those who were liable to serve in the municipal offices from living out of the town. The *Curia*, or municipal corporation, could only be saved from dissolution by the disabilities which the law attached to its members in order to keep them resident in the town. For a parallel to this state of affairs, the reader will assuredly look rather to Russia than to India. The cause of this necessity to keep the constitution together by legal force, may be traced in the pithy remark of Cicero, when he speaks of the taxes of Asia as the "tribute of the cities." This brings us back again to the main cause of Roman decay—the over-taxation of the provincials. The towns were the cheapest administrative means for raising the imperial taxes. Even under the Republic, the duties of receiving envoys, entertaining governors, quartering troops, maintaining roads, and collecting taxes, were imposed by law upon the towns. Under the Empire the convenient system was more fully developed. The sole authority of the Emperor was sufficient to give the doubtful boon of municipal life to the cities of the distant provinces, and the boon carried with it the full weight of the despotism of Rome. The Roman Municipalities were thus essentially the means for raising taxes from the people for *imperial expenditure*. But the very essence of the Indian system is, that the funds raised locally shall be spent locally. Some deviation from the principle has been recognised in some parts of India, where a municipal liability is recognised in times of famine; but even there it is for the benefit of the population which feeds the town that the liability is incurred: and the exception, no less than the rule, confirms the view, that the Indian system presents no parallelism, but only a contrast to the Roman system.

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There were other ways in which Rome expected to reap advantage from her dependencies, and modern countries have sometimes adopted different methods to attain the same end. The Roman colonies were often mere transplantations of troublesome citizens, to whom were allotted shares of land in the conquered country. Augustus expelled the existing inhabitants to make way for his colonists, but in later times, the Roman emigrants were added to the existing population. As the new arrivals brought with them rights which were not enjoyed by the provincials, and especially an exemption from some forms of taxation, the Roman colonists were not a pleasant addition to the local population. There were other forms of colonisation, intended to protect a frontier or to overawe a tribe. The Russian Empire appears to have faithfully followed the Roman model in this respect; but from the earliest days of Indian rule, the tendency set strongly against the importation of this foreign element into Indian society. The very law which exports European vagrants is a proof of the desire of the British rulers to save the native population from the growth of the irresponsible foreign element in the country. The economic and industrial condition of Rome prevented its recourse to another expedient, by which modern countries, with the exception of England, have sought to increase the profits of colonial empire at the expense of the inhabitants of the colonies or annexed countries. Thus, the extension of Russian trade in Central Asia is obtained by driving the cheaper goods of other countries from the market. This is secured at the cost of the local consumers by the imposition of protective duties. The French Government pursues a similar policy, and it has only, within the last few weeks, published the protective duties on foreign merchandize, voted by the Consul-General of the Island of Martinique, under pressure from the Minister for the Colonies. The duties, whether specific or *ad-valorem*, range from 10 to 20 per cent., and in some cases are absolutely prohibitory against Indian manufactures, as against Madras handkerchiefs, on which there is a charge of three francs per piece of eight. Silk goods, calico, cotton, linen, and leather are thus placed under an interdict, so that the colonists may be compelled to purchase French goods at a higher rate than they could purchase them in a free market. England has, on the contrary, given to India not only her own taxes, but free trade, and the incalculable benefit thus bestowed on the people reaches the very lowest ranks of society.

It may be urged that the contrast which I have attempted to draw between the Roman and the Indian Empire is coloured by optimistic views, and that it amounts to an assertion that England can learn nothing in the pages of Roman history.

Such, however, is not my contention. I have simply endeavoured to remove a few misapprehensions which false analogies may create ; and if I have succeeded in showing that the dangers which threaten our Indian Empire do not lie in the direction in which popular writers invite us to look, I am certainly not insensible to the fact, that the fabric which British energy has raised in India may, under injudicious guidance, crumble away as completely as did the Roman Empire. It seems to me wholly improbable that India will ever perish from the load of tribute imposed on it. But if it is to grow, the part which it takes in its own administration must be increased. India is still a geographical expression, rather than a nation, and it owes its apparent unity to the strong cohesive power of foreign rule. How, this external support can be removed without risk to the edifice, is the practical problem for our statesmen. The process must necessarily be gradual, and whatever structure of self-government is hereafter built up, must be broad-based, on a community of all castes and classes. Up to a certain period in Indian history, it seemed as if our only work had been to superimpose the new upon the old. But in more recent times the policy has been one which never entered into the philosophy of Rome, namely, to encourage the growth of a system from within ; and the work which still lies before us, is to perfect the separate forms of national life and then to combine them until—

. . .

The whole made up of all the single parts ;  
In such a synthesis the labour ends.

W. LEE—WARNER.

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## ART. XI.—A FEW WORDS ABOUT CAMPING.

THERE are so few attractions in Indian station-life during the long weary months of the hot season, that very few people find anything in them to regret, but there are many who, when the long-wished-for time comes for them to retire to some cosy corner in their own country, look back with feelings of regret upon the pleasant camping days of the past.

To those who know how to make camp life comfortable there is a great charm in its freedom, and in the change and movements that contrast so strongly with the monotonous routine of station life,—that is, of course, in the cold season. No sane person would ever perpetrate such an act of madness as to attempt a camping expedition, for sport or pleasure, in the hot season.

Government officers, however, have no choice ; district work and quarterly inspections have to be got through without any reference to the seasons, and no doubt the heads of the various departments are only reluctantly doing their duty when they call upon their officers to explain why such and such portions of their district have not been visited during the months of April, May, and June,—or July, August and September ; but they might have more compunction about enforcing the order concerning quarterly inspections if they were suddenly to be transported from their comparatively cool offices, with their closed doors and windows, and swinging punkahs, to a tent, with only a few folds of cloth between them and a sun whose scorching rays drive even the natives of the country to seek some sheltered spot, where they can escape from its burning blaze of heat and glare : where there are no punkahs, or at best that miserable substitute, a hand-punkah, but swarms of flies that hover round the eyelids, and settle on the ears ; no cool air coming through a well-made *kus-kus tattie*, but a hot wind that feels as if it had just escaped from the infernal regions.

In the good old days, before the present rage for inspection troubled the minds of the powers-that-be, officers probably did their work just as thoroughly, even though they did not move about their district in the hot months, thereby running the risk of sunstroke and cholera. How can the lucky individuals, who calmly pen cutting remarks upon the want of energy displayed by the less fortunate officers who are beneath them in more ways than one, from the cool heights of Simla or Darjeeling, or even from their comfortable head-quarters offices in the plains, be expected to enter into the feelings of a man who has to undergo the dis-

comfort and risk of travelling at a time when the sun is hot enough to melt the brains of anyone who cannot boast of being first cousin to a Salamander, and the few buckets' full of water that remain at the bottom of the tanks smell and taste unpleasantly of the many noxious matters that have found their way into them, and convey, to even the most unimaginative, visions of cholera and coffins.

These things must be experienced to be fully appreciated, and although the big-wigs may have gone through a certain amount of it in their junior days, it was only a certain amount, for late years have added burdens of reports, tours of inspection, and returns, to the non-resisting shoulders of Government officials, of all departments and grades, that were never dreamed of eighteen or twenty, or even ten and twelve years ago.

It is not the trying and miserable hot-weather-camping that is remembered regretfully by old Anglo-Indians, but the pleasant cold weather tours and trips, when work and pleasure can be combined, and the discomforts of camp life are more than compensated for by its enjoyments.

When October draws near, everyone begins to talk of the cold weather, and many people cling to the flattering fallacy that it sets in on the 15th October, but it often disappoints them. If camping is commenced before the 1st November, it is advisable to be careful, as the sun is often very strong, and if the rains have been late there is still a good deal of malaria about. By the 10th or 12th of November the delicious cold season of Bengal has generally fairly set in, and from then, until the middle of February, many small mofussil stations are nearly deserted by ladies as well as gentlemen. Anything pleasanter than the climate during these three short months it is difficult to imagine, and for people who know how to travel about, with the maximum of comfort and the minimum of trouble, few things are more enjoyable than camp life.

The fact of its being a very healthy, as well as an enjoyable, life, is certified to by the appearance of nearly every camping-party. There are exceptions to every rule, and the people who manage to get the minimum of comfort with the maximum of trouble are the exceptions to this rule. The camping portion of the community may be divided into two classes: those who do, and those who do not, know how to manage well in camp. A certain amount of money must, of course, be expended, for India is not the happy land where anything can be had for nothing, as one's home folks sometimes fancy it is; but still it is a fact that it is not always those who possess most of this world's goods who are most comfortable in camp. Some people are possessed with the idea that because

they are camping out, they cannot have any of their usual small comforts, and take a special pride "in travelling light."

The man who starts off for a tour of two or three weeks, and, trusting to Providence to provide for him during that time, takes no proper camping gear with him, deserves to be miserable. He may save a few rupees by it sometimes, but it generally ends in costing him more in hard cash, and in the matter of health, than if he had provided himself with a few necessary comforts.

"I am going to travel light," I once heard a man say; "I hate to be bothered with a lot of things in camp." He kept his word in starting, and went off with next to nothing. A few days afterwards a piteous string of complaints was received from him. "My wretched 'Boy' has fever, and as he declared himself capable of doing everything for me, I did not bring anyone else, and so I can't get a thing to eat. I got wet in that storm yesterday, and, having no warm clothes with me, I have caught cold; who could tell the weather was going to change so soon. I am so feverish. Send me some quinine, and some chlorodyne too, for cholera is raging about here. Ask the doctor if chlorodyne is any good for cholera, and if it is not, to send me some of those cholera pills. I slept on a native *machan* last night, and my own mother would hardly know me this morning. I wonder I was not eaten up entirely. Send me a table, a camp-bed, and a chair; a wash-hand basin of some sort would be handy. I washed my face in the pony's bucket this morning—what a horrid nuisance travelling is in this vile country."

And so the country has to bear the blame, when the fault lies entirely with the traveller himself. A bed, a table, a chair, a few carefully selected stores, a medicine box, one good servant and one under one, and a couple of extra suits of clothing, make all the difference, when travelling about in India, between comfort and discomfort. Why should anyone wash their face in a bucket when in camp? A vision arises before me of a tumble-down, dirty-looking place, that, in Assam, was honored by the title of an Inspection Bungalow; the grey dawn of a bitterly cold December morning disclosed a group in front of the miserable bungalow. The young husband and father, who had acted on the principle of first come first served, was vigorously drying his face in a towel, while his sister-in-law washed hers in a bucket of cold water that was to serve the whole family; and his wife stood shivering in the cold, waiting for her turn, with a poor sleepy little child drooping its heavy head on her shoulder. A hasty wash, a drink of cold milk for the poor little scrap, who ought to have been fast asleep in a snug,

warm bed, and the party hurried off, in a great state of mind at being ten minutes later than usual. Were they hurrying on to the death-bed of some one they loved? or in answer to some urgent call, that it was a matter of such great importance that they should not wait half-an-hour to get a cup of hot tea, and some warm food for their child? Not at all. They were merely suffering from the mania that it was the correct thing to travel very early in the morning, before the sun was up, and December or April were all the same to them, or at least to the vigorous young man. One rule must be kept for the whole year, in spite of cold or darkness, a tired wife, or a delicate baby.

Now, to get up before day-light in December, dress by the light of a feeble lantern, take turns at a bucket of cold water, and dry one's face and half-numbed fingers in a family towel, and then start off on a journey without having even a cup of tea, is the height of misery. Hard and fast rules are a mistake in a climate that varies as much as that of India, and to keep the same travelling hours all the year round is simply absurd.

When a camp has to be moved it is very advisable to make an early start, but not without having a good *chota-hazri* first. Nothing is so conducive to headache and bad temper as starting on a journey without eating anything. There is, in this land of uncertainty, where no one tells the truth concerning distances, a certain amount of doubt as to when and where the next meal is to be had, and it is well to be fortified against the pangs of hunger. Almost all travelling in Bengal is slow, and in Assam it is annoyingly so. Bullock carts crawl along at a snail's pace, and although coolies are somewhat faster, they are not sufficiently so to make it worth while employing them.

It is an excellent plan, when out on tour, to start off a cart with a small tent, and another with all the cooking apparatus and the cook, either directly after dinner, or in the night when the moon rises. The bullocks travel better in the night than in the heat of the day, and the cook has time to reach the next halting place; or, if the march is a long one, some convenient half-way place, and prepare the breakfast before the rest of the camp arrives.

With three small tents (or large ones if the extra expense of carriage is no object) an officer can travel with his wife very comfortably, and have one always pitched ready for a halt wherever it is most convenient. If he is alone two are sufficient, and many men consider one enough, but one tent is a mistake if there is any office work to be done. Office work cannot be conveniently carried on in the same tent that an officer lives in, and as most, if not all, Government officials are



supposed to be in camp for 120 days in the year, they may as well make themselves comfortable over it. They will not get through their work any the worse for being decently tented and fed.

With the cook-house cart and a tent well ahead, there is no need for any desperate amount of hurry, and by keeping a tiffin-basket well supplied with all the necessary articles, and one servant, and sending the other things on, a very comfortable *chota-hazri* can be had without any trouble, and without delaying the camp.

It is a welcome sight when emerging from the sleeping tent on a cold morning to see a table all ready spread with tea and toast, not to mention the more substantial fare that the delicious crispness of the air enables the travellers to dispose of with relish. In districts where there are fogs and dews, it is advisable to have the table spread inside a tent; but in the dry districts the open air, with the shade of a large peepul or tamarind tree, is preferable. Mango topes are very pleasant to camp under sometimes, but should be carefully selected, as some of them are inhabited by hundreds of *minahs*, and these noisy little birds make a most distracting noise every morning and evening, and keep up a running fire of chattering and squabbling all through the night.

While *chota-hazri* is being disposed of, such of the camp followers as have not gone on with the night party can eat their food and get everything ready for a start. A very common mistake is made by many people in not concerning themselves at all about their servants and camp followers. As long as a man gets his own food, and can hurry on to the next stage, he often neither knows nor cares if his men have had any food, and many of the complaints against servants, when in camp, arise from their being tired and hungry. They are like children, and some little attention must be paid to them, or they cannot work well and contentedly. It is unreasonable to expect servants to strike tents, do a long march, and re-pitch the tents, cook and serve their master's meals, without having an opportunity of cooking and eating their own food. It saves time in the end to allow them to do it, for then there is no fear of their stopping in the middle of the march when there is no one to hurry them on, and they get through the journey and do their work more quickly and satisfactorily.

Seated beneath the shade of one of the magnificent trees that are dotted about so plentifully in almost every part of Bengal, with a camp fire smouldering, just near enough to convey a pleasurable degree of warmth, the travellers can watch the stir and bustle of their camp and see that their animals are properly groomed and fed, without any trouble.

The scene is by no means an uninteresting one. The figures of the numerous camp followers moving backwards and forwards, some of them striking the tents, while others pile the miscellaneous heaps of household goods on the carts; the patient bullocks, crunching their miserable meal of dry straw sprinkled, perchance, if their owner is a careful man who prizes his cattle, with a little oil-cake; the horses with their noses well buried in the buckets that contain their more relishing repast, and the dogs lying by the fire anxiously waiting to see the guns brought forth—all tend to make the scene a bright and animated one.

When the guns are called for, the dogs prick up their ears, and, when their master takes his in his hand and makes ready for a move, they leap round him in delight. If a man has to travel much alone, a really good dog is the best of companions. Good dogs are scarce, but it is better to have none than to have a worthless beast, who has nothing to recommend him but a loud voice, which he uses to the annoyance of everyone in the camp. There is something wrong about the individual who can make a pet of an underbred cur, or a "pie."

The shooting grounds vary a great deal in the different districts, but whether the hour's shooting, that is all that a busy district officer can allow himself, is over wet marshy ground, after snipe and duck, or through low scrub and jungle, where he may perhaps get only a few quail, or a couple of jungle fowl, the enjoyment is nearly the same. A good gun and good dog, and even fairly good shooting ground, should make a man contented for the rest of the day. If he fails to enjoy his morning's sport under these circumstances he must have something radically wrong with him, either mentally or bodily, or be weighed down with a sense of care and depression that would prevent his enjoying anything.

The scenery is often very pretty. Until late in November the varied shades and tints of the rice fields remind one of the waving corn fields of the old country, although they lack the lovely golden color, and are not set in a framework of green hedges. Bright patches of green, where the young mustard crop is coming on, contrast well with the varied shades of the rice fields, and by-and-bye will be a mass of bright yellow flowers, when the rice has all been reaped and the large bare sweeps of country would look barren and uninteresting, but for these gay patches of color. \*Large topes of mango trees, and groups, or solitary specimens of the magnificent peepul, or the graceful tamarind, are dotted over the landscape, while the brown thatched roofs of the village houses, nestling in sheltered nooks, and amongst tall trees, make up a landscape that is both bright and picturesque.

A few more streams and rivers would be a great addition, for, as a rule, the only water to be seen is in a few tanks that do not add much to the scenery, and are—shall I say, living evidences of the habitual dirtiness and callousness of the Bengalee. Two pieces of advice the traveller would do well to follow,—to be careful about pitching his camp in a mango tope, because of the previously mentioned nuisance of the minahs, and never to allow his men to give him water from the tanks. A good filter is indispensable, but, even with that purifier at hand, it is impossible to relish the water that a whole village probably bathes in, and wash their clothes and cattle in.

Who that has travelled in any part of India has not seen how a native goes down to the water, whether it be a river or a tank, and wading in, indulges in a wash, dips a filthy, dirty rag, that he dignifies by the name of a cloth, into the water, under the impression that he is washing it, and finally takes an earthen water-vessel, and moving it backwards and forwards several times, just on the surface, to disperse the thick scum, dips up his supply of drinking water. The scene by an Indian mofussil tank may be interesting, but it is also disgusting, and, if there is no other drinking water to be had, very sickening. One man is washing down his buffaloes as they stand in the water, another is enjoying his bath, some women are washing clothes, (the color of which would suggest that that necessary operation was not being performed too soon) not at the side but actually in the water, while their children tumble about and soak off some of the accumulation of filth that native babies rejoice in. A thick scum floats on the surface of the tank and conveys a warning to all thirsty souls that there is more in the water than there should be, and that cholera is not an unknown disease in Bengal, or, indeed, in any part of India, especially in the hot season, when the water is very low.

Let us leave the unsavory spot, and make our way to that marshy ground to the right: it looks a likely spot for snipe or duck, and it is a pity to waste a minute of the precious morning.

A fair number of snipe or teal being safely strung upon the stick, the sportsman turns campwards with a sigh. How pleasant it would be to go on shooting, instead of having to return to camp and go through a pile of papers or office books. A brisk canter across country on an animal that evidently feels the enlivening effects of the cold weather as much as his master does, and the morning's holiday is over, and there is nothing to be done but follow the camp on to the next halting place.

If the march is a long one it is a good plan to have a halt of a couple of hours in any pleasant shady spot, and have breakfast, while the horses and cattle rest. It frequently hap-

pens that this break in the journey can be made at a point where there is some work to be done, and in this way a good deal can be accomplished with little inconvenience, and a short ride or drive will enable a man to reach his next camping ground in time for a prowl round in search of any small game there may be about, before it gets dark.

Some people can manage to exist upon scrap meals, eaten at all hours, and are content with a bottle of beer and a tin of soup at 6. A. M., and an unsavory sort of mess, cooked by over-tired and careless servants—at 10 P. M.; but for those who prefer to treat their digestive organs with more courtesy, it is a good plan to have a small basket (the same that contains the *Chota-Hasri*) always ready stocked with a few simple things that can be taken at any time. A small basket that can be carried by a coolie, or taken in the trap or palkee is quite sufficient, and it often proves very acceptable, especially in remote places where the means of carriage are not always available. In Assam it is never safe to travel without at least a few biscuits and a flask of whiskey. Even with the best of management it sometimes happens that the arrangements for the day fall through, and it is awkward to find oneself on the bank of a suddenly swollen river, and contemplate one's camp on the opposite bank.

There are some people who can accept such a position with perfect serenity, and lie down on the bank with their saddle for a pillow, and go to sleep; but even they would be glad of a few biscuits and a little whiskey, while the little tiffin basket would be invaluable. A loaf of bread or some biscuits, a tin of soup, a bottle of beer, or, for those who prefer it, a small packet of tea and sugar, a cup, knife, spoon, and a small Napoleon spirit-lamp, which takes up no more room than a spirit flask, and a little bottle of milk, can all be packed into a very small space—with any additions the taste of the traveler may suggest, and will ensure his having enough food to last him until he can regain his camp or reach some place where more can be obtained.

When the mornings are so deliciously cold and invigorating, the evenings also are cold, and it is quite enough to spoil the pleasure of camping out, to arrive at the end of a long day's journey knowing that the carts are miles behind and not likely to arrive for some hours, and sit shivering and cold (for even a fire, if obtainable, will not make a hungry man warm and comfortable) until they crawl slowly in, and the tired servants prepare a meal that loses all chance of being eatable through the impatience of their hungry, and consequently cross, master. A light meal, which is all ready to hand in the little box or basket, a cup of hot soup, or tea, which can be made in five

minutes with the little spirit lamp, or a bottle of beer, and some bread and butter or biscuits, make a wonderful difference in the state of affairs, and in the temper of the traveller; the servants, not being hurried and scolded, do not get flurried, and in due time serve a very decent meal.

The mild Hindoo who twists the tails of his bullocks so remorselessly, takes a malicious pleasure in upsetting the plans of a whole camp, by allowing his cattle to stray away just when they are wanted, or by starting on a journey with a cart wheel that is tied on with a piece of string, or an axle that is on the eve of breaking, and which consequently does break on the journey and causes several hours delay. Sometimes the carts are all ready, but no cartmen turn up—they may be expected in the course of a few hours, having taken French leave and gone off to the nearest village.

If there is a disturbance in the camp, it is sure to be caused by the cartmen. If they are paid double the proper amount due to them, they will still haggle for more. Native boatmen are even more troublesome, and it is more annoying to find when you wake in the morning that your boatmen have decamped in the night, than that your cartmen have gone to the nearest village to eat. With a good crew, boat travelling is a very easy and convenient mode of progression; but it is awkward to have to hunt up a fresh crew each day, and perhaps be considerably delayed for want of one. In Eastern Bengal a good deal more boat travelling can be done than in the drier districts, and it can be made more luxurious. In a good-sized Budgerow there is room for a great many little conveniences that cannot be well carted about, and a party of two or three can be easily accommodated, providing the cooking is all done in a separate boat. It is a lazy, monotonous kind of life and does not suit many people. The boats creep slowly along the sluggish rivers, sometimes being propelled by the pole and sometimes drawn along by the towing rope. The gray sand-banks present no objects of interest, and the country beyond is flat and cannot be seen well from the boat. It is necessary to be provided with some occupation, or the days will be intolerably long and dull, unless indeed the travellers indulge in a taste for *dolce far niente* and are content to lie dreaming away the time until the boat is moored to the bank and they can stretch themselves on shore. Boatmen are no more to be trusted than cartmen, and it not unfrequently happens that when the pangs of hunger begin to be felt, and the cookhouse boat becomes an object of interest, it is nowhere to be seen—and it remains invisible until the patience of the hungry party being fairly exhausted, they are obliged to retrace their way to look for it.

They may find it slowly creeping along, having lost one or two of its crew who have taken care to allow the boat to drop out of sight, and then bolted off, or they may find it moored to the banks, awaiting the return of an over-zealous servant who has gone to a village to try and get milk, eggs, &c. If the party are travelling in their own districts these luxuries may be forthcoming, but otherwise they are rarely to be had. There is not a more disobliging creature in all the universe than a Bengalee villager. In all parts of Bengal they are bad enough, but in Eastern Bengal they are so surly and pig-headed as to be proof against all persuasion, and refuse to sell anything to passing travellers except under pressure.

Even district officers often experience great difficulty in obtaining supplies, and survey parties, railway contractors, or forest officers, and many others, are put to very great inconvenience by this objection, on the part of the villagers, to sell any of their goods. On one occasion, when travelling in the district of Maimensing, I was suffering from the unquenchable thirst that accompanies jungle fever, aggravated by a long journey in the sun, when we came to a village where there were some cocoa-nut trees with a number of young cocoa-nuts on them. My companion wanted to get some of them, that I might have a drink of the refreshing cool liquid they contain, but the villagers would not sell any. He offered them a ridiculously high price for them, but they merely shook their heads, and said there were none at the right stage for picking, that the trees belonged to a man who was away, and finally that there was only one man who could climb the trees, and he was not in the village; at this my companion lost patience and lifted his gun to his shoulder to try and shoot down a couple. This alarmed them, as they thought if he fired nearly all the cocoa-nuts would be injured, so they immediately gave in, and a man climbed up without more ado and brought down some.

Why the villagers object to sell their goods it is difficult to understand. In other parts, where the people are supposed to be much more uncivilized, there is much more civility and friendliness shown to strangers. In a Garo village the men and women bring fowls, eggs, vegetables, and whatever they think may be acceptable, of their own accord; wood is readily provided, and water brought from long distances with a cheerfulness that is refreshing after the apathy, and even insolence, of the plains-men.

That all classes of travellers are put to great inconvenience by this reluctance on the part of the people to give any assistance in the way of supplies is a melancholy fact, and there

appears to be no cure for the grievance. The big-wigs who occasionally pass through the district do not feel it, because their path is strewn with roses—or plantain leaves—for even the surliest of village chowkidars will hardly venture to refuse to supply milk and eggs for the L. G. or the I. G. P., the Commissioner, or even the Deputy Commissioner of the district—and he will not think it worth his while to say that there are no fowls in his village, and not a goat or a cow that gives milk, when there are scores to be seen, as he does to ordinary travellers.

A very usual and objectionable trick is to say that everything is obtainable a little way further off. When you are in A. village, the chowkidar says that there are plenty of good cows, and heaps of fowls, ducks, and pigeons in B. village—at B. village you are told they are not to be had there, but that they are certain to be obtainable in C. village—when you arrive at C. village, you are told that you should have got them at A. village—and so it goes on like the buttercups in the fields,

“The most ways seem the furthest away.”

Camp servants are answerable for some portion of this trouble. If a careless man passes through a district—one who does not care to take the trouble to see that all supplies are paid for—the next traveller suffers for it. In the same way, if one man goes through by palkee dâk and leaves his palkee bearers unpaid, it not unfrequently happens that the next man finds it difficult to get bearings, and his dâks all fall through. It may seem a fine joke to *do* the palkee bearers, but it is one of the meanest forms of dishonesty. There may be some excuse for the poor when they rob the rich, but none for the man who calls himself a gentleman and yet robs the poor. When such a thing is brought to the notice of the authorities they would be quite justified in calling the offender to account. It is not always possible to know who the perpetrator of the mean “joke” is, but an advertisement stating that “Unless Mr. ——— who passed through the district of A. or B. without paying for his palkee dâk, sends the amount due, before a certain date, the matter will be put into the hands of the police, with a view to his prosecution,” the culprit would not only have to pay up, but would hesitate to do the same thing again.

With regard to the purchase of supplies, it is a curious fact that nearly every man believes his own servant to be the very quintessence of honesty, but that all other men's servants are the reverse. “That man of Smith's loots the people wherever he goes, but my ‘Boy’ may be depended on; he is really an honest, good servant.” This blissful state of confidence lasts sometimes for years, before it is roughly broken by some

more daring piece of rascality than usual. Grown careless from continued success, the "thoroughly honest man" goes just a little too far, and charges his master for milk, etc., that some one has sent to him as a present: or a village chowkidar, becoming impatient for payment, goes straight to the Sahib to ask for the money due for various articles the villagers have supplied through him. The "honest man" is called upon to explain why he has not paid up. He pleads, "I pay, Sar." "Have you paid this man?"

"No Sar, I pay Sar."

"What do you mean, have you paid or not?"

"I pay Sar;—he one great rascal, he ask great deal, I not give so much."

"Then you have paid him something."

"I not pay what he ask Sar, he one great rascal—etc., etc."

The truth is discovered after a long time, for "I pay" is a very puzzling phrase, and not easily to be understood; however, when once the honest man is suspected his reign is over. All the other servants split upon him, and his master discovers to his great disgust that he has been robbed right and left, and has paid for everything, but that the money never found its way to the original supplier; that when the whiskey bottle was supposed to have been broken on the journey it had merely emptied its contents down the honest man's throat, and that all the time he was staying in—he had been charged for milk, butter and eggs, when there was none to be had there for love or money, except what came from his friend's dairies and poultry yards. The honest man has kept his master's table well supplied wherever he went and never paid for any thing. He is a clever man any way, but he has made it rough for his master's successor, who cannot understand the reluctance of the chowkidars to supply him with anything. The whole blame cannot, however, be attributed to the rascality of the camp servants, for frequently when cash is offered it is refused and all supplies withheld, except at rates that are prohibitive, and sometimes refused altogether.

It is useless complaining to district or police officers; they cannot force the people to sell against their will. In some places this difficulty does not exist, or only in a slight degree, while in others, Assam for instance, it is unwise to trust to getting anything while on a journey, as the country is poorly populated, and neither supplies nor labor are to be depended upon.

Travelling in Assam is very different to what it is in Bengal. The rivers are more rapid and too shallow to admit of large Budgerows being used. The usual style of boat in use in that province is the "dug-out"—a long narrow boat made of the trunk of a large tree dug out, and stretched open to its



widest extent. They are not so comfortable as the Budgerows, but on the whole the river travelling is more interesting, and to those who care for fishing, more enjoyable, as there is some very good sport to be had.

The Burhamputra is at present the highway of Assam, and steamers run up as far as Dibrooghur, so that very little boat travelling is necessary except beyond that station, and on the smaller rivers. Above Dibrooghur the river is in many places very pretty, and totally different to the flat uninteresting sand-banks of Bengal. The jungle grows down to the edge of the river, when it is in full flood. In the cold weather there is a broad strip of sand between the stream (which is of great breadth) and the jungle. Assam jungle is not a thing that recommends itself to any one on close acquaintance, but at a short distance it is very graceful, and the trees are magnificent. The rapids render it impossible for boats that draw much water to go up very far, but the Merics, who always settle near the banks of the rivers, manage their frail little dug-outs with great skill, and go up and down the rapids without any difficulty.

Some of our pleasantest recollections of camp life will be of our river trips in Assam. The boats being small are not very comfortable to sleep in, but if a small tent is taken and pitched on the clean white sand, that difficulty is easily overcome. The sun-sets on the Burhamputra are very lovely, particularly in October and November, and the lights and shades on the broad sheet of water, so different to the muddier and less interesting rivers of Bengal, give a charm to the scene that must be seen to be appreciated, and can never be forgotten. The progress up-stream is very slow, the current being strong, and the nature of the banks frequently such as to prevent the use of the towing rope. Occasionally the boat grounds on one of the numerous sand-banks, and the men jump out or rather drop overboard—for the sleepy opium-eating Assamese boatmen rarely indulge in such a violent movement as a jump—and push her off without much difficulty. There is not much danger in getting on a sand-bank going up-stream, but in the downward journey, which is accomplished in a fifth of the time, it is a serious matter to get aground, for the strong current drives the boat firmly into the sand-bank. The snags, or stumps of trees that have fallen into the river and been washed into the lower sand-banks and thus become fixtures, with their jagged trunks or roots, either partially or entirely concealed, are a still greater source of danger.

When the sun is near setting, it is time to look out for a good place to moor the boats, where they will be safe in case a sudden squall comes on. A small creek is soon found, and the boats are moored. The dogs jump out wild with delight at

being at liberty again, for their quarters were rather cramped in the boat,—and the traveller, after a long look of admiration at the glorious sunset, which is flooding the whole scene with light and beauty, wends his way towards the belt of jungle that lines the side of the river, but at some distance in—a wide stretch of sand that is covered with water in the rainy season—has to be crossed before the jungle is reached. The sport is not good, the undergrowth is too dense to be penetrated, and a stray black pheasant or jungle fowl is all that can be hoped for.

The scene that lies before the returning sportsman is very charming and picturesque. The broad river with its bends and curves flooded in rosy light, and reflecting the fleecy clouds, the vivid belt of green jungle with its various tints and shades on the opposite side of the river, a light boat passing rapidly down stream, and the blue hills showing clear dark outlines in the far distance. In the foreground the curious-looking boats, with their mat roofs, are moored close to the edge of the river, the boatmen are busily employed in dragging in large logs of drift wood for the camp fire, which is already alight and sending up a few pale, sickly-looking flames that show to great disadvantage against the crimson glow of the sunset. The camp followers move busily about hurrying to get the tent—or tents if there is a party of three or four—pitched that they may collect a large pile of drift wood for themselves before it is dark. They will not venture far from the camp after dark for fear of meeting a tiger or a leopard.

The tea-table with its white cloth looks very inviting, and, if there happens to be a lady in the party, a good cup of tea with some fresh milk from a goat (that has been quietly munching its grain on board the cook-house boat during the day,) is not to be despised. A little later and the flames from the large camp fire will begin to show a bright and ruddy light as the darkness deepens, the cold begins to make itself felt, and the party draw near the cheerful blaze and wrap themselves up in their rugs and ulsters.

Sometimes a few Meri girls may be induced to favor the party with one of their curious dances. They dance well, and although there is nothing particularly worthy of admiration in their movements, the animation with which they perform the dance, and their own evident enjoyment of it, makes it well worth seeing. Those who do not dance clap their hands and sing, and they all laugh, and are as merry as children over it.

What wonderful tales of adventures, and former camping experiences are told as the chairs and camp stools are drawn closer round the blazing logs, what discussions arise as to the merits of the various weapons they possess, and the virtue of

the flies with which they hope to hook many an unwary marsee on the morrow, when they reach the fishing ground.

There is very fair sport to be had on most of the Assam rivers, and beyond Sadiya and in the Garo Hills the fishing is particularly good, while on the north bank of the river the shooting is better than in most other parts of the province, game still being tolerably plentiful. Travelling in Assam is much more difficult than in Bengal; the roads are in a disgraceful state, and are a grievous trouble to everyone. Large sums of money are expended on them to no purpose. The soil is most unfavorable for road making, and the system of throwing up several feet of loose earth has nothing to recommend it, especially as it is generally done so late in the season that the rains come on before it has hardened: then it becomes a quagmire, and is at times quite impassable. The long enduring planters are accustomed to travel over roads that are sometimes, and in some places, two feet deep in mud, with holes in them big enough to bury the unfortunate bullocks who have to drag their tea to the river ghâts. These holes are often filled in—in the cold season—but only with loose earth, that quickly becomes mud, and sluices out over the edge whenever a cart wheel flounders through, and thus makes matters worse by forming a ridge round the edge.

As a rule Government officers have to travel by elephants. Of all the uncomfortable modes of travelling this is the worst. The lumbering motion of the animal conveys a peculiar, irregular shake that is far from agreeable. Do what you will—the bedding that you have tried to arrange so as to be somewhat of a support to your back—shifts its position, or just as you begin to feel less uncomfortable than you were at first, the mahout requests you to move to the right or the left because the pad is slipping down on one side. As to sitting bolt upright on a pad without any support, none but the strongest-backed individuals should attempt it. The peculiar motion of an elephant conveys a jolt to the back-bone that becomes agonizing after a few hours; nothing but the excitement of good sport can justify a man in subjecting his vertibræ to such a trial. Some few men have, by long endurance, trained their bodies to an enviable state of indifference to the peculiar and most unpleasant motion, but, for ordinary mortals, this mode of progression is not at all agreeable.

The usual routine of Indian life, with its regulation ride or drive in the morning, its tennis and dinner, is so uneventful, that the numerous chances and changes of camp life make a very acceptable break in it, in spite of the few hitches that generally occur in the arrangements. If only sport or pleasure is the object, a few weeks can be passed most delightfully if a

small party of congenial spirits is made up, whose tastes and ideas on the subject are sufficiently similar to prevent any disagreement over ways and means.

For a party to enjoy themselves, and get on well together, they should be carefully selected and no quarrelsome person should be asked to join. The man who cannot get up early should also be avoided, as a late riser often upsets the arrangements of a whole party. When everyone else is ready he is still in bed, the tent cannot be pulled down until he vacates it, and nothing will induce him to stir until he feels inclined: the *Chota-Hacri* must be kept for him, and the things cannot be packed up. When everyone has finished and is impatient to be off, he emerges from his tent, and in the most unconcerned manner asks if he is late, orders his eggs, and calmly sips his tea. Such a companion is bad enough when the party is one of pleasure, but when it is a service one, and time is of importance, the nuisance is intolerable. The man who is late for every meal—and there are some men, as well as some ladies, who can never be punctual—should be allowed to go hungry. A certain amount of regularity concerning meals must be maintained, as even the best-tempered people get cross when they are hungry; and although one man may be able to ride or shoot all day without breaking his fast, it will knock another up to do so. Those who can stave off the pangs of hunger for the whole of a long day have neither patience nor sympathy with those whose weaker natures require food at shorter intervals.

"I never care to eat until my day's work is done," one man will say, while another feelingly complains that he "does not see the fun of grinding away all day without any grub." Each thinks he is right, but there is a touch of arrogance about the non-eater that is aggravating to his weaker brethren; just as an habitually early riser thinks he is better than anyone else, because he gets up at some unearthly hour of the morning. The best way to cure the misplaced pride of the former offender is to provide a particularly savory stew-pot, taking care that there is no apparent inconvenience in doing so, and suddenly expose him to the temptation of its rich odour—and of seeing others enjoying it.

"Well, I don't mind having just a little, as you have it all ready," says the tiffin-despiser, and forthwith consumes a very fair portion of it. Beware of crowing at this stag, or it will be the last time he is guilty of the weakness. Lead him gently on, and in a few days he will relish his breakfast or tiffin as much as anyone, and partake of it with the rest instead of fidgetting about, and funning over the waste of time.

There are some unlucky people who travel a great deal, but never learn how to do so with any amount of comfort, and

are always in difficulties. Their camp starts late, and arrives late, their tents are badly pitched and leak, their crockery gets broken, until they feel it safer to carry about only enamelled things. Now an iron tea-cup is an abomination. It retains the heat long after its contents are tepid, and when it is cool enough to be put to the lips, the tea or coffee is too cold to drink. It is a mistake, and quite unnecessary to go about with everything incomplete and scrumpy. The man who knows how to travel has often as little baggage as the man whose one idea is to "travel light." A proper set of camping things takes up very little space and is light and portable, while it ensures a large amount of comfort; but some men seem to think that camping is a farce unless they put themselves to all sorts of inconvenience, and that there is some special credit in "roughing it." To be able to rough it, when there is any occasion for doing so, is a quality that most Europeans possess, but why it should be thought necessary to do so on all ordinary occasions, it is impossible to comprehend.

Why should a shirt be worn for many days in camp that would have found its way to the washerman's much sooner if worn in the station; or why should a man wear dirty looking, disreputable old clothes and hats in camp, when it is just as easy to have them washed and made to look decent. The luxury of a tub and clean clothes is even more to be appreciated in camp than in home life, and although a suitable costume is a *sine qua non*, it need not be either dirty or ragged. A black frock coat and a necktie are absurd for the jungles, but a decent shooting coat is always suitable, and a clean flannel shirt within everyone's reach.

Many ladies when travelling manage, without any great effort, to look neat and tidy, while others seem to be unable to keep their hairpins from falling out, or their collars clean. One lady, whose husband always limited her to a riding-habit and one dress for herself, and to two dresses for her child, contrived to look neat and ladylike, and keep the child at least respectable for weeks at a time. The child was not allowed to climb trees, or do anything else that was likely to soil her clothes; but young ladies of four years old should not want to do anything so hoydenish. Another lady was never known to have been in camp without being out-at-elbows, and having a few buttons of her habit replaced by pins.

It is very pleasant for a lady to be able to travel about with her husband, and with proper management, there is no difficulty in her doing so, or even in taking her children with her. If the children are well brought up and obedient, their presence in the camp is a source of pleasure to their parents, who cannot but rejoice to see the healthy color deepening on

their checks, and their eyes brighten under the invigorating influence of fresh air, plenty of exercise, and constant change.

Ill-behaved children are a nuisance everywhere and an intolerable one in camp, but well-behaved, healthy children make very good travelling companions. The child who can climb about everywhere, and follow her father for miles on her sturdy little pony—as he walks about in search of game, or inspecting crops, etc., etc., but can also be quiet when she is told—is often a bright little companion who will be sadly missed when she is far away in the school-room at home, and her father sits in his tent lonely and sad, thinking of the fresh young voice that rang so merrily through the camp last year, and the bright young spirit that found enjoyment in everything, and kept them all alive with her mirth and fun.

Solitary camping is not enjoyable except to men of maturity, and solitary habits; and yet many prefer it to the trouble and worry of taking their wives with them, simply because they have the idea that they are made of china and must be packed in cotton wool; if the idea has any foundation, or their wives are amongst the number of those who are given to crying on all occasions, or screaming at a flash of lightning, or a centipede, it is certainly wiser to leave them at home.

A sensible, good-tempered wife will endeavour to make camp life as bright and full of enjoyment as possible, and it is not difficult for her to do so; the free open air life will do her good, and is far healthier and better for her than the constant round of tennis parties and dinners that she would indulge in, in the station. Of course fine ladies who consider life is not worth having unless they can appear in new and startling toilettes every few days, and think two or three changes of costume are absolutely necessary, will not find camp life agree with them, but those who can accommodate themselves to circumstances, and move about with their husbands without making them feel that they are a burden, and that their presence in camp interferes with their freedom and pleasure—who can enter into their interests and pursuits—will have many a pleasant month's camping.

When the long years of service are over, and the peaceful haven of retirement is reached, and they meet old Indian friends, and sit by the cosy fireside amongst their children and relations, many a pleasant camping time, many a thrilling adventure, or ridiculous mishap will be remembered and related, while memory—casting its softening halo over the past—will linger, with a pardonable feeling of regret, upon the many enjoyments of the days gone by, and draw a veil over any little disagreeables there may have been.

## HISTORIC NOTES.

### NO. I.—A SHORT HISTORY OF THE SIKHS.

**T**HE Sikhs during the reign of the Moghul Emperors, about the fourteenth century A. D., were a religious sect or body. Owing to the persecutions they suffered from the Muhammadans in the reign of the Emperor Aurungzebe, A. D. 1666 to 1707, they formed themselves into a Military Confederation, and their tenth Gúrú, Gobind Singh, completed their organization. Their chief was known as Bandá, during the reign of the Emperors Bahadur Shah and Jahandar Shah.

During the anarchy which ensued from the disorganization of the Moghul Empire, the Sikhs gained strength and importance. They first appeared as bands of robbers, or marauders, along the base of the Himalayas, from the Chenab to the Sutlej. The Sikhs formed themselves into twelve Misl, or confederacies. They did not all exist at one time, but one Misl gave birth to another, or rose and fell in power according to the popularity and capacity of its leader. Each Misl followed a chief, called a Sardar. A compact was entered into between the heads of the confederacies at the solemn assembly of the Sikhs, who met annually at Amritsar, where the Gurumata, or Council of the Chiefs, discussed affairs relating to the Khalsa or mystic commonwealth of the disciples of Gúrú Nanak, or planned new expeditions. For a generation the Sikhs prospered and extended their power westward, up to the river Jhelam, and, in the east, as far as the Jamná. Their predatory excursions also extended as far as Multan in the south, and to Garhwal and Rohilcand in the direction of Hindustan.

When Zeman Shah of Kabul invaded the Punjab in A. D. 1797, the youthful Sardar Ranjit Singh, of the Sukarchakia Misl, whose head-quarters were at Gujranwála, attracted his attention. Later on, for services rendered by sending on his guns to Kabul, to which place Zeman Shah hurried back to quell an insurrection which broke out in his kingdom, he conferred on Ranjit Singh a dress of honor and created him Governor of Lahore. Ranjit Singh wisely took advantage of this, and gradually absorbed the various Misls or confederacies into one united kingdom, of which he became king. Lord Bentinck entertained him in great splendour at Rupa in A. D. 1831, and again he was received by Lord Auckland at Firuzpur in A. D. 1838. He died in A. D. 1839 at the age of 59.

His career was a successful one. He found the province a waving confederacy, and consolidated it into a powerful kingdom.

He was succeeded by his son Kharak Singh, who died a year after. Whereupon disputes arose between Nao Nihal Singh and Sher Singh as to who should be king. The Sikh soldiery at this time also revolted several times, and became very mutinous. The British Government was obliged to watch the course of events, as the Sikhs were desirous of measuring their strength with the British troops, and war soon became inevitable. The Sikhs crossed the British border into the Firuzpur district, which was then the North-West frontier of British territory.

The first action was fought in December A. D. 1845, at Mudki, followed by those of Firurshahr, Aliwal, and Sabraon. In each of these engagements the Sikhs were driven across the border, and British troops occupied Lahore, the capital of the Punjab, intending eventually to restore the Punjab to the young Prince Dalip Singh, son of Ranjit Singh, when he attained his majority. The engagements with the Sikhs at Mudki, Firurshahr, Aliwal, and Sabraon comprised the first Sikh Campaign.

During the regency, two officers (Lieut. Anderson and Mr. Vans Agnew) were deputed from Lahore by the British Resident, in A. D. 1848, to Multan, to help the new Sikh Governor who had replaced Diwan Mulraj; but, owing to an outburst of fanaticism at the time of relinquishing and assuming the Governorship of that place, both officers were murdered by Diwan Mulraj's troops. This was the sign for a general conflagration throughout the Punjab. Preparations were made at Multan by Mulraj to oppose the British. In October of the same year the British army re-crossed the Sutlej at Ferurpur into the Punjab, and engaged the Sikhs under Sher Singh and Chattar Singh at Ramnagar in their advance upon Lahore, the capital of the Punjab. The Sikhs next made a stand at Chillianwala, where an indecisive battle was fought. The British army under Genl. Lord Gough followed them to Gujrat, where the last battle was fought, and which brought the Sikh kingdom to a termination. This constituted the second Punjab Campaign, and thenceforward the Punjab became a province of British India.

The Sikhs are a fine manly race, and by no means inferior in prowess to the Maharattas and Gurkhas. It was a matter of conjecture, with an early historian, as to how they would behave towards the British Government, more particularly during an emergency, as, after the death of Maharaja Ranjit Singh, they had become notoriously mutinous, and destroyed most of



their own leading chiefs; but their conspicuous conduct during the Mutiny of 1857-8 in taking service in our army, and shedding their blood in the retaking of India, have placed beyond doubt their nobleness of character and loyalty to the British Government, which certainly gives one hopeful promise of future good services.

Since the advance of education, and introduction of the system of competitive examinations, the sons of the Sikh Sardars are unable to cope with the Khattris and other castes in passing examinations and obtaining lucrative appointments in the administration of their own country. This naturally has created a feeling of anxiety about the future of their sons, but, if the native army was largely thrown open to them in the native commissioned rank, this feeling, I may say, of discontent, would be removed.

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#### NO. 2.—THE GIPSY TRIBE.

THE theory regarding the history and lore of this scattered people is still undecided. They fled the ruthless persecutions of Timúr in 1408 A.D., when about 5,00,000 Hindus were slaughtered for refusing to become Muhammadans. Their exodus from India appears to have been by the Persian Gulf and Arabian desert into Egypt. The gipsies were first seen in Germany in 1409 A. D., in Switzerland 1418 A.D., in Italy 1422 A.D., in France 1427 A.D. When first noticed in Europe they were black skinned, the women being darker than the men. Dr. Walsh says that the gipsies in Turkey are distinguishable by indelible personal marks; dark eyes; brown complexion; black hair; unalterable moral qualities; an aversion to labour, and propensity to petty thefts. The celebrated traveller, Dr. Daniel Clark, speaks of great numbers of gipsies in Persia, who are much encouraged by the Tartars. This would trace their route through Europe. The basis of their language consists principally of Hindustani, which gives much the best proof that the gipsies are of Hindú or Súdará origin.

Further proofs in support of this are the resemblance of their countenance, eyes, mouth, hands, ankles, and quick yet melancholy manner and bearing, languid love of ease, open-air life, all indicate them to be natives of a hot climate, to which may also be added a liking for splendour and personal adornment common in the Hindú race. Grellmann, one of the best authorities on the subject, states that 12 out of every 30 words of gipsy language are pure Hindustani, or nearly related. The language is the same of most of the gipsy tribes found in European nations, but differs in Asia and Africa.

No gipsy tribes have been traced on the American Continent. Their European number is estimated at about 800,000. From 5,000 to 6,000 are supposed to be in Hungary, 6,000 to 8,000 in Spain, great numbers in Italy and France, vast tribes in Bulgaria, Roumania, and Constantinople, some in Persia, but are strangers in Egypt. Modern Greek, Slav, and Persian words are numerous in gipsy lingo. In England, Scotland, and Ireland, the gipsy population is computed at 16,000.

W. G. F. HASLETT.

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*PRIMULA VULGARIS,*  
THE PRIMROSE.  
*A Political Plant.*

Or on a window-sill you sit,  
Or by a cottage door,  
A peasant's home, you sweetly fit  
One button-hole no more.

On Himalayan height the bloom  
Of kindred blossoms blows,  
In city streets, in foggy gloom,  
Your mourning yellow glows.

Two blossoms to the bee you give,  
Two symbols unto man ;  
For some are short, long others live,  
Too short *our* flower's span.

We had a yellow Primrose dear,  
That blossomed near the throne,  
Light of the sun and royal fear  
Held his brave heart, alone.

In the sweet spring we fishermen  
At early morn thro' passing shower  
On roadside bank, in bielder den  
Beheld you reign in floral power

And worship't you withal in love,  
Of nature and of you her eye,  
Hoping an omen you might prove  
Of fortune and of victory.

But we are sad to-day, and think  
Sadly, as well seems Englishmen,  
Of our bright hopes sustained by you  
Bright floret, blooming in your glen.

No more we turn to thee in trust,       .  
Thy blossom savours but of rest,       .  
For thou art gone—the flower is dust  
As he who wore it in his breast.

As late a primrose bud appears  
That should have bloom'd in earlier spring  
So pray we end our years of fears  
And what he sowed the seasons bring.

17-6-85.

J. J. W.

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## THE QUARTER.

**I**T is certain that the quarter just closed will be for ever memorable in the history of England. It saw, among other events of first-rate political importance, the abandonment of the Soudan ; the Russian attack on Penjdeh ; the defeat and resignation of the Gladstone Ministry ; the accession to office of a Conservative Ministry, and the disgraceful surrender, by the Liberal Government, which terminated the Anglo-Russian difficulty in Afghanistan.

The Conservatives have acceded to office. The Conservative Ministry is announced. It is a strong Ministry, but then all Ministries are strong in one sense, namely, that the individuals composing them are either men of note or men of experience. There was once a Ministry in England which was justly called "all the talents," but which, in its collective capacity, was one of the worst Ministries with which a nation was ever cursed. The reason is not far to seek. That which constitutes the strength, because the originality and independence of the individual, may be the very thing which makes him a weak, because an inharmonious link, in a Ministerial chain. From this point of view there are elements of weakness in the new Cabinet which cannot fail to make themselves felt in connexion with the work of actual political administration.

There appears to be a very general feeling that the Conservatives did not act wisely in accepting the responsibility of office at the present time. In the justice of this criticism we can by no means concur. A party ceases to be a party when it is only strong enough to maintain itself in opposition, and, if the Conservatives confessed their inability to take office at the present time, it is probable that the party, as a party, would dissolve, and the Liberals would return to office with increased popularity and a new lease of life and power. This is one reason. The other is, if possible, a more cogent reason still. The Conservatives will certainly have enormous difficulties to contend with in carrying on the work of Government just now. Mr. Gladstone has bequeathed to them a legacy of embarrassment, difficulty and insult which the strongest Government England ever saw might well hesitate to accept. But even this aspect of the situation is not without its consolations. It is quite possible that the Conservatives will do better than the Liberals (which is all we want) for by no description of stupidity, natural or acquired, could they possibly do worse.

*The Afghan Blue Book* was published during the quarter. •

When Job said, "would that mine enemy would write a book," he must have meant a blue one; for the blue book just published, contains by implication, the most terrible indictment against English foreign policy, as represented by a Liberal Government, which could possibly be framed.

To all our demands, remonstrances, representations, the Russians opposed a simple *non possumus*. They were not able to enter on a discussion of this point. It would compromise their dignity to have to consider this; and with this we have had to be content.

Nearly three months have elapsed since the Anglo-Russian crisis reached an "acute" stage, and it remained in an acute stage up to within a few weeks of the present time. When we last went to press, (28th March), war between Russia and England seemed inevitable. Two days later, the 30th March, General Komaroff attacked the Afghan position of Penjdeh, routed the Afghan forces, and occupied Penjdeh. When the news of this event reached Europe the "nations murmured, at length!" Lord Lothian had predicted that the terribly solemn and momentous issues of peace or war between two great nations would probably rest, for the time being, with the sentries, Russian and Afghan, on the frontier, and that a petty quarrel at the outposts might involve us in war. Lord Lothian was wrong. The quarrel took place, blood was shed, the territory of our ally was invaded and wrested from him by brutal aggression, but we are a long-suffering people, led by a long-suffering Ministry. Negotiations were resumed and protracted, and these negotiations have resulted in the cession to Russia of that portion of Afghan territory on which Komaroff made a most brutal, wanton, and unprovoked attack. Thus, the triumph of Russia is secured and the shame and humiliation of England are as complete as they can possibly be. The bitter cup of national disgrace, already full enough, may be said to have overflowed at last.

The meeting between the Viceroy and the Amir of Afghanistan took place at Rawal Pindi during the quarter under review. The meeting, as a display, was entirely marred by the rain, and nothing very definite is known, even now, respecting its political results. Lord Dufferin is nothing, if not, mysterious and secretive in connexion with the specific aims and direction of his foreign policy.<sup>1</sup> The result of the Conference at Rawal Pindi, so we were assured by Mr. Gladstone, was "entirely satisfactory," but what was that result? "If it cannot be elicited from Lord Dufferin or the Government, it may be inferred, with some degree of accuracy, from the obvious requirements of the Amir's policy, and all the surrounding circumstances of his position as ruler of Afghanistan.

Abdur Rahman owes his position as Amir of Afghanistan to

England. He represents, to the imaginations of a large section of his countrymen, the hateful results of British victories and British dictation. A weak ruler could not have maintained his position for a month, under such circumstances, against such a feeling, and such enemies as that feeling had raised up against him through the length and breadth of Afghanistan; but Abdur Rahman is not a weak ruler. If he owes his throne to England, he owes his maintenance of that throne to himself. One by one he crushed his enemies, and he is now not merely the sovereign, but, in the most literal and emphatic sense of the word, the *ruler* of Afghanistan. The Russians approach his territory—or at least territory over which he claims control. A collision takes place between his outposts and the Russian forces. Did Mr. Gladstone expect for a moment that a man like Abdur Rahman, the incarnation of resolution and ambition, would at once turn to England for assistance at such a crisis. It took us, the other day, two years, nearly sixty thousand men from first to last, and twenty-three millions, to obtain the footing in Afghanistan which enabled us to place Abdur Rahman on the throne. That footing was very far from possessing either the dimensions or character of a complete conquest of the country. This was the extent and character of the resistance to us, when Afghanistan was under the dominion of a weak and incapable ruler. This is the country which General Komaroff, if it is left unsupported by England, is to walk over and annex at his pleasure. Small blame to the Amir if he cannot accept this view of the situation. If he turned to England at the very first approach of danger, his prestige among the Afghans, as a strong ruler, would be gone in a week. Knowing this, he insists on playing the game from his own hand, and there is every reason to believe—judging from his antecedents—that it will be a very strong and a very sound game. If the cession of Panjdeh gives him *time* to strengthen Herat, he is quite right to cede Panjdeh. It would be easy, from the Amir's point of view, to attach too much importance to Panjdeh if a quarrel about that place had the effect of precipitating a Russian attack on Herat.

The war of revenge in the Soudan has been abandoned under pressure of circumstances which would have made its continuance both a folly and a crime. With the death of Gordon and the fall of Khartoum, the real object of the war ceased to exist. It has been a most miserable business from first to last. British treasure has been expended to an enormous amount; British blood has been poured forth like water—some noble lives, in the highest degree valuable to the British people—Stewart, Earle, and the rest—have been sacrificed, and all for what? For absolutely nothing. Mr. Gladstone seemed

destined to realize in his own experience the terrible curse which the witches launched against Macbeth :—

He must, he will, he shall, spill much more blood,  
And become worse to make his title good.

The result of the Soudan campaign will certainly not add to Lord Wolsey's military reputation. There may be differences of opinion as to whether an advance on Khartoum by the Nile should, or should not, have been undertaken at all. It is possible that a demonstration along the Nile was, from a political and military point of view, absolutely necessary if the tribes about Dongola were to be kept from joining the Madhi, but there can now be no question whatever, that the more serious and important part of the attempt, to relieve Gordon, should have been delivered from Suakim and along the road to Berber.

The Liberal Government realized this fact as they realize everything—too late. A splendid force under General Graham marched out of Suakim months after Gordon's death—to do what—to be surprised and march back again! And now, so we are told, Suakim, to which we have clung thus far, at such a fearful waste of blood and treasure, is to be handed over to the Turks, and *Ichabod* is all that remains to be written of the miserable and ill-fated expedition to the Soudan.

The Franco-Chinese war was brought to a close during the quarter. It commenced without any formal declaration of war between the two countries. It has closed without any formal declaration of peace, and negotiations, in connection with the final settlement between the two countries, are still being carried on. The quarrel between France and China presented many points of resemblance to the dispute between England and Russia in relation to Afghanistan. France had possessed herself of a certain portion of Tonquin, and claimed what she did not possess of Tonquin territory in right and by reason of what she did possess—the most extraordinary law of possession that was ever invented to conceal and justify the simpler law of brute force. Now, the Black Flags, like the Turkomans of Penjdeh, had been allowed to govern, or misgovern, themselves, but they had acknowledged the supremacy of China and paid tribute to the Chinese Emperor from time immemorial. Disregarding this fact, or what it implied, France advanced into the territory of the Black Flags in pursuit of her design to annex the whole of Tonquin, up to, and even beyond, the borders of China proper. War ensued, and at first the French were entirely successful. They captured *Langson* and *Kelung*, and gained a series of brilliant successes over the Chinese fleet off Formosa and elsewhere. China asked for terms of peace, but the terms offered by France were too humiliating to be accepted. France not only demanded Tonquin



but demanded from the Chinese a crushing indemnity for the expenses of the war. The terms were rejected and the war recommenced.

At sea the French had it all their own way, but the result of the land campaign was very different, and terminated in a most decisive victory for the Chinese at Langson. This place was recaptured by the Chinese troops, after some desperate fighting, and the French commenced to retreat in a very demoralized condition, indeed. Before this, disease had wrought terrible havoc among the French invading forces, and the reinforcements sent from home were not sufficient to make up their losses. In the mean time, the Chinese armies were increasing every day in numbers, and improving in efficiency, discipline and confidence. The fickle and passionate French people grew sick of the inglorious and unrighteous strife ! unrighteous, from a French point of view, because inglorious ; and the French Government agreed to a peace, on terms substantially the same as those they had refused to entertain four months before.

During the quarter Madame Blavatzky left India "for good," at least so we are informed by her friends. Very much for good, we should say, especially for her own good and the good of the semi-religious, semi-magical, wholly ridiculous, movement with which her name has been associated in this country. A plain question of fact is placed before the Theosophists and they refuse to deal with it. Were the letters attributed by Madame Coulomb to Madame Blavatzky, and published in the *Madras Christian College Magazine*, forgeries, or were they genuine documents ? If they were forgeries, their publication involved a most cruel wrong to Madame Blavatzky—a wrong which the law would most certainly have helped her to expose and punish. She rushes back to India, raging for revenge, and when she arrives she does—nothing ! Do Mr. Sinnett or Colonel Olcott imagine for a moment that semi-mystic, semi-coherent babble about "higher and lower planes of spiritual existence" will be accepted in lieu of a satisfactory explanation of Madame Blavatzky's relation with Madame Coulomb ? Yet no explanation is forthcoming. none of any kind, and the case stands thus :—The accomplice has confessed, and the impostress, unable to disprove the confession, has gone home "for good."

Mr. Hastie returned to Calcutta during the quarter, declined, or was unable, to pay the costs decreed against him by the High Court, and was sent to prison as a defaulter. After enduring a short term of imprisonment, he consented to plead insolvency, the plea was provisionally accepted by the Court, and Mr. Hastie was released. He has since returned to England with

the avowed intention of carrying on, as well as he can, the campaign against the conductors of the Scotch Mission in Calcutta. The charges brought by Mr. Hastie against the Mission have been made the subject of a searching inquiry by a Commission appointed from home. The general result of the inquiry has been favorable, in the highest degree, (so we are informed) to the local conductors of the Mission. Mr. Hastie's charges were declared to be a tissue of misrepresentations and exaggerations. It is to be hoped that we have heard the last of Mr. Hastie for some time. The public are heartily sick of him—his vindictive vagaries, self-righteous braggadocia, and egotistical loquacity.

A happy circumstance connected with the Anglo-Russian crisis, is the impetus which it has given to the Volunteer movement in India. The Volunteers may congratulate themselves on the fact that they will certainly not be "playing at soldiers" in the event of our being called upon to defend India against Russian aggression. It is certain that they will be very largely employed as substitutes for the regular army in garrison duty, and it is quite possible that certain picked corps of Volunteers, or a corp formed of picked men from various Volunteer battalions, will be allowed to proceed to the front. The Volunteer Reserve is also an admirable military institution. The Great Napoleon said that "a man was not a soldier," but under the changed conditions of modern warfare, the maxim is no longer applicable. It is certain that the Boers knew very little of either battalion or regimental drill. They were simply splendid shots, and their superiority in this respect alone was sufficient to turn the scale in their favor in many a hard-fought skirmish in the Transvaal.

The Calcutta Public Health Society has been very active during the quarter. This is as it should be. Agitation in connexion with this vitally important movement should not be discontinued until it has borne some practical fruit. Mr. Thomas Jones delivered an address in connexion with the Society, of the most admirable, because of the most practical, elaborate, and convincing character possible. Mr. Jones aired no novel theories, propounded no startling views, indulged in no theatrical recriminations, but placed before the public the results of a minute, protracted, and most patient and laborious investigation into the actual state of the Calcutta sewers as they have been worked for a long time past. We know the evil, the remedy is in our own hands, and we fervently hope, in the interest of the Calcutta community, that the Government and the Commissioners will act with all necessary promptitude and thoroughness on the information which Mr. Jones has placed at their disposal as the result of his invaluable inquiries.

During the quarter all eyes were turned on the frontier, and the agitation in connexion with the Bengal Tenancy Act subsided to a faint murmur of sullen discontent. It will probably break out afresh with the commencement of any litigation arising out of the practical application of the provisions of the Bill. We are persuaded that a reaction of public feeling in favor of the Bill is inevitable in course of time. The more the question is enquired into, the more it becomes apparent that the charge brought against the Government of Bengal of having *initiated* a revolutionary measure, has not a shadow of foundation in fact. Sir Rivers Thompson inherited, as it were, a solemn responsibility which it was morally impossible for him either to shirk or evade. Mr. W. W. Hunter (with his usual acumen) put the case against the Bill as well and as pithily as it could be put. when he accepted the *quantity*, but took exception to the *quality*, of the evidence on which the case in favor of the Bill was rested by the Government of Bengal. The evidence in point of quantity was all that could be desired. It covered all the issues, but it was not "cross-examined evidence." This objection is valid and intelligible, but surely also, in a great degree, specious and unfair. Every zemindar and every ryot in Bengal will be affected more or less by the practical application of the provisions of the Bill. Under such circumstances, the opinion on which the Government is perfectly justified in resting the case must be representative and not individual opinion. You cannot put a community of millions into a witness box. Besides, what is the aim of judicial cross-examination, and what are the obvious conditions under which that form of test should be applied? The object of cross-examination is to detect and expose interested, and, therefore, untrustworthy evidence. There can be no *prima facie* assumption that the evidence of such men as Mr. Garrett or Mr. Reynolds was interested in any degree. They were in no sense parties to the case on either side. They were neither zemindars or ryots, and yet, as the result of long and varied experience, in connexion with the condition of land tenure in Bengal, they possessed a most intimate personal knowledge of the subject, and they were removed, by all the circumstances of that experience, from the remotest suspicion of biased or interested motives. Why then should they be cross-examined? Even in connexion with a judicial, as distinguished from an administrative, inquiry, it is the commonest thing possible for counsel *not* to cross-examine the evidence of witnesses who stand in an entirely impartial and disinterested relation to the case. If the Government of Bengal had been dependent on the evidence of either the ryots or zemindars, the cross-examination theory might have some point; as it is, we cannot admit that it possesses any at all.

During the quarter the question was mooted and discussed—Should we organise corps of native volunteers? and decided in the affirmative by Mr. Arthur Harington in the *Pioneer*. We have read Mr. Harington's letters on this subject with amazement, and the *Pioneer's* general approval and endorsement of his views with more amazement still.

We yield to none in our admiration for Mr. Harington's distinguished abilities, and we have never been slow to recognise the good service he has rendered to the Government and the public in connexion with the more thoughtful and scientific aspects of administrative and political discussion. But every argument which he has adduced in support of his proposition, that natives should be entrusted with arms, seems to us an argument which could be adduced with overwhelming effect to maintain the very opposite of what Mr. Harington wishes to prove. According to the express testimony of the historians of the Mutiny, our rule, having no root in the affection of the people, collapsed like a house made of cards. A state of anarchy ensued, and Mr. Harington has to assume—indeed, to create—an element in the native society of the time—the loyal, the peaceable, and the well-disposed—which had no existence, at least to any extent which could possibly serve the purposes of Mr. Harington's argument. Nor could that element, even if it existed, be antecedently separated from the dangerous elements. The crisis alone would supply the test by which any such separation could be made.

There may have been quiet and well-disposed elements in Native society during the crisis, but of what did those elements consist : of those who were quiet, because they were cowardly and weak, who had everything to gain by tranquillity, and everything to lose by anarchy and strife. Armed and organised, those elements might have proved the strongest, instead of the weakest ; this is admitted, but it is assuming the whole question at issue, to assume, as Mr. Harington does, that consciousness of strength would have made no change in their conduct or disposition ; that they would have *remained* lovers of peace and order when they were strong as well as when they were helpless and weak.

Another life, in a very high degree valuable to the native community, was taken from us during the quarter under review. Dr. Bannerjee is dead. He was an accomplished scholar, active philanthropist and keen politician, and his loss will be long and sincerely mourned not only by the Native Christian community, for which he did so much, but by the more liberal and enlightened sections of all classes and creeds both among the English public and his own countrymen.

During the quarter Baboo Protap Chandra Mozumdar (the Brahmo successor of Keshub Chandra Sen) delivered, at Darjeeling, an address containing some very acute and noteworthy observations on the characteristics of native progress and the tendencies of native civilization. The Brahmo leader was terribly, but justly, severe on the malevolent intemperance and scurrility of a certain section of the native press. He said—

“The subject of politics has never been my *forte*, but there is a stage when questions of politics come to be questions of morality. The present is that time. I have every sympathy with my countrymen who seek to obtain their natural rights. I have also sympathy with those who make a legitimate agitation to secure them, but I do not hesitate to decry those who, in the name of their rights, excite violent agitations. Is it not a fact that some of those—be they orators, or editors, or so-called patriots—try to provoke the most violent passions of our hearts? What is more violent than anger, violence, hatred, vengeance, ill-will, and I say, public speakers and writers attempt to call forth these ugly feelings. Intemperate language, intemperate action, never gave any people their rights. Hatred and anger excite hatred and anger, and through hatred and anger there can be no political reform. Men's rights are obtained through eternal and inviolable laws. All laws act on progress slowly, and you cannot expect that all you are entitled to can be obtained in a day. To our political reformers my advice is patience and peace. Truth shall triumph, right shall triumph, and wrong shall work its own end.

The Kidderpore dock scheme, having passed triumphantly through a raging sea of controversy, has floated into calmer waters, so calm that they appear to be entirely still. There has been some delay, but no serious hitch, connected with the actual carrying out of the scheme. When affairs on the frontier reached an acute stage, the Government very properly arrested all extraordinary expenditure and projects involving extraordinary expenditure for the time being, but now the work will be vigorously resumed. There has been, Mr. Tremmer notwithstanding, a strong reaction of commercial opinion in favor of the scheme.

In the meantime a Commission, appointed to inquire into the probable effect of the excavations on the health of Calcutta and its suburbs, has just issued a report. Great care will be necessary and many precautions will have to be taken; but if this is done, there need be no reasonable fear that the Kidderpore works will have any injurious effect on the health of Calcutta.

The 25th June, 1885.

GEORGE A. STACK.

# SUMMARY OF ANNUAL REPORTS.

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## *Cholera in India from 1862 to 1881.*

FROM this comprehensive enquiry we take the subjoined general reflections on cholera statistics and what they suggest:—

“As the figures stand, however, we find that in four out of the five successive triennial periods comprised between the years 1854 and 1868 inclusive, there is a remarkable regularity in the rise and fall of cholera activity, and the regularity is so uniform as to preclude the idea of accidental coincidence.

“It would be interesting and important also to ascertain to what extent, if to any, this regularity in the periodical or cyclical rise and fall of cholera activity in the Bengal Province is connected with the annual rainfall. But most unfortunately no data are available to show the characteristics of these triennial periods in this respect. That there is a real connection between the annual rainfall and the prevalence of cholera in Bengal, as in the other provinces of India, there is no reason to doubt. On the contrary, general observation and popular opinion both strongly incline to the reality of a fixed and determinate relation between the rainfall and cholera activity; but, owing to the absence of records, it is at present impossible to show what this relation is, or to fix and determine the causes which affect or influence the inter-dependence of cholera and rainfall.

“In Bengal, contrary to the experience of the other provinces of Northern India, it has been commonly observed that rainfall checks the activity of cholera. This is a point of very great importance, and requires very careful consideration in order to understand why the season of rainfall in Bengal should check cholera activity whilst it favours it in the North-Western Provinces, the Central Provinces, and Punjab, and even in certain portions of the Bengal Province itself. It is a subject we shall have to dwell upon in another part of this work, and we may therefore pass on to the historical portion of our record without further comment in this place upon the very different effects of rainfall upon cholera prevalence, or the causes which produce that difference, beyond pointing to the very different physical conditions of the several regions alluded to, and the results of rainfall as affecting their several soils, and the people dwelling upon them.”

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A few reports for 1883-84 were issued from the Government Press as late as May and June 1884, viz.

*The Annual Report on Emigration from Port of Calcutta to British and Foreign Colonies for 1883-1884.*

The principal features of this report are thus summarized by Mr. McDonnell:—

“The total number of emigrants registered during the year was 18,021, or omitting 936 re-registrations in the 24 Pergunnahs, 17,085; and distributed according to the provinces where they were registered, the details are these—

North-Western Provinces ...	...	...	6,836
Bengal and Behar ...	...	..	6,795
Oudh ..	...	...	1,763
Punjab ...	...	...	501
Central India ...	...	...	348
Madras ...	...	...	648
Bombay ...	...	...	158
Rajputana ...	...	...	36
Total ..			17,085

These figures, compared with the corresponding figures for last year, present no features calling for special attention, except in Oudh and Bengal. In Oudh there has been a considerable falling off, and, in Bengal and Behar, a very large increase in the number of emigrants. The explanation given by the Protector is the early cessation of the monsoon in Bengal, which led to partial crop failure; and this explanation is borne out by the circumstance that recruitment was most brisk in Shahabad and Patna, which suffered from deficient rainfall, and in Calcutta, when the labour market was over-stocked. The districts of recruitment, with the extent of operations in each, are well illustrated in the report by coloured maps. The small extent to which emigration has as yet taken hold on the population will be apparent from the facts exhibited in these maps, that the districts of Gya, Benares, Allahabad, Fyzabad, Lucknow, Cawnpore, Agra, Aligarh, Muttra and Bareilly supply only one emigrant to every 10,000 of the people. The largest proportion is in Shahabad, where, out of every million people, 500 emigrated during the year. As regards their registration, the 24-Per-gunnahs, Benares and Lucknow come first with more than 1,000 registrations per million of population, and Patna, Shahabad, Allahabad, Fyzabad, Cawnpore, Agra and Muttra next with above 500 per million."

#### *Report on the Calcutta Court of Small Causes for the year 1884.*

THE principal statistics of this report are summed up in subjoined paragraph:—

"The total number of cases disposed of (omitting transfers), compared with the result of the preceding year, increased from 25,783 to 30,211. The average duration of contested suits increased from 71.5 to 114.4 days, yet the number of contested cases only increased from 5,211 to 5,388. The Court has, in paragraph 7 of their Report, given reasons, all doubtless of more or less weight, why the average duration of suits has again increased, and will probably continue to do so. These, together with the increasing difficulty felt by the Judges in getting through their daily boards, must be accepted as accounting sufficiently for an evil which, in a Court of Small Causes especially, is a very serious one. The Court sat for 265 days. There were 863 suits pending at the close of the year more than at the close of the preceding year. The total value of the suits instituted increased from Rs. 19,89,465 to Rs. 22,47,816. The amount realized on applications for execution of decrees with the issue of process increased from Rs. 2,11,407 to Rs. 2,46,451, and without the issue of process from Rs. 2,17,355 to Rs. 2,29,159. In 440 cases the judgment-debtor was imprisoned, in 369 arrested but released without imprisonment.

The total receipts rose from Rs. 2,82,968 to Rs. 3,24,516; those in court-fee stamps for process and other fees alone having increased from Rs. 2,80,339 to Rs. 3,21,419. The charges were Rs. 2,11,940, almost the same as in the preceding year. The net amount credited to Government increased from Rs. 71,954 to Rs. 1,12,576."

## CRITICAL NOTICES.

### GENERAL LITERATURE.

"*Sketches in Assam.*" By S. O. Bishop, M.R.C.S., E.

"GENTLEMEN," says the Doctor, "I have written a little work; I claim no particular merit for it, and have simply given a few, as I hope, amusing sketches." This indicates perfectly the character of Dr. Bishop's *brochure*, unless we deem 257 pages of text, with nine pages of preface, *not* a little work. The level of the work is *not* high, but it is quite readable. Orthography is no object as the preface explains, and we are not to be "rough on it."

The chapter on what to drink and avoid in Assam we must take for the practical advice it is meant for; and "the abuses perpetrated on a body of quiet, unassuming gentlemen"—the Tea-planters—are, one must think, honestly pointed out, even if it be slightly from the Planters' point of view. How Mr. Bagster paid a visit to Mr. Leavin, and how Gopal and Mongol carried his traps, and how one Juddoo carried a telegram for Sandy, must be read to be enjoyed, and is a very truthful "sketch." The way in which Rattler got rid of his bile and of an "annoying creature" of a cooly, is to be wondered at, if not commended.

The *Buyrah* cooly seems a bad bargain in Assam.

The "one other medical gent," and how "the Captain" *fixed* his patients for him, is a good lesson to "medical gents" on first arrival in India.

Matrimony is commended, but parting is not such sweet sorrow when the departure is for long.

The cute gent and the comic gent are a fine pair. The cute gent shows how one planter does not *pump* another.

The old boys ending their evening in mild whist and negus are models in their way, and the chronics form the subjects of an equally good chapter, and a children's party we admire much. The agents and middlemen are dealt with and are pleasantly shown up.

The Doctor is quite at home with his bilious patient. Medicines have been prescribed and duly taken. Light diet has



been enjoined, but after two days the Doctor finds his patient no better. "How about diet?"

"Oh! only been eating light food, Doctor; you hammered this into me pretty well."

"Come, what did you have for breakfast yesterday?"

"Oh! nothing much. I began with soup, then fried fish, then I had some Irish stew, a roast duck, and finished up with egg-curry and a bottle of stout." Month—July. Thermometer 98°.

Employers of Europeans in Assam are to make it their duty that the European gets a change of climate after a certain number of years, whether the individual likes it or not. Send them to the hills, to sea, or home, and the money will be well laid out for the concern as well.

The book is full of sound advice in a very pleasant, readable form, and if a little overdrawn, most of the sketches are life-like and void of vicious personality or spitefulness. They are full of good humour. One more example. There is a grasping, quite humorous, about the man whose medical attendance is paid for, and who demands at parting *two pills on account*, although he has no need for them.

W.

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*The Personal Adventures and Experiences of a Magistrate during the Mutiny.* By Mark Thornhill. London. John Murray, 1884.

THE subject of the Indian Mutiny has had its recognised historians in the late Sir John Kaye and Colonel Malleson, and Mr. Holmes is a more recent aspirant in the same field. It was only to be expected that it would also provide material for the gossips, and Mr. Mark Thornhill has appeared upon the scene, in this character, so far as Agra was concerned, during the great crisis. Mr. Thornhill's book is very far from being uninteresting. He tells his stories with point, and he carries his readers along with him. It is probable that in several matters his memory has played him false, and those who knew him in earlier days will find, from a perusal of his pages, that the official malice which he was known to possess, has been rather intensified than diminished by the lapse of time.

The more serious part of his volume consists of a covert attack upon Mr. John Russell Colvin, who was then Governor of the North-West Provinces, and who died at Agra during the progress of the Mutiny. The volume is full of unkind, and generally, unjust insinuations at the expense of Mr. Colvin, among whose least faults are mentioned indecision, over-confidence, and moral cowardice. The state of Mr. Colvin's health is passed over

briefly, and in one place a doubt seems to be expressed as to the reality of his illness. On page 277 his career is briefly but more favourably summed up, yet a few lines of stinted praise are only poor reparation for a volume full of disparagement. As the tone taken by Mr Mark Thornhill must wound the feelings of those to whom Mr. Colvin's memory is dear, we would place on record what the two historians of the Mutiny have written on the subject. These extracts will show how fully explained all Mr. Colvin's actions at Agra were, by the state of his health, and that those who were called upon to pass a historical judgment on his acts, were able to discriminate between the man in the full possession of a powerful intellect when in good health, and when bowed down and enfeebled by bodily and mental ailments and anxieties. Sir John Kaye summed up his account of Mr. Colvin's action at Agra in the following sentences: They also record his opinion of a man whose share in the first Afghan war he had denounced, a fact increasing the weight of his favourable testimony:—

"In such times, and in such circumstances, a man, even with robust health and a strong nervous system on his side, requires some external encouragement to sustain and to keep him up to the athletic standard which is necessary to the right discharge of great responsibilities. But Colvin's health was failing, his nerves were shaken. Whilst, day after day, from beyond Agra, fresh tidings of disaffection and disaster came in to increase his perplexities and to aggravate his distresses, the difficulties which presented themselves to him at home, because more immediate and omnipresent, were still more vexatious and annoying. The differences of opinion, which arose among the many able and energetic officers who surrounded him, were continually distracting his mind and ministering to his irresolution. What he suffered, no man can tell; but those about him saw more clearly every day, that he was growing weaker both in body and in mind. It was plain that the burden upon him was greater than he could bear. He was a brave and honourable Englishman, but his lines had been cast in pleasant places. He had been safe in counsel; but he was not accustomed to face the responsibilities of prompt and strenuous action, and now he began slowly to succumb to the incessant pressure upon his brain; and those who watched him did not think that he would long survive to direct or to control them."

And again, he wrote, "He died on the 9th of September, and history rejoices to accord him a place in the front rank of those who died for their country, during that tremendous epoch, more painfully and not less gloriously than those who died on the battle-field—a true Christian hero, of whom the nation must ever be most proud."

Colonel Malleeson's verdict is pronounced still more firmly and favourably, and he too speaks as a man whose bias was not one of unqualified friendly feeling towards Mr. Colvin.

"During a great portion of this period Mr. Colvin still continued to administer the duties attaching to his high office; but he was no longer the strong man, hoping for the prompt repression of the rebellion, that he once had been. It was not alone the revolt that had broken him. The uprooting of convictions deeply held and long clung to was, indeed, a blow hard to bear. But it was rather the sense of his inability to restore order in his own provinces; the forced isolation to which events condemned him; the compulsory inaction, that preyed most deeply upon him. Of the fine courage, the devotion to duty, the earnest consideration for others, which had characterised his career, there never was the smallest abatement. These noble qualities shone brightly to his very last hour. Warned by his medical advisers that continued attention to the details of office would be fatal, that he required perfect rest of body and mind, Mr. Colvin, refused, nevertheless, to relinquish the smallest of the duties attaching to his high office. He felt that it would ill become the captain to leave the deck of his ship when she was drifting on to a lee shore, the breakers almost in sight; that, ill as he was, it was his duty to set an example, and that, as he must die some day, it was better that he should die in the performance of duties for which he yet had strength, rather than seek to prolong his existence by casting his cares upon another."

Colonel Malleeson thus eloquently describes the closing scene of all, and we hope that those who read Mr. Thornhill's book, and come to an adverse opinion about Mr. John Russell Colvin, will correct their impressions by referring to those passages which we have quoted from the responsible narrators of the events of 1857 and 1858.

"Thus died in the performance of his duty, before the dawn of the triumph of which he never despaired, the brave, true-hearted and noble Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces. Whatever failings or prejudices he may have had, they are all obliterated by the recollection of the earnestness, the single-mindedness, the devotion to duty, that characterised him in a most critical period. He was sustained to the last by the consciousness "that he had not shrunk from bearing the burden which God had called upon him to sustain;" by the conviction that he had performed his duty to his God and to his country, and that he had striven to have a conscience void of offence towards God and man. His demise was deeply felt by all with whom he was connected by private friendship or by official ties, and the Government

of India only gave utterance to a feeling that pervaded all classes when, by a notification in the Official Gazette, it paid a just tribute to his name and memory."

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*The Imperial Review.* Alex. McKing & Co., Melbourne.

THIS admirable little Quarterly hails from Melbourne, and is, to a great extent, conducted on principles peculiar to itself. It consists of an immense variety of very brief articles on subjects of literary, political, scientific and biographical interest.

The result is that it contains a mass of interesting and pleasant reading which, in the words of the well-known song, is emphatically "very cheap at the price."

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*The National Review.* May 1885.

THE most noteworthy article in the May number of the *National* is Colonel Malleon's: "The advance of the Russians towards India." Colonel Malleon traces step by step, with the most painstaking minuteness of detail, the events, military and political, which have marked the Russian advance from the Caspian to the Murghaub. The specific value of Colonel Malleon's retrospect can scarcely be overrated, for he proves beyond all dispute, that what is called the "civilizing mission" of Russia in Central Asia, is a delusion and a snare. Treachery, violence, falsehood and outrage, are not the weapons of civilization—are not the means by which civilization is propagated—and Russian policy towards Khiva and Bokhara was as faithless and false, as full of lying promises and lying pretexts, as Russian policy towards Afghanistan. Then Colonel Malleon comes to the great question of the moment: "What is to be done?" And this is the answer which he gives us:—

"Our first answer, then, to the seizure of Herat by Russia, should be the re-occupation of Kandahar and Gushk by England. That is the one safe solution yet remaining to us. With a fortress of the first rank at Kandahar, and the present fort at Gushk enlarged and re-armed, England might yet defy the Machiavellian policy of Russia in the East. What at the present moment is most to be feared, is that there will be a patched-up compromise; that Russia may propose that both Powers shall remain where they are: she, in possession of the places she has fraudulently acquired, we, holding our existing frontier; that neither shall advance farther. No sane man can doubt the result of the acceptance by England of such a proposal. England would, undoubtedly, remain true to her obligation: Russia, employing the means used so successfully on countless occasions—with the Nogais of the Western Caucasus; with the Valis of Georgia; with the populations of Turkestan and Tchemkend; with the Governor of Samarkand; with the Khans of Kokan and of Khiva; with the Afghans of Panjdeh—would suddenly seize Herat. She would take the opportunity of doing so when she had troops on the spot to support her action; when

England was more embarrassed and less wide awake than she is at the present moment. She would excuse the action on the plea that "the nomadic and predatory character of the population had actually forced the capture upon her." Of all possible arrangements, that arrangement would be for England the most humiliating and the most unsafe. It would sanction the attack by Russia on an ally's position, the seizure of the passes dominating his capital, in a time of profound peace. Open war were a thousand times preferable; for this arrangement would not even give us peace. We should have but an armed truce to be broken at the pleasure of our enemy!"

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*Russian Ethnography; or the Crisis in Central Asia.* By an Indian Officer. W. H. Allen and Co., London.

THERE is nothing very new in our author's views on the Central Asian crisis. He goes over old ground, but the case pro and con is well stated, and the paragraphs in which an Indian Officer sums up, as it were, the advantages which Russia has *already* secured, at the expense of England, deserve to be quoted:—

"On the one hand is seen the spectacle of a despotic Power, single in its aim, undivided in its counsels, constant in its policy of deliberate, unflinching aggression and aggrandisement, steadily advancing, regardless of all protest on the one side, or promises and pledges on the other, towards the Eastern possessions of its rival; profuse in its assurances that the latest is the last step forward, and regretting with hollow mockery its inability to control its own too zealous subordinates, or disown their action for fear of injury to the prestige of the Russian arms; possessed of one continuous stretch of territory through which troops can be marched, without fear of interruption, to the border in dispute; and holding its conquered provinces with a grip of iron, which permits of no freedom of thought or speech, and is eminently adapted to the carrying out, with the utmost secrecy, of the mobilisation of troops.

"On the other hand may be learnt the instructive lesson of a great and powerful country, warlike in its instincts, and enjoying gigantic resources, but unhappily a house divided against itself, and with the party, too, in power who have persistently extenuated Russian breaches of promise, ignored her evasions of compact, and even defended her hostile policy; a party, moreover, which has for its leader, as the Cabul Court is doubtless well aware, one who cannot be accused of sympathy with its co-religionists, the Mohammedans of Europe: a faction whose masterly inactivity led to disasters in South Africa, crowned by the bitter and unretaliated humiliation of having the flower of the British army mown down by a handful of sharp-shooting freebooters; whose vacillation and procrastination led to the Egyptian war of 1882 and the subsequent tangle which has involved us in a yet more costly and aimless occupation of the Soudan: a country whose circuitous sea communication with India is liable to be harassed or impeded by the fleet of at least one maritime Power which might ally herself with Russia; and last, not least, a Press, which both in England and the East, proclaims to all the world the movements of every corporal's guard, every transport or torpedo-boat, every indication of real or supposed activity at our arsenals, factories or dockyards, and supplies the Russian General Staff (as it is notorious they were supplied during the Russo-Turkish war) with reliable and valuable information on which to base or modify their schemes and regulate their action, military or political.

*Journal of the National Indian Association.* C. Kegan-Paul, Trench & Co., London.

THE address which Lord Ripon delivered at the Annual Meeting of the Indian Association has attracted far less attention than it deserves. Lord Ripon's observations on the influence and education of Indian women are admirable—

It was quite true that the women of India, for the most part, were shut up and were out of sight, and that Europeans saw but very little of them. Still, he thought he was not wrong in saying, that female influence in India was very strong, and that the influence of the mother especially, was very potent in Indian families. It ought to be so; and it was a very good trait in the character of the inhabitants of India, that they should have so much respect for their parents. But it was one with which those who were not admitted to the intimacy of families were little acquainted. Through the labours of ladies connected with Associations of this kind this valuable, important, and moralising influence might be made to have the effect it ought to have, so that, instead of being, as he was afraid it too often was, a check upon the progress of men and women in India, it might be used for their advancement. In this way we should best promote that home life which had been so touchingly spoken of. Surely it was very striking that a young man of ability from India should stand up at such a meeting and say, that that which he most admired among us, and which he most desired for his own land, was home life. If this Association could, in any degree, by its efforts carry this English blessing to the homes of India, it would have done a noble work indeed. The Report spoke of the efforts of the Association to promote social progress generally in India; and here again allusion was made to the condition of women. There was no doubt that the greatest of all social problems in India, was the condition of the ladies and of the women of the land. Reference was made to the efforts of some gentlemen, and especially of his friend Mr. Malabari of Bombay, upon the subject of early marriages and the re-marriage of widows. He had had some conversation with Mr. Malabari upon these subjects, and had told him that he felt the greatest interest in them, and that he believed great and signal evils did result from the present state of things in India with respect to them. The main point of difference between them had always been as to the extent to which it was advisable for the Government, as a Government, to move at the present time in this matter. He felt very strongly that in a social question of this kind, which involved not only social but also religious feeling, the Government could not, and ought not, to outrun public opinion. It might do something to guide and direct that opinion; but it was for individual reformers like Mr. Malabari, or writers in the Press, or Associations like this, to commence the work, and to find out the real state of feeling among the leaders of native opinion in regard to it. When they had worked to a sufficient extent in the character of missionaries upon the public mind, then, perhaps, it might be possible for the Government to do something to help on the work, if it did not become, as he believed it would, unnecessary to use the agencies of the Government at all.

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*The Orient*, an Anglo-Indian Monthly Magazine. Conducted by R. Bates. Bombay. May 1885.

THE May issue of this excellent little magazine is a very good number indeed. The article on courtship among

the North American Indians is both amusing and interesting. The Indian lover goes through a very severe course of training in connexion with the process of courtship :—

“Not a word is spoken. He does not touch the girl while he is sitting by her as she sleeps. Her grandmother does not speak a word of encouragement to him, neither does her mother indicate that he is a welcome suitor. The next night he comes again and takes up his position beside the girl, and keeps this up for a long time. During all the time he is courting in this way, he is treated as an absolute stranger by the girl's relations. They may have entertained him before he began his attention to the girl; her brothers may have hunted with him and shared the game with him, but when he once begins to woo the girl, all familiarity and friendship ceases. He is never invited to eat of food prepared by the family of the girl, and her brothers never offer him anything on the hunt. His presence is wholly ignored. If the girl does not like him, she tells her grandmother, and when the young man comes again at night, that good old lady rises from her bed, takes a handful of hot ashes from the fire, and throws them in his face. That's the mitten. If he persists in his attentions and continues to come again and again, the whole family unite in heaping indignities upon him, but the girl is never a party to this. Her brothers and sisters and father and mother throw ashes upon him, douse him with water, flagellate him with stout switches, and drive him from the lodge. Sometimes an Indian persists in spite of such assaults, and goes again and again to the tent where the girl is sleeping. Sometimes his perseverance wins her heart, but not often.

*The Secret of Death (from the Sanskrit) with some Collected Poems.* By Edwin Arnold, M. A. Author of “The Light of Asia” Companion of the Star of India, etc. London : Trübner & Co. 1885.

THE poem from which Mr. Arnold's new volume takes its title, is a free rendering, in English heroic metre, of the first three of the *Vallis* of the *Katha Upanishad*, interspersed with question and commentary, in the shape of a dialogue, between an Englishman and a Brahman Priest who are supposed to be reading the original together in a temple beside the river Moota-Moola, near the City of Poona.

Nacluketas, brought face to face with the God of Death, asks of him, at his bidding, three boons, the first—

‘That Gautama  
Be comforted ; and restful in his mind ;  
Thinking fair thoughts of me, who die for him.’

The second, to know how the sacrifice is kindled which may gain him Swarga-lok :—

‘That I, who die, may light that holy fire,  
And come, avoiding Hell, to Swarga's peace.’

The third, to know the nature of death :—

“There is this doubt,” young Nacluketas said :  
Thou dost give peace—is that peace Nothingness ?

Some say that after death the soul still lives,  
Personal, conscious ; some say, ' Nay, it ends !'  
Fain would I know which of these twain be true,  
By thee enlightened."

The first two boons Yama immediately grants. The last, he begs Nachiketas to forego :

" This was asked of old,  
Even by the gods ! This is a subtle thing,  
Not to be told, hard to be understood !  
Ask me some other boon : I may not grant !  
Choose wiser, Nachiketas ; force me not  
To quit this debt—release me from my bond !"

But Nachiketas insists, and the god is compelled to fulfil his promise.

The answer of Yama is embodied in the second *valli* ; the third consist mainly of commentary on the answer. The following passage from the latter will give the reader a clue to the nature of the revelation, and may, at the same time, serve as a specimen of Mr. Arnold's treatment of the text :—

" Hear what is taught in the Khadogya"—  
' The body is the City, and its heart  
The Palace, and the Royal presence there  
A hid, invisible, close, subtle thing,  
On an ethereal lotus-seat enthroned,  
The spirit—ATMAN !'

' And if they shall say  
' How should we seek, how should we understand  
That kingly spirit, sitting on the Throne,  
Hid in the Palace of the Body's Heart,  
Invisible, small, subtle ?

" Answer them—  
' As large as is the unbounded universe,  
So large that little hidden spirit is !  
The Heavens and Earths are in it ? Fire and air,  
And sun and moon and stars ; darkness and light  
It comprehends ! Whatever marketh Man,  
The present of him, and the past of him,  
And what shall be of him ; all thoughts and things  
Lie folded in the ethereal vast of it !'

" And if they say, ' what then is left of it  
When eld upon the Body's City creeps,  
And breaks and scatters it ; and all its walls  
Fall ; and the Palace of the heart is void,  
Where dwelt the being, the desire, the life,  
This Royal Spirit's Kingship ?'"

" Answer them :  
' By mortal years the immortal grows not old !  
The Atman changes not. The Body's death  
Kills not the soul ! It hath its City, still,  
Its Palace and its hidden, proper life !  
Becoming Self of Self ; set clear from sin,  
As the snake casts her slough ; made free of flesh,  
Of age, ache, hunger, thirst, sorrow and death :  
Thenceforth desiring the desirable,  
And thinking ever what is good to think !'



The writer, as will be seen, has displayed all his usual skill ; but no amount of skill would avail to invest the metaphysics of the Upanishads with the qualities of true poetry.

The poems which make up the remainder of the volume, cover a very wide range of both subject and style. A large proportion of them are translations many of them of striking merit. That of the "Neucia" of Lorenzo de' Medici possesses a special interest, as being the first rendering of the original into English. That of "Hero and Leander," from the Greek of Musæus, combines a high degree of technical perfection with great beauty, and a grand simplicity of diction.

Altogether the volume will distinctly add to Mr. Arnold's already high reputation.

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*Life and Works of Alexander Csoma de Körös. A Biography compiled chiefly from hitherto unpublished data ; with a Brief Notice of each of his Published Works and Essays, as well as of his still extant Manuscripts.* By Theodore Duka, M. D., London : Trübner & Co. 1885.

SCANTY as are the data available for a biography of Csoma de Körös, Doctor Duka has succeeded in producing a book of more than ordinary interest.

The story he has to tell will move the reader now to wonder, now to pity—wonder at the extraordinary hardships suffered, and the marvellous endurance displayed by Csoma in the pursuit of an idea—pity, at what, to the unbiased judgment, will be apt to seem, the insignificance of the reward attained. Yet Csoma himself would probably have sympathised with neither sentiment. The man who, after passing some six years, immured in Bhuddist monasteries, subsisting on little but tea soup, scantily clothed, with nothing but the ground to sleep on, and the bare walls to protect him against the rigours of the climate, for the purpose of mastering the Tibetan language, was ready to consider himself the happiest man on earth and die with pleasure, if he could only complete his grammar and dictionary, and who all this time was content with a stipend of fifty rupees a month, must have measured things by a standard of his own.

Much of the hardship he endured, was, indeed, of his own choosing, for he would accept no assistance, either in money or in kind, from private sources, and refused even the bounty of the Asiatic Society, because of the vagueness of the Resolution in which it was granted. The disparaging criticisms of Vambéry and others, who have represented Csoma de Körös as a victim of the delusion, that the origin of the Hungarians was to be found in Tibet, and his life, as wasted in the vain

endeavour to establish this theory, are, as Dr. Duka points out, conclusively disposed of by Csoma's own account of his plans, as well as by the testimony of his friend and patron Moorcroft, and of Dr. Wilson.

"We know now," he says, "that Csoma's original plan 'for the development of some obscure points of Asiatic and European history,' conceived in Hungary, was to proceed through the Northern regions of Central Asia, as Hegedüs pointedly remarks, towards the 'borders of the Chinese Empire and towards Mongolia;' and we can trace his steps from Persia to Khorasan and Bokhara, through Balkh, Bamian, across the Hindu Kush, in that direction, till he reached Kabul on the 6th January 1822. Thence, *via* Lahore, he travelled into Kashmir, where he arrived on the 14th of April. The journey towards China led *via* Turkestan, and he travelled as far as Seh on his way thither; but having ascertained, when at Leh, that the route to Yarkand was very difficult, expensive, and very dangerous for a Christian, as he did not attempt to travel in disguise, he resolved to return towards Lahore. On this journey he met Moorcroft, who entertained him hospitably, and lent him Giorgi's 'Alphabetum Tibetanum.' This book Csoma studied through, and was thus induced to propose to Moorcroft, that he would thoroughly master that language, if during his studies his daily wants could be provided for."

There is not a shadow of proof that, previous to his meeting with Moorcroft, Csoma had any idea of making Tibetan the study of his life.

Dr. Duka's biography of the eccentric Hungarian scholar is supplemented with a list and analysis of his published and unpublished works.

*Si-Yu-Ki. Buddhist Records of the Western World, translated from the Chinese of Hiuen Tsiang (A. D. 629). By Samuel Beal. In two volumes. London: Trübner & Co,*

THESE two volumes of Mr. Beal's are, from a historical point of view, among the most important, if they are not *the* most important, that have appeared in Messrs Trübner & Co's Oriental Series. It is only by a close study of Hiuen Tsiang's "Records of the Western World," that any idea can be formed of the immense amount of information they contain regarding the condition of India in the early part of the seventeenth century. Together with the Fo-kwo-Ki of Fa-Hian, who travelled in India at the beginning of the fifth century, and the more meagre record of the mission of Sung-Yun and Hwei Sang about a century later, translations of both of which works are incorporated by Mr Beal with his Introduction, they constitute a repertory of facts, which may fairly be

said to outweigh in value all the other extant evidence on the subject that has come down to us.

The *Si-Yu-Ki* had been previously translated by M. Stanislaus Julien, but the work had long been out of print, and the additional light now thrown on the text by Mr. Beal's notes would alone have justified an independent translation.

It will be evident on the most cursory perusal, that a great deal still remains to be done to settle the Chinese pilgrim's geography. That all the places mentioned by him will ever be satisfactorily identified, would be too much to hope, but after all, the value of much of the information contained in the travels, is independent of such identifications.

#### VERNACULAR LITERATURE.

*Dwádas Nári bá Arya Mahilá.* By Durgádás Láhiri. Printed by Sarachchandra Deb at the Biná Press, 37, Mechhuabazar Street, and Published by Gurudás Chatterji at the Bengal Medical Library, 97, College Street, Calcutta.

THIS book contains brief memoirs of twelve celebrated Hindu women—Tará Báí, Jubhar Báí, Panna, Ahalyá Báí, Durgabati, Bidulá, Lakshmi Báí, Rani Bhabani, Padmini, Behulá, Rani Rasmani and Maharani Jhindañ or Chandrabati. All these women though possessed of many of the softer virtues of the sex, are here presented as examples of those qualities of the head and heart, which commonly characterise the stronger sex. Bravery, presence of mind in difficult and dangerous situations, heroism in war, martial skill and ardour, political insight and administrative power,—such are some of the masculine virtues for which these remarkable women were distinguished. Bengali women, who rarely display any of these virtues, would do well to study the memoirs of these members of their own sex whose lives are a proof that woman should not be all woman, but should combine with her own softness and sweetness a little of the strength and hardihood of man. Regarded in this light, the conception of the work before us is an exceedingly good one; but we are sorry to say that its execution has been in the highest degree unsatisfactory. In the first place, its style is not what the style of a biographical narrative which is intended to be read by young girls in schools, should be. Its style is not plain, simple, sober and graphic, but pompous, pedantic, sentimental and manneristic. Take the following specimen :—

পতির বিয়োগান্তে এত দিন করপ্রদেশ অনলকৃত হিল, আজ সেই করে  
হুগন অলঙ্কারের শোভা পাইল—যে করের মৌন্দর্য্য বৃদ্ধি পাইল—



*A Sketch History of Hindustan.* By H. G. Keene, Esq., late Bengal Civil Service. W. H. Allen & Co., London.

THIS important work reached us too late for a detailed notice in this issue. It shall be reviewed with the fulness it deserves in our next. Our general opinion of Mr Keene's work may, however, be indicated at once. Mr. Keene's Sketch, (it is to some extent a misnomer to call it a sketch) is executed in the most thorough and masterly manner possible, and will, we are sure, acquire and retain a lasting popularity among students of Indian history both in India and at home.

*Central Asian Questions.* By Demetrius Boulger. Longmans & Co., London.

MR. BOULGER'S work reaches us at the moment of going to press ; too late, like Mr. Keene's, for anything like a detailed notice in this issue. The book consists of reprints of essays contributed by Mr. Boulger to the *London Times*, and all the leading English magazines : the *Quarterly*, *Edinburgh*, *National*, and to the *Calcutta Review*.

Mr. Boulger has brought to bear on the discussion of Central Asian questions, profound scholarship in a very little explored direction of historic research, and that prescience and sagacity, which really profound historic reading, always engenders. He is justly regarded by the English public as, perhaps on the whole, the greatest authority we possess on the important questions which form the subject of his admirable work.



শাণিত তরবারিতে। অুহাগিনী নাম্যমূর্ত্তি সজ্জিত হইল, উদ্ভাদিনীর বেশে। সে মূর্ত্তি স্থাপিত হইল অস্ত্রপুত্রের দ্বারদেশে। তাহার বিস্ফারিত নেত্রযুগল হইতে যেন বহির্গত হইতে লাগিল—অগ্নিস্কুলিঙ্গ। গস্তার ললাটেদেশে যেন দৃশ্য হইল হীরক-খচিত, সুবর্ণ-অক্ষর-বিভাসিত স্বর্গীয় বাক্য;—‘প্রাণ দিব, কিন্তু বিজাতীয়-পদ-বিক্ষেপে পবিত্র অস্ত্রপুত্র কলুষিত হইতে দিব না’। দুরন্ত ইংরাজ সৈন্য বাহির গৃহ লুণ্ঠন করিতে লাগিল।

This is literary pedantry of a most outrageously defiant kind, and we only wonder why the author did not give to the last sentence in the extract the following turn :—দুরন্ত ইংরাজ সৈন্য লুণ্ঠন করিতে লাগিল, বাহির গৃহ। It is the study of books written in this sort of style that is simply unsexing the sex in this country. We have had in our life ample opportunities of reading authenticated female compositions in Bengali, and we are both grieved and ashamed to say, that except in one or two instances, we have found in those compositions not the simple, graceful, dignified and inimitably chaste and charming hand of the woman, but the rude, rough, reckless and impudent rigmarole of the uncultivated and pedantic Bengali Babu. There are many reasons why Bengali women are becoming so unwomanly, but not the least powerful of those reasons is their study from a very tender age of cartloads of school books, and cartloads of books in general literature, written in the style of Babu Durgádás Láhiri's *Dvādas Nārī*. Our young men, who are only so much sound and shamelessness, have, alas, succeeded but too well in making our young girls also so much sound and shamelessness like themselves!

Babu Durgádás seems to be ignorant of the true nature of biographical knowledge and literature, or if he knows what it is, he has not, at any rate, the historic cast of mind which is required in writing memoirs of men and women. His very style will show that he aims more at literary and sentimental effect than at historic accuracy. It is the spirit of the romancer and not of the sober and truth-loving historian that appears impressed in every line that he has written. We could give many, but we will give only one example. Referring to the well known incident of the attack of Rani Rasmani's house in Janbazar in Calcutta by European soldiers during the Sepoy Mutiny, the author writes as follows :—

“When the flames of the sepoy mutiny were spread in all directions, when the English soldiery were almost overcome by dreadful Hindu prowess, a terrible event in the life of Rasmani startled the world. An event like that never before

occurred in Bengal; an event like it has been witnessed in Rajputana among Rajputs, and in Western India in the hearts of Aryan Hindus. The English soldiers lost their sense during the Sepoy Mutiny and they wandered about like madmen. All India was deluged with their misdeeds. They behaved as they pleased towards Hindus and Musulmans. One day the maddened English soldiery began to commit various acts of oppression upon the poor people who lived near Rasmani's house in Janbazar; they forcibly took the goods of the shopkeepers and broke their huts and houses. Rasmani had been all her life a mother unto the poor. The mother could not bear to see her sons roughly treated by the wicked English soldiery. All animals, from birds and beasts to the smallest worms and insects, feel distressed at the sight of the distress of their young ones, and endeavour to save the lives of their young ones caring not for their own lives. Rasmani, the mother of the poor, also prepared herself to save her sons from Yavanik oppression. She gave this order to her servants :—'Drive the wicked English soldiers away from Janbazar, howsoever you can.' The servants did as they were commanded. With their bamboo sticks they beat and drove them away.

"But the consequences of this act were serious. In endeavouring to save the poor, Rasmani suffered immense loss. The soldiers who had been driven away, came back in a body with their leader, and attacked Rasmani's house. As soon as the attack was made, the servants fled away and the amlah concealed themselves. There were screams and cries in the whole house; the ladies of the family shrieked piteously. At this time such cries were no new thing in India. Cawnpore, Delhi, Benares, Setara, Jhansi were crying in this manner. The cries of respectable ladies began to defile even Bengali homes. All cried, but Rasmani did not cry. Instead of crying, that beautiful figure of hers assumed a stern appearance. The hand that had for so long a time since her husband's death borne no ornament was to-day adorned with a new ornament, the beauty of that hand was enhanced by—a whetted sword. The soft and smiling figure appeared dressed like the figure of one that was mad. That figure was placed—at the entrance of the female apartment. There appeared to issue from the distended eye-balls of that figure—sparks of fire. There appeared engraved on the solemn brow in letters of gold studded with diamonds, the words :—'I shall give my life; but I shall not allow my sacred zenana to be defiled by the feet of foreigners.' The wicked English soldiers went on plundering the outer apartments. But barred by that wild looking figure, they could not effect an easy entrance into the inner apartments."

Now read another account of the same occurrence which appeared in a Bengali memoir of Rani Rasmani \* nearly six years ago :—

“One afternoon the grandsons of Rasmani were sitting with their friends on the verandah, when some English soldiers coming out of the Free School premises, began to commit a disturbance in the shops in front of Rasmani's house. The shopkeeper in great fear sought the protection of the Babus on the verandah. Rasmani's grandsons Jadu Nath and Dwaraka Nath ordered their Durwans to ‘drive away the miscreants.’ There was great bustle and uproar as soon as this order was heard. Many of the shopkeepers in Janbazar and the Durwans in a body assailed the wicked soldiers with *lathis* and drove them away. The soldiers, smarting under the severe thrashing they had received, informed their Colonel in the Free School of what had happened, whereupon the Colonel, in great anger, ordered a regiment of soldiers to quickly get ready.

At 5-30 P. M. a body of soldiers came and surrounded Rasmani's house. The door-keepers in fear closed the door. It was now nearly dusk. The soldiers broke open the door. Upon this the male and female servants began to fly. The ladies in the inner apartments were alarmed and began to cry. At this time some door-keepers and the Babus entered into the inner apartments, and breaking down a wall at the back of the house, sent away the ladies into a neighbouring house. Everybody importuned Rasmani to leave the house ; but she steadfastly refused to do so. With a bunch of keys and a sword in her hand she remained sitting within her room. Having entered into the house the soldiers broke the chandeliers and other articles of furniture in the lower *baitak-khana* rooms. A servant, who was unable to fly away, had hid himself under a couch, and another servant had hid himself under a *tuktapos* (wooden bedstead). The fiends dragged them out and struck them with their swords. Next, ascending upstairs, they entered into the *baitakkhana* adjoining the staircase and were destroying the furniture, when they heard the sound of the Colonel's bugle and at once drew together.”

There are not a few discrepancies between this account and the account given by Babu Durgádás, and we are not a little surprised to find Babu Durgádás differing from Babu Hem Chandra Banerji who wrote six years before him, without assigning any reason for doing so. Judging, indeed, from the absence of any reference whatever in the memoir under notice to Babu Hem Chandra's work, we are strongly inclined to suspect whether the present author is even aware of its existence. Those who

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\* Rani Rasmani's Jiban Charit. By Hem Chandra Bandyopadhyaya. Calcutta, 1286, B.S., pp 59-61.



feel little regard for fact and narrative accuracy, and aim chiefly at rhetorical or sentimental effect, do not study the subjects upon which they write, and seldom care to ascertain whether other people have written upon those subjects and what they have written. That Babu Durgádás has written chiefly for rhetorical and sentimental effect will appear clearly to his hasty reader, and it may be therefore safely presumed that he has not cared to study the subject upon which he has written. But he is not unfortunately the only Bengali author who writes without study. There are many like him, many who consider that bluster and bombast are such good things, that sense, sobriety, truth, everything in fact, ought to be unhesitatingly sacrificed to them. Babu Durgádás has, we fear, made a similar sacrifice of truth in his account of the Janbazar disturbance. That account, the reader will see, agrees substantially with Babu Hem Chandra's account, which is plain and simple and bears a truthful appearance. But there are also differences of detail in it which are exactly such differences as would be caused by an overwhelming desire to be grandiloquent in expression and sentimental in effect. Such a desire is bad under any circumstances, and becomes simply criminal when it is gratified, as in the case before us, by sacrificing truth, sobriety and decorum. Unfortunately such a desire influences not one Bengali author but most Bengali authors of the day, and we have accordingly a rapidly swelling literature which is doing more than anything else to make woman unwomanly in this country. Against that literature we would therefore jealously guard the women of Bengal.

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*Subarnabanik.* By Nimái Chánd Sil. Printed at Í. C. Basu & Co.'s Stanhope Press, 249, Bowbazar Street, Calcutta, and published by Babu Bidyápati Sil at Chinsurah, 1291 B. S., 1885 A. D.

**I**T is the main object of the author of this work to discuss the caste-status of the Subarna Baniks or as they are commonly called the Bunniahs of Bengal. Evidence is adduced from various sources to prove that Subarna Baniks belong to the Vaisya caste, and that the social disesteem and even scorn in which they are now held in this country is wholly undeserved. We think that the author has succeeded in proving this point and we cannot help admiring the spirit of candour, fairness, liberality, and gentlemanliness in which he has stated his views and conducted the discussion. The great moderation and decorum with which he has done this part of his work is indeed another proof of the perfect respectability and orderliness of the class to which he belongs and in whose

behalf he has employed his pen. He is a chivalrous champion of an eminently decorous and respectable class in Hindu society. We are doubtful, however, whether this able defence of the Subarna Baniks of Bengal will produce the desired social effect, and destroy the mean and groundless prejudices which have been generally entertained against them since the time of Ballal Sen, who is considered to have been the first and greatest enemy of their class. Popular prejudice is seldom removed by a correct reading of the *sastras* as is shown by the utterly unsatisfactory and inadequate result of Pundit Iswara Chandra Bidyāsāgara's brilliant victory in the widow-marriage controversy. We must, indeed, look to time and the enlightening effect of popular education for the removal of strong popular prejudices; and we do not feel the smallest doubt that as time advances and education spreads, the claims of the Subarna Baniks of Bengal to the love and respect of the great Hindu community will be more and more recognized, and the absurd and ignoble prejudices which are now entertained against them having disappeared, an eminently useful, inoffensive and respectable class of men will secure that place in the estimation of society which they should never have lost, and which they are fully entitled to recover.

Though not therefore much willing to overrate the practical value of this able work regarded as an essay on a question of Hindu caste, we freely confess that its value as a treatise on the history of the Subarna Baniks of Bengal since their arrival in this country in the reign of Adisur is very great. That history is clearly told and will, we trust, do more to raise Subarna Baniks in the estimation of society and dissipate the ignoble prejudices which are entertained against them than the most triumphant arguments based on theories of caste. Babu Nimái Chánd Sil has clearly proved that the class to which he belongs has been always and unweariedly employed in the peaceful occupations of trade and the improvement of the material resources of Bengal and that they have been as well under Musulman as under English rule an important and powerful factor in the economic and political development of the country. To know Subarna Baniks in this light is to esteem and respect them, and we wish that Babu Nimái Chánd had told us more than he has done about his caste people regarded as the leaders of the commercial industry of his country. He appears to us to know a great deal in that way and we can assure him that he will have rendered a valuable contribution to the historical literature of Bengal and done much to set his class right in the opinion of Hindu society if he writes a separate treatise on the history of his caste as the greatest trading class in Bengal. A record of good work done is a

better argument in behalf of an unjustly despised people than theories of caste. Theories, at the best, strike the understanding, good work impresses the heart. To move the heart that is hard or hardened you should address the heart and not the head.

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*Biswakos*.—Compiled by Rangalál Mukhopádhya and Trailokyanáth Mukhopádhya. Printed by Rákháldas Mukhopádhya at the Biswakos Press, Rahuta, 1292 B. S.

THIS is a dictionary and encyclopædia combined and therefore the first work of its kind in the Bengali language. History, geography, biography, mythology, ethnography, geology, zoology, science, different systems of medicine, religion, philosophy, astronomy, astrology, agriculture, the art of cooking, all come within the scope of this grand encyclopædia; whilst, as a dictionary, there will be included within its range not only Sanskrit, Bengali and provincial words, but Arabic, Persian and Hindi words in familiar use in this country. This brief statement of the scope of this work will show that it is really a gigantic undertaking that has been commenced by the compilers—an undertaking, which, to be successful, will need deep and varied knowledge and the strength and industry of a giant. That the compilers are fully aware of all this, and are moreover profoundly impressed with a sense of the very heavy responsibility which they have assumed, appears clearly from the manner in which the part of the work which is before us has been executed. That part bears evidence of knowledge which is generally accurate, of wide study, literary culture, laborious research, and careful compilation. And as these are exactly the things that are indispensable in the preparation of a work of this kind, we believe we are justified in hoping that the great work commenced by Babus Rangalál Mukhaji and Toilokyanath Mukhaji will be successfully finished. Public patronage is, however, another indispensable condition of success; and as the part before us shows that the compilers in spite of their few shortcomings fully deserve it, we trust that it will be extended to them in a liberal spirit and on the gigantic scale on which the work has been planned and promises to be executed. The compilers have our own best wishes for their success.

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*Bibaha Bibhrat; a Social Comedietta in Two Acts.* By Amrital Basu. Printed by Amritalal Mukhopādhyāya, and published by Sures Chandra Basu at the Great Eden Press, 13, Ramnarāyan Bhattāchārya's Lane, Calcutta, 1291 B.S.

THIS work has acquired a notoriety inferior only to that of Babu Dinabandhu Mitra's *Nildarpan Natak*. There are few who have not read it or seen it acted on the Calcutta stage. High State officials, from the Viceroy downwards, have witnessed its representation in private theatres and greeted it with roars of laughter; for it is really written with considerable humour. But it is not a high work of art. It does not address the intellect or the heart: it only makes us laugh. As a low comedy it is simply perfect; but that is all. Judged by any higher standard, it is a very bad thing, almost a monstrosity. The piece has evidently a social purpose, which is to condemn the growing Bengali practice of making the marriage bargain a source of pecuniary extortion of the most heartless and shameless kind. This practice has now really assumed a very cruel form; for it is literally ruining hundreds of poor but respectable Hindu households. One's heart almost breaks to hear everyday stories of half a dozen ancient families reduced to destitution, half a dozen esteemed and well-to-do members of society hopelessly involved in debt, half a dozen dispensers of charity thrown upon the charity of churlish relatives for the crime of having daughters to marry to youths whose so-called education has made of them monkeys of the most perfect type. The practice which leads to such serious consequences and produces so much poverty and suffering, is not a thing which should be made the subject of laughter. If you laugh over such a practice, you simply cease to regard it in the light of a ruinous practice, and are apt to forget that there is anything wrong in it. Can't you conceive that whilst you are laughing yourself to suffocation over the calculating greed of Gopinath, the miserable victim of his extortion, the unhappy father of the bride is telling you in increased agony of soul—"what is sport to you is death to me?" And the author of this *Bibaha Bibhrat* has really made a cruel tragedy a source of fiendish mirth and laughter for all his countrymen. He apparently does not know, and his heart does not surely tell him, that if you once laugh over a bad thing you make light of it altogether, cease to regard it as an evil, and can never think of it seriously. The man of heart, who alone can be a man of genuine humour, can neither himself laugh over cruelty and crime nor make others do so. By making crime and cruelty a source of laughter and amusement, the author of *Bibaha Bibhrat* has offended gravely against justice, propriety, society and humanity. The humourist that makes cruelty a source of delight and not of

anger, pity, or sorrow, is a malformed man whose humour is vulgar drollery and not the noble, genial and refined sentiment which all *genuine* humour is. *Bibaha Bibhrat* ought not to have been written, or, if written, it should have consisted only of those scenes in which, as in the scene between Mr. Sing, Bilasini Karforma and her husband, defect of culture and character does not lead to the practice of cruelty upon others. In all the other scenes we laugh over cruelty, and never feel angry, indignant, or sorry. And so when we rise from our perusal of this book we feel as light and merry as if we had risen from a dinner table, and vainly do we search through all our minds and hearts for anything like the feeling that we have seen cruelty in the light of cruelty. *Bibaha Bibhrat*, we repeat, ought not to have been written in the form it now bears.

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THE  
CALCUTTA REVIEW.

VOLUME LXXXI.

• 1885.

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*No man who hath tasted learning but will confess the many ways of profiting by those who, not contented with stale receipts, are able to manage and set forth new positions to the world: and, were they but as the dust and cinders of our feet, so long as in that notion they may yet serve to polish and brighten the armoury of truth, even for that respect they were not utterly to be cast away.—MILTON.*

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CALCUTTA :

PRINTED & PUBLISHED BY

THOMAS S. SMITH, CITY PRESS, 12, BENTINCK STREET,  
MESSRS. THACKER, SPINK & CO., GOVERNMENT PLACE, N.

MADRAS: MESSRS. HIGGINBOTHAM & Co.

BOMBAY: MESSRS. COOPER, MADON & CO. LD., FORT.

LONDON: MESSRS. TRÜBNER & CO., 57 & 59, LUDGATE HILL.

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Vol. 81

pt. 2



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SIR ELIJAH IMPEY AND NUNDKUMAR.

NOTICE.

The January number of the "Calcutta Review" will contain Mr. Henry Beveridge's reply to Sir James Fitz-James Stephen. In the *Quarter* of this issue will be found a letter from Mr. Beveridge indicating the points which he hopes to establish in connexion with the controversy, and by means of which he hopes to entirely disprove the contention that Nundkumar received a fair and impartial trial at the hands of Sir Elijah Impey.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

*The Orient*: An Anglo-Indian Monthly Magazine. Conducted by R. Bates. Bombay. September 1885.

*The Indo-European Art Amateur*.—An inquiry into the encouragement and progress of the Fine Art in India, given rise to by the reputed failure of the Simla Fine Art Exhibition of 1884. By O. F. M. Calcutta: W. Newman & Co., (Ld.,) 4 Dalhousie Square.

*Ancient Indian*. By Ptolemy, J. W. McCrindle, M. A. Thacker, Spink & Co., Calcutta.

*Microcosmus: An Essay concerning Man and his Relation to the World*. By Hermann Lotze. Translated from the German by Elizabeth Hamilton and E. E. Constance Jones. In two volumes. Edinburgh, T. & T. Clark, 38 George Street. 1885.

*Once a Month*.—An Illustrated Australasian Magazine: Conducted by Peter Mercer, D.D. William Inglis & Co, 37 & 38 Flonder's Street, East, Melbourne.



# THE CALCUTTA REVIEW.

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## ART. I.—THE BRITISH CONQUEST OF HINDUSTAN.

**I**N old Anglo-Indian Law the part of Hindustán, now known as the North-Western Provinces, was divided into the "Ceded" and the "Conquered." By the former were intended those South-Eastern portions of the land which had been obtained by treaty from the Nawábs of Audh—sometimes ratified by Imperial firmán. By the latter were understood the districts which were annexed by Lake after his successful war against the Franco-Mahratta power whose nominal head was Daulat Rao Sindhia. In the legal sense the distinction was orthodox and regular. The term "Conquest" is properly applicable to those possessions that are obtained otherwise than by cession or succession. That is the normal signification of the word according to the old Roman civilians ; and in the Scottish law, which is the direct offspring of the civil law, the meaning is the same. But in the sense in which the word is more popularly used now, "conquest" has a looser and wider character, and involves the idea of resistance on the part of the inhabitants overpowered by strenuous debellation on the part of the conqueror. The inhabitants, not the mere land, form the subject of the conquest, and become liable to death or deprivation of civil rights. In M. Cabro's great work upon *International Law*, it is expressly laid down, for example, that the English system is always imposed upon a people conquered by the English ; and the case of Ireland is cited as an illustration. Now, in this sense, the upper provinces of Hindustán were never conquered : the people opposed no resistance, and their systems and practices have been respected and carefully maintained from that day to this. Like the typical Romans of the *Georgics*, the British warred against the proud but spared the submissive ;

the *country* was "conquered"—in so far as it accrued to the empire of Britain otherwise than by virtue of gift or succession : the *people*, after the wont of hereditary bondsmen, took the new yoke upon them and suffered no change. When Ireland was successfully invaded by the armies of Henry II., the first step was to parcel out the soil among the Fitzgilberts, the De Courcis, and other foreign adventurers ; the second, to introduce the feudal system and to substitute Anglo-Norman law for the indigenous codes. As time went on insurrection on one side was met by oppression on the other ; the natives were everywhere expelled or persecuted ; penalties were denounced against all use of their customs ; an alien creed was established ; Cromwell and William were followed by Protestant ascendancy ; down to the present day all relations suffer by the consequences of a vicious title. In Hindustán, on the other hand, we find a persistent course of conciliation, cordially accepted ; attempts to sustain a native method of administration ; Hindu and Muslim codes in the law-courts ; endowments of temples and mosques maintained ; and in return, an almost unbroken good behaviour on the part of the people. Even during the short-lived anarchy that accompanied the temporary paralysis of power due to the revolt of the Sepoy army, there was no such general popular resistance to the crippled foreign government as to call for a general conquest.

From all this it follows that Hindustán is not—in the colloquial sense of the term—"a conquered country." Though some of the sceptres of its component provinces were wrested, in various ways, from the hands that tried to wield them, the social organs were not beaten down, nor the foreign organisation substituted. As at Bosworthfield, where the crown, fallen from the head of the Plantagenet was placed on that of the Tudor, the change was of little moment or meaning to the subjects. The victors, assuming the substance of sovereignty along with its signs, founded their rule upon an inarticulate *plebiscite* that pre-supposed respect for all that the subjects loved and honoured.

These considerations, so far from diminishing the importance of the events directed by Wellesley and Lake, invest them with a new and special interest. At the beginning of the present century it was quite possible that Hindustán—or at least the north-west part of Hindustán, might, if left in the hands that then held it, go from bad to worse until it became the seat of a permanent anarchy, such as in the Punjab afterwards threatened, and such as even now continues to menace, Kabul. But the Marquess of Wellesley was a high type of the brave and business-like British statesman of his time. So far back as March 27th, 1803, he informed General Lake, then commanding at Cawnpore, that he was "anxious to accelerate

M. Perron's departure \* \* an event which promises much advantage to our power in India." That anxiety was, in fact, part of the far-seeing and resolute vigilance inspired by the situation—Perron was at the head of Sindhia's civil and military establishments in Hindustán, and was in communication with the First Consul, against whom war might at any moment be declared, and who had been plotting with the Russians for the subjugation of Persia and the invasion of Hindustán, while preparing for that of England itself. For a lucid summary of the Governor-General's policy at the time, the reader should consult his brother Arthur's memorandum in Mr. Sydney Owen's *Selections from the Wellington Despatches*.

The forces at Perron's disposal at this time were considerable : consisting, primarily, of the army of Hindustán divided into five brigades. According to Skinner (who was one of Perron's officers) there was an available regular force of some 17,000 infantry and an equal body of horse, besides a strong artillery. The officers, non-commissioned officers, and bombardiers were, to a great extent, European, or half-breeds : the brigadiers being mostly of French nationality. Next, was a cloud of horse and matchlockmen, on the irregular footing, not by any means unfitted for guerilla operations. Lastly, Perron disposed of the vast armies of Sindhia's allied potentates, the Rohillas settled under the hills from Pilibhit to Badshamahl ; Holkar—if he could be depended on—and the Bhaunsla of Berar and Nagpur—who was to pour his light horsemen upon the unprotected districts of Bengal.

The combination was appalling ; but the elements of punctuality and promptitude were wanting. On the other side, the British were quick, united, and resolute. On the 6th July Lord Wellesley had intimation from England of the approaching rupture of the Peace of Amiens, and at once addressed Lake, in the freedom of private correspondence it is true, but in a manner that left little room for misconception. He warned the Commander-in Chief that the reduction of Sindhia's power in Hindustán was becoming an important object " in proportion to the probability of a war with France." Ten days later he enforced and expanded this mother-idea in a public despatch. Napoleon might collect his forces at Boulogne for the invasion of England ; the Admirals would watch his flotillas ; the Volunteers would stand to their arms for their altars and hearths ; one, at least, of the defences of Dover should be erected at Delhi. So wide was the scope of aristocratic patriotism in those early days of this nineteenth century.

On the 31st July, General Arthur Wellesley, the Governor's brother and chief political agent, wrote to Colonel Collins, the British Resident at the court of Sindhia. He said that the reasons

alleged by the confederate leaders for not withdrawing their troops were illusory—being a man all through life very keen to see, through illusion,—and he directed Collins to leave his post at once, an order which amounted in itself to a declaration of war. About the same time the Governor-General received from Moradabad a packet containing a translation of a letter from the local chief of the Rohillas, clearly revealing the treacherous nature of Sindhia's conduct. For the letter gave cover to a circular in which the native chiefs were called upon to combine against "that unprincipled race, the English," and directed to act in communication and co-operation with General Perron.

It was in these circumstances that Lord Wellesley issued a declaration of war against Sindhia, on the 7th August, and took further measures for detaching Perron from the hostile cause. Lake at once opened communications, it is believed, with the General, and certainly with the blind old Emperor at Dehli, who, though practically a French prisoner, lent the Franco-Mahratta cause an element of legitimacy and a title to popular esteem and support.\*

Perron's position became difficult, and his action ambiguous and enigmatic. One of his officers, commenting on the events of this period, afterwards expressed himself on the subject in the terms that follow :—

"Perron's conduct has been strange and unaccountable to the public eye, but it is only so in appearance. The veil that covers it I shall endeavour to remove. When Perron found that the 2nd and 3rd brigades had revolted against him, and that the faith of the fourth was doubtful ; and that his friend Bourguin " (one of the Brigadiers) " had written to the Risaldars of the Cavalry offering large rewards to take his life or imprison his person, while Ambaji was appointed Subahdâr of Hindustân, Perron was confounded at the dangers that surrounded him."

Such is the testimony of Major Louis Ferdinand Smith, the historian of Sindhia's "Eurasian" officers. In addition to the intrigues of his officers, the disaffection of his men, and the successful rivalry of Ambaji Ainglia—which Smith was justified in considering an appalling state of things for Perron—the General had also now to consider the backwardness of the Bhaunsla, and the sinister reserve of Holkar.

Meanwhile the British were making everything ready for a swift and determined advance. Lake had eight regiments

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\* A French state paper found about this time at Pondicherry showed what use the First Consul was likely to make of this, if he could but get a chance of playing his king.—[v. Keene's *Fall of the Moghol Empire*, p. 266.]

of cavalry—three of them British—one corps of British infantry and eleven battalions of sepoys, with British officers; and a due complement of field artillery, with 200 British gunners. Three-pounder guns accompanied the dragoons, under the title of “gallopers.” There was a separate brigade stationed at Anupahahr, on the Upper Ganges, where it controlled and neutralised the Rohillas. When these preparations were complete, the Governor-General issued a proclamation, addressed to the British-born officers, of whom there were hundreds in Sindhia’s army, in which they were reminded of their duty to their country, and warned of the danger that they would incur if they were caught in arms against the British.

It was not long before these measures began to take effect. Perron, indeed, made no response; and the Emperor did not see his way to taking any immediate action. But the proclamation to the officers bore fruit at once. So far back as 1801, a number of these gentlemen had refused, at the brigade mess, to respond to Colonel Bourguin’s toast, “Success to General Perron!” And now, only eight days after the date of the proclamation, two of them—Captains Stewart and Carnegie—went to the General and stated that they must decline to act against the British. Perron’s first feeling was one of indignation. Although, by indolence and unjust supersession, he had done very much to offend and alienate his British-born officers, he was taken by surprise at their bold and manly attitude. They had little reason, he thought, to love the fathers, who, having brought them into the world solely for their own pleasure, had left them to take their chance in that world without help, they had equally little reason to entertain patriotic sentiments towards the country that had failed to afford employment to these forlorn sons of hers. Nevertheless, he at once cashiered them, not only taking Stewart and Carnegie at their word, but extending the measure to many others who had not joined in the representation; Skinner, for instance, who had no qualms of conscience at the time, and was quite willing to serve against any enemy whatever.

This affair naturally shook Perron’s nerves. His confidence in his position was further weakened by the knowledge that the poor old Emperor—who was kept in penurious custody by a French officer—had received conciliatory overtures from Lake. Waking to a late repentance, he bethought him of the wants of the fallen Sovereign, and sent his Hindu banker to Dehli with a large credit, and orders to provide for the Sháh’s wants. At the same time he despatched a body of 5,000 cavalry under Colonel Fleury, with orders to cut between Lake and his base, and to lay waste the land between Cawnpore and the Upper Duáb. And this movement was at first successful, overpowering



and capturing a British detachment at Shekoabád, south of Agra. A portion of Begum Samru's excellent corps was in the Deccan, aiding in operations against General Wellesley ; but Du Dernek was hurried up from Poona, with orders to reinforce Bourguin, who was at Dehli with two brigades. Hessing and Sutherland were at Agra, and Perron himself undertook the charge of the head-quarters at Aligarh. With the small and single exception of Fleury's detachment, all forward movement had collapsed ; the great army of Hindustán, already abandoned by its allies and beaten, in anticipation, by the operation of time, was already on its defence, a defence just becoming hopeless.

On the 30th August, Perron encountered Lake's cavalry near Aligarh. Perron's force consisted of no less than 8,000 horsemen ; but they were soon dispersed by the fire of Lake's galloper-guns. James Skinner, who was unwilling to accept the late sentence of dismissal, witnessed the engagement. Seeing Perron riding about distractedly, only attended by a few horsemen, and without a hat, Skinner ran to the side of the General's charger, and implored to be reinstated. " Ah ! no," cried the bewildered rider, " it is all over. These fellows have behaved badly. Do not ruin yourself, go over to the British ; it is all over with us." And he rode away, with the parting exclamation ; " Good bye Monsieur Skinner ! No trust, no trust."

These broken and hurried utterances reveal the state of the General's mind. He had but little ground for confidence in any one ; unless, indeed, it were in a generous adversary. From Dehli he heard that Bourguin had robbed his banker of nine *laks* of rupees, and was besieging the palace. Du Dernek had got no farther than Muttra, where he seemed to be detained ; whether by his own decision failing or by lack of discipline amongst his men. Skinner and the dismissed officers—when they had at last made up their minds to act on Perron's advice—entered the British camp, where they were kindly received and entertained. All these things working in his mind, Perron went off to Hátras, on the Agra road, leaving his son-in-law, Colonel Pédrón with orders to hold the fort of Aligarh like a Frenchman.

The game was evidently lost. The garrison of Aligarh, indeed, made a respectable defence, though Pédrón was not trusted by his own subordinates and was superseded in the command. The gate, however, was blown open after the glacis had been strewn with the bodies of the covering-party. Piloted by Lieutenant Lucan—one of the dismissed officers—the stormers threaded the tortuous passages and forced an entrance. The fort fell, after obstinate and bloody conflict, on the 4th September. Next day Perron wrote to General Lake offering

to surrender on assurance of life and property being spared. The submission was somewhat tardy ; Perron, if he had not done all that Sindhia had a right to expect, had at least done enough to give the British commander trouble and cost some valuable lives. But the removal of the French General from the Mahrattas came better late than never ; the offer was instantly accepted. Perron, escorted by his body-guard and accompanied by Fleury, rode into the British camp, then pitched at Sásni. He was allowed to depart with his goods ; and went first to Chandernagore, and ultimately to his native country, France.

Labour and loss were still before his conquerors. Sindhia's men lost all belief in their European officers ; but they made a stubborn fight for their master's flag. Bourguin was put under arrest at Dehli, on which Lake now marched. On the 11th September the Mahrattas came out to oppose the British, having twelve battalions, seventy guns, and about fifty squadrons of horse. This was a considerable power had it but been duly organised and commanded ; but they were as sheep without a shepherd. Bourguin accompanied them across the river, yet took no part in the engagement. Drawn up behind their guns, the regulars prepared a sullen defence, the cavalry holding aloof. Lake's men, just arrived, and weary with a long march, thought not of rest or refreshment, but assumed the offensive without waiting for their tents to be pitched or their food to be cooked. With firelocks sloped upon their shoulders the British and Native Infantry rushed upon the guns, which they captured at the point of the bayonet. Bourguin and his staff turned their horses' heads and fled, falling back on Fatehpur with the wreck of the army behind them. In a few days' time they also joined the camp of the victors.

On the 10th October, Lake opened fire upon Agra, where Hessing, Sutherland, and the rest of the Christians had been confined in the fort by the Native officers. That same day the town surrendered ; the batteries were brought under the fort walls, and ere long the Mahratta leaders found themselves under the necessity of having recourse to the mediation of their deposed Christian officers, through whom they offered terms. A complete capitulation ensued. Towards the end of the month Du Dernek surrendered at Muttra to Colonel Vandeleur of the 8th dragoons.

But though Du Dernek had surrendered, his troops had not ; under the command of a Mahratta officer they moved towards the Mewát country, whither they were immediately followed by the unwearied British. On the morning of the 1st November, the Commander-in-Chief, with forces greatly diminished, attacked the enemy, strongly posted near the village of Laswári ; without waiting for his infantry to come up. Lake charged the

intrenchments at the head of his cavalry; when the infantry arrived they had to be hurried up, without a moment's rest, to support the cavalry which had undertaken a task beyond its strength. After an almost desperate encounter, in which all arms and both sides exhibited superb soldiership, the battle was gained as the night fell. The strength of the Mahrattas was broken by this final overthrow which, in the words of a good authority, took "the fighting stuff out of every man in the Mahratta dominions." (Malleeson's *Decisive Battles*, p. 293).

The treaty of Sirji Arjangaum was the reward of these heroic exertions, worthily supported by Wellesley in the Deccan. Among other territories, Sindhia surrendered all pretensions to the Upper Duáb, and the control of the Emperor and court of Dehli. Sindhia submitted to his effacement as a power in Hindustán and retired to Mahratta politics, making his head-quarters at Gwalior, where his dynasty still subsists in firm alliance with the new paramount power. As Colonel Malleeson well observes, Lake's conquest was the achievement of a daring leader whose army never exceeded eight thousand effective men.

No sooner did the blind old Emperor, Shah Alam, hear of the overthrow of his custodians, than he sent a formal reply to the Governor-General's despatch. On the 16th September, five days after the battle above related, he received Lake in the faded hall of his ancestral palace, and conferred on him the title of *Khan Daurán*, so often borne by Mughol Generals in days gone by. No treaty was made between the British officials and the Shah. But the future welfare of His Majesty and the family formed the subject of an express stipulation with Sindhia, whose place, as vicegerent of the Empire, devolved upon the Governor-General. Money continued to be coined in the Emperor's name\*; the code and creeds of the Hindus and Muslims were respected and maintained; British district officers took the place of the Native faujdars; and a methodical administrative system began to be substituted for the long anarchy which had followed the death of Bahadur Shah. All *de facto* rulers who chose to accept the new state of things were recognised, the British distinctly disclaiming any desire "to assert on the part of His Majesty any of the claims which, as Emperor of Hindustán, he might be considered to possess upon the provinces composing the Mughol Empire." (*Wellesley to Secret Committee*; 13th July 1804.)

Such was the final close of the history of Hindustán under native rule. That rule did not fall solely before the shock of

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\* To this day, when sale of an estate is ordered by a Court of law, the crier proclaims that "the people is God's, the authority is the Emperors,' the administration is the Government's:" the form then adopted.

foreign arms. Indeed, it had almost died a natural death by the time that the foreigners were ready to administer to the estate.

It was not the object of the present inquiry to draw any comparison between one system of government and another. It might be difficult to pronounce decisively whether an Asiatic system is, or is not, better suited for Asiatics than one inspired by alien ideas and principles. But, for the student of the condition of affairs now before us, no such task exists. In the beginning of this century Hindustan had, for practical purposes, no government whatever. It is true that the weakly integrater system of the Hindus had been submerged, rather than actually swept away, by the military monarchies that had washed over them from the eleventh century of the Christian era. But that system was not, nor could ever become, full substitute for a national polity. As for the monarchies, under whatever title they might claim power, all were tainted with two vicious principles; the principle of Bedouin nomadism implanted in Islám, and the principle of Tartar nomadism, native to the Mughol blood. That the land covered by Islam belong to its professors, was an axiom of the Korán: that the land subdued by the *aimáks*, who pastured their cattle on it, was no less essential to the politics of those who followed Changez. Under this twofold conviction, the Muslim conquerors of Hindustán—with the two most honourable exceptions of Sher Sháh and Akbar—failed to allow to the population that they found there, anything more than what was due to animals who served them.

Hence we find the Hindus seldom mentioned by the Muslim chroniclers, and no records but theirs exist—excepting in the contemptuous manner incidental to such a view. The Muslim rulers, for their parts, took no pains to govern the Hindus; and ultimately lost the power to govern at all. The Mahrattas then obtained the rule in Hindustán, but they had no preparatory training for its exercise.

Yet the feeble folk whom they subjugated so easily were representatives of some of the dominant races of the world; of the ancestors of Persians, Romans, Greeks, Arabs, Chinese, Turks and Hungarians. And all alike—whether Aryans, Mongolians, or of mixed blood, and whether professing paganism or a Hinduised form of the purer faith of Muhamad—all retained unquestionable germs of an industrial civilization that was appropriate, and perhaps necessary, to the conditions of their existence. The climate and soil were favourable to agriculture: the frugality and industry of the vast majority of the tribes formed a considerable outfit for a prosperous career: what was chiefly needed was an organising hand.

When that hand was supplied, it was found that the machinery was not ill-adapted to its simple purposes. It was not

even necessary to destroy the political forms that had been so ineffectual before. The old institutions—often the very families and dynasties of the old States—could be preserved. Some dynasties and some institutions have subsequently, and in the unavoidable work of progress, disappeared ; but many have remained to the present day. Small or great, the native authorities have had to feel the touch of discipline ; destroyed if incorrigible, but if corrigible corrected. Those accustomed to think of British India as a sort of Crown-Colony, or extended Ceylon, would be surprised to find to what a great extent native governments still exist. Leaving the Deccan entirely out of consideration (and it is there that the chief Hindu and Muslim powers are to be found) there are in Hindustan alone “feudatory” States with an estimated population of more than twenty-seven millions of inhabitants, a population about equal to that of a first-class European Kingdom, such as Prussia. Rajputána alone, the unconquered home of heroes, which has defied eight centuries of foreign conquest, contains more than ten millions\* of people in its mountainous principalities.

These States are usually called “feudatory ;” by which is probably meant something more than mediatised and less than independent ; something, in fact, in the nature of the Constituent States of the modern German Empire. The British Government has endeavoured to inspire the rulers of them with general principles. What a task this has been, the introduction of order, and the discouragement of idleness and crime, cannot here be described ; nor is the work at all completed yet. But some faint conception of the nature of the case is not only possible but desirable, showing, as it does, that the operation which may be accurately described as a conquest in regard to the masters of the country, was really a deliverance in regard to its inhabitants at large. Accounts are forthcoming of portions of Hindustán in close proximity to the capital : where we may suppose some attempt at administration to have lingered to the last. We shall see what was the state of affairs, and draw our conclusions as to what must have been the case in more remote regions.

The first record shall be taken from an official description of the part under the immediate sway of de Boigne and his successor :—

“Perron,” says this narrative,\* “succeeded in erecting for the maintenance of his army, a territory over which he reigned in the plenitude of sovereignty. He maintained all the state and dignity of an oriental despot, contracting alliances with

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\* *Aligarh Statistics* : Hutchinson and Sherer, Roorkee, 1856.

the more potent Rajas and overawing, by his military superiority, the petty chiefs. . . His attention was chiefly directed to the raising of revenue ; Pergunnahs were generally farmed.

The revenue was collected by the troops, always concentrated at head-quarters. A brigade was stationed at Sikunderabad for the express purpose of realising collections. In the event of resistance on the part of a landholder (who might be in balance) a severe and immediate example was made by the plunder and destruction of his village. . . . The arrangements for the administration of justice were very defective ; there was no fixed form of procedure, and neither Hindu law nor Mahometan was regularly administered. The suppression of crime was regarded as of secondary importance. . . No trial was held ; and the punishment was left to General Perron's judgment.

" Such was the weakness of the administration, that the landholders tyrannised over the people with impunity, levying imposts at their pleasure, and applying the revenues solely to their own use."

This description may appear to savour of the hyper-criticism of the third quarter of the century, judging the manners of the past. But there is almost contemporary evidence. Five years after the conquest, the Collector of the Aligarh District stated, in a report to his administrative superiors, that owing to the sufferings and troubles that the country had gone through—the soil had fallen, in great measure, out of cultivation, and returned to a state of nature. If six years of peace should be in store, he anticipated an addition of thirty-two per cent. to the cultivated area. The land was held by the representatives of farmers and officials who had created for themselves prescriptive titles. But the village-republics—those indestructible atoms—were still there, carrying on communal business, looking on the " Talukdárs " as mere recipients of rent, and—biding their time.

The subsequent limitation of the powers of the Talukdárs, those usurping rent-chargers—in many instances their expropriation—belongs to a later chapter of History. But inasmuch as those proceedings led to controversy in which the honour and good faith of the British rulers have become implicated, a few words may be allowed as to the terms on which they stood, the opinions that they held of their social duty, and the conditions to which they must needs submit before they could take part in an orderly system.

The most powerful of these was the Begam Samru, or Sombre, of Sardhana ; she was also one of the best samples ; and she held her position, intact, till her death, a third of a century after the conquest. We have partly learned from history the origin of her estate. The lands around Sardhana, with some further

property on the right bank of the Jumna, had devolved upon her, at the death of her lord, as the *jaagir*, or endowment for the keep of the armed force which formed his contingent, leaving out of consideration the trans-Jumna lands, the actual territory of the fief of which was estimated to produce a yearly revenue of six lakhs of rupees at her death—besides large legacies of a charitable and religious nature—the Begam left to her heir a fortune of nearly £ 20,000 a year furnished by her accumulations. And these accumulations remained after she had paid her way, including the salaries of the officers and men of the brigade, her civil establishments, and the requirements of a lavish hospitality ; and had built a palace, a convent, and a Cathedral Church. At her death the brigade was disbanded, the estates being resumed. An examination of the agricultural assets showed that the land was assessed (on an average) 33 per cent. above the rate imposed on the adjoining lands under British management. But British management of those days professed to take 75 per cent. of the net rental. What could possibly have been left, in the shape of profit, to the Begam's tenants ? This fact at once impressed the British revenue officer—as well it might—and the income of the estate, which had risen from six to seven lakhs, was reduced to five on the spot. At the same time all cesses and separate imposts were annulled. The consequence was instantaneous. In the Begam's time the tenantry were constantly endeavouring to migrate into British territory ; and a contemporaneous writer, in the *Meerut Universal Magazine*, has recorded that the presence of armed soldiers was occasionally necessary in the fields to keep the ploughmen at work. It is true that the Begam undertook to aid the cultivators by advances of cash and seed grain : but this was only done on the security of the crops, and the loans were recovered during the year, with interest at 2 per cent. per mensem. As soon as she was dead, and the more lenient administration of the British was introduced, the bulk of the emigrants returned to the villages that they had abandoned. Since that time wages have risen 150 per cent. ; the population has not only increased, but has largely advanced in *morale* and intelligence ; in one union alone, nine thousand acres have been added to the cultivated area ; and the fiscal demand has fallen to the modest incidence of two Rupees nine annas—say four shillings—per acre.

What the character of the management of less intelligent landholders than the Begam was may be briefly suggested. Not satisfied with rack-rents and irregular imposts on their tenantry, they were in the habit of making arbitrary collections from people over whom they had no shred of authority but that of the strong hand. Every one had his *Sáyar-Chabutra*, or customs-platform at the entrance of the village near his

residence ; where merchandise in transit paid such dues as the rural magnate was enabled to exact. Over and above this source of income, the Talukdars had a further resource in the booty acquired by banditti whom they harboured. Of these the numbers were constantly recruited by deserters from the army, and were still further augmented by reason of the general disbandment which ensued upon the treaty of Arjungaum.

Both these springs of emolument were put under ban by General Lake ; though he, at the same time, guaranteed to the landholders the full exercise of their legitimate rights. But these "barons" had their own ideas of what was legitimate, which by no means coincided with those of the British authorities. Battling with each other and plundering travellers, were in their eyes as much "rights" as any thing the General sanctioned. And, in the fancied security of their earthen ramparts, they determined to maintain them. So far back as the spring of the year 1803, before the declaration of war against Sindhia, the whole strength of the Cawnpore force had been put forth in the reduction of some of these robber-strongholds, in the lower portion of the Duáb (the "Ceded Provinces.") After the display of great forbearance, a like course had, at length, to be adopted towards certain of the landholders in the "Conquered Provinces" of the Upper Duáb. "It is a matter of fact," write the compilers of the *Aligarh Statistics*, "that in those days the highways were unoccupied, and travellers walked through bye-ways. The facility of escape into the Begam Samru's territories, the protection afforded by the heavy jungles, and the numerous forts which then studded the country, and the ready sale for plundered property, combined to foster robbery."

Skinner was accordingly sent with a body of horse—afterwards to become very famous in the chase after Holkar—in order to patrol the roads. Another Mahratta officer, Colonel Gardner, was placed in command of a special police force, and the principal gangs were dispersed. But they were encouraged to unite again by the Talukdars. Some of these men rebelled the very next year after the conquest, and spread over nearly the whole of the Aligarh district. Captain Woods, who commanded the detachment in the station, could only occasionally supply troops for the support of the civil power ; and it was not till July 1805 that the rebellion was put down by a strong force from Meerut. They again broke out in October 1806, having, in the interim, raised money by plundering their own tenantry. The Bargujar Muhammadans of the adjoining district of Bulandshahr caught the infection : the forts of Kamona and Ganaura were occupied and armed ;



the Major General (Dickens) commanding the division had to take out a large force ; and Kamona did not yield until the British loss, in officers and men, equalled that of an average pitched battle. The Ját Talukdars of the neighbourhood were not reduced for some years more, during all which time they continued to impede commerce, disturb agriculture, and generally obstruct the organisation of society. At length, in 1817, the destruction of the Fort of Hatras restored peace and order to the long-vexed country-side.

These details serve to show what was the state of affairs in the immediate vicinity of the capital. In districts administered exclusively by the ordinary type of bucolic magnate, removed from supervision and exposed to constant incursions from Sikhs and other marauders, much greater anarchy prevailed. The paucity of old trees and the abundance of wild beasts, in the districts towards the hills, have been mentioned by writers, down as late as 1838, in which year Lord W. Osborne shot tigers at Muzafarnagar, 33 miles from Meerut. The Pathans it was—and not Warren Hastings—who laid waste “the fair vale of Rohilcund,” celebrated by Lord Macaulay. In the adjoining district of Saháranpur, there are even now hardly any resident gentry, and the areas of the estates average no more than twenty acres. In Etáwa—a district bordering on Agra—the Collector wrote in 1807, that the people “prefer plunder to peace, and court the exchange of the ploughshare for the sword.” Population had been materially diminished, and commerce was “almost annihilated.”

British India is very far from having yet attained an ideal of prosperity or comfort. The cotters’ holdings in some parts only average some five acres to a family ; and many a man, in the best of times, has no certainty of a full meal of pulse and unleavened bread, once in the twenty-four hours. Debt is still contracted with too much facility ; the customary rate of interest is far too high. And many idle and splenetic spirits, no doubt, look back, as to a golden age, to the fancied freedom and romance of the past. But these are only the “growing pains” of an adolescent society.

H. G. KEENE.

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## ART II.—IMPERIALISM FOR INDIA.

"Why keep India?" writes a shallow thinker in the *Contemporary Review*; "India is of no use at all to us; we should be richer, stronger, better, and happier without it. We are cramped, distracted, and impoverished by it."

Lord Lawrence writing in 1864 says: "India is, on the whole, a very poor country, the mass of the population enjoy a scanty subsistence." Lord Mayo writing in 1871, says:—"I admit the comparative poverty of this country, and am convinced of the impolicy and injustice of imposing burdens on the people which may be called either crushing or oppressive."

Instances might be multiplied without number to prove the poverty of India.

**I**NDIA, the land of the pagoda tree! India, the mine of wealth!! India the wonder and admiration of Marco Polo, and of travellers of former times!! India in poverty!! Midas starving amid heaps of gold does not afford a greater paradox; yet, here we have India, Midas-like, starving in the midst of untold wealth.

For India *has* untold wealth; wonderful natural resources, whether agricultural, mineral, or industrial, but they are to a great extent dormant. It has coal of an excellent quality, it has fine petroleum, large quantities of timber and charcoal; it has iron, of a purity that would make an English iron-master's mouth water, spread wholesale over the country, in most places to be had by light quarrying over the surface; it has chrome-iron capable of making the finest Damascus blades, manganiferous ore; splendid hematites in profusion. It has gold, silver, antimony, tin, copper, plumbago, lime, kaolin, gypsum, precious stones, asbestos; soft wheat, equal to the finest Australian, hard wheat, equal to the finest Kabanka. It has food-grains of every description; oil-seeds, tobacco, tea, coffee, cocoa, sugar, spices, lac, dyes, cotton, jute, hemp, flax, coir, fibres of every description; in fact, products too numerous to mention. Its inhabitants are frugal, thrifty, industrious, capable of great physical exertion, docile, easily taught, skilful in any work requiring delicate manipulation. Labor is absurdly cheap, and the soil for the most part wonderfully productive, and capable of producing crop after crop without any symptoms of exhaustion.

The present yield of wheat is about 26,500,000 quarters, or about 9,500,000 quarters in excess of the total imports of wheat into England; and in the Punjab alone, there is cultivable waste land sufficient to produce 12,000,000 quarters, besides enormous tracts in Burmah, and other parts of India, only requiring irrigation or population to bring them under the plough. Surely there is something radically wrong when India can be considered poverty-stricken amongst so much wealth.

Professor Seely, in his admirable work "The expansion of England," gives the clue to the mystery. After ably tracing the progress of England's system of dependencies, and drawing sound conclusions from the teachings of history, he adds—

"The old colonial system is gone, but in the place of it, no clear and reasoned system has been adopted : the wrong theory has been given up, but what is the right theory ?

"There is only one alternative, if the colonies are not, in the old phrase, *possessions* of England, then they must be a *part* of England, and we must adopt this view in earnest. We must cease altogether to say that England is an island off the north-western coast of Europe, that it has an area of 120,000 square miles, and a population of thirty odd millions. We must cease to think that emigrants when they go to the colonies leave England, or are lost to England ; we must cease to think that the history of England is the history of the Parliament that sits at Westminster, and that the affairs not discussed there, cannot belong to English history. When we have accustomed ourselves to contemplate the whole empire together, we shall see that here, too, is an United States. Here too, is a great homogeneous people : one in blood, language, religion and laws, but dispersed over boundless space. We shall see that, though it is held together by strong moral ties, it has little that can be called a constitution, and no system that seems<sup>d</sup> capable of resisting any severe shock. But if we are disposed to doubt whether any system can be devised, capable of holding together communities so distant from each other, then is the time to remember the history of the United States of America. For they have such a system ; they have solved the problem ; they have shewn that in the present age of the world, political unions may exist on a vaster scale than was possible in former times.

"No doubt our problem has difficulties of its own—immense difficulties, but the greatest of these difficulties is one which we make ourselves. It is the false conception that the problem is insoluble : that no such thing ever was, or ever will be, done."

It is our misinterpretation of the American revolution. The only true and statesmanlike policy of a great nation like England, is to pursue the even tenor of her way, governing the Empire with its dependencies as one vast country, the interests of any one portion of which should be considered inseparable from those of the whole :—Protecting every industry, seeking every possible means of employing the labor, and developing the resources of all : fostering every industry, when it needs fostering, and releasing the fostering care as soon as such care is seen to be unnecessary ; protecting only to the extent that may be needed to prevent the decay of an existing industry, or to enable a new industry to spring up ; the primary aim being, to utilise the labor and produce of the whole, and to ensure a market within our own great United Empire.

With our vast territory, two and a-half times as great as that of America ; with our enormous capabilities and varied productions, we ought, if governed rightly, to be able to secure this : and, holding such an immense area of territory, we should have no want of healthy competition without calling in foreign nations to compete with us. We have within our

grasp an Imperial policy which would enable us to outstrip America in a far greater degree than she is now outstripping us.

By an Imperial policy, I do not mean that narrow insular policy which takes from its dependencies everything it can, and gives nothing in return :—I do not mean that selfish policy which drove America to separate from us, and which is now disgusting our colonies and forcing them to federation—the first step towards separation. I mean a generous, enlightened policy, which considers the welfare and prosperity of each and every dependency identical with its own.

We want the federation of *union with England*, not the federation of *separation* from her. But where are we to look for such a policy? Surely not to the politicians who put party before nation,—not to the petty caucuses of those economic charlatans who have impoverished the empire. We want an extension of franchise, but not *mob* franchise. We want extension of franchise to India and the Colonies. We want, in the House of Commons, representatives of the interests of England's dependencies. We want practical, far-seeing intelligent men—those who have seen the world in its different aspects, and know, by experience, its wants: not mere globe-trotters and travelling M.P.s, who return to their country more ignorant and puffed up with their *partial* knowledge than when they started: but representative men, who have lived out of England long enough to have shaken off the idea that their little Peddlington,—be it London, or Liverpool, or Manchester or Birmingham—is the pivot on which the world revolves. We want, in fact, an Imperial Parliament, not a wretched caucus of narrow-minded party politicians, whose view is limited to the horizon of the coming election, and whose whole business of life is to stump the country, making flatulent speeches with exuberant verbosity, to gaping admirers, and pandering to the fleeting popularity of the mob.

Anglo-Indians or Colonials returning to England after a long absence cannot fail to be struck with the narrow-mindedness and want of grasp they find there, and with the littleness respecting which M. Merimée writes :—

“That which strikes me most, in the English politics of our own times, is its littleness. Everything in England is done with a view to keep place, (*conserver les portefeuilles*). And they commit all possible faults in order to keep twenty or thirty doubtful votes. They only disquiet themselves about the present, and think nothing about the future.”

Want of sympathy with such littleness, is accounted for by a *warp of the mind* which the Anglo-Indian or Colonist is popularly supposed to acquire from long residence in any country, except insular England.

England has committed, in her dealings with India, the same

blunders that she has committed in her dealings with Ireland. In her somewhat selfish policy, she has been too desirous to gain by Ireland, instead of making Ireland prosper; she has never sufficiently protected the industries of Ireland from English manufactures; but during the last 40 years she has allowed her to be swamped by the flood of unlimited foreign competition, and has since fruitlessly endeavoured, by frantic land-legislation, which has made matters worse, to patch up the results caused by this blundering policy. It is precisely the same with India. She has persistently drained her resources, swamping her with English and foreign productions, and instead of fostering her industries, has handicapped them in every way. England imports annually commodities to the value of about £148,500,000\* under *six heads alone*, a large proportion of which might be diverted to India by simply adopting a preferential tariff slightly favourable to her dependencies. Take, for example, wheat; a slight tax on American and Russian wheat would suffice to turn the whole of the wheat import trade to India and Australia. Such a tax would, I believe, tend to lower, rather than raise, the price of wheat, because India would steadily go in for the production of wheat, and produce it at a lower rate, if its calculations were not liable to be disturbed by a slight fall in the price of American or Russian† wheat; for a fall of this kind may throw back a quantity of wheat on the hands of the Indian producers or dealers. A large proportion of this trade has gone to Russia, *arming her with the sinews of war eventually to be turned against us.*

Again, India suffers from a tax on rice, which prevents its export except on a tariff which is sometimes as high as 14½ per cent. on the value of the rice; this not only handicaps India in its exports when compared with other countries, but it drives the natives to grow less remunerative crops of oilseeds for export, and the result of this is that, when famine arises, there is no surplus of food, which might be retained from exports, and thus prevent the painful scenes of starvation and distress

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* Cotton	...	...	...	£	37,300,000
Silk ..	...	...	...	"	2,400,000
Grain	...	...	...	"	66,800,000
Flax ...	...	...	...	"	8,700,000
Sugar ...	..	...	...	"	22,400,000
Tea ...	..	...	...	"	10,900,000

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Total 148,500,000

† With a more certain market for wheat, it would, in many districts of Australia, be profitable to bore for or to store water, and open Railways or make rivers navigable, and thus enormously increase the area of profitable wheat production—(Duke of Manchester : *19th Century*, 1881).

that India has witnessed of late years. To take off the tax would not cause depletion, for no foreign country could compete with the demand which failure of crops in any part of India will inevitably set up.

There is about £32,000,000 of English capital invested in Indian industries, of which £18,000,000, or more than one-half, is invested in indigo, tea, coffee, jute, cotton, sugar, coal, and iron industries; and how are these thriving?

Everywhere, throughout Bengal, one may see ruins of English indigo factories; coffee and tea are struggling hard for existence; planters are ruined, and their estates bought at depreciated rates, in times of depression; this enables the industries to survive with some show of prosperity in good times. Agricultural industries, such as tea or coffee, draw off the surplus population from the cultivated portions, and employ them on land that would otherwise be uncultivated. Coal is doing fairly, but not nearly so well as it should do if our manufacturing industries were fostered; cotton manufacture sprung up under a protective tariff, and appeared to be prospering, but selfish Manchester called for the sacrifice of this industry, the tariff was removed, and the industry left to perish or struggle on as it could. Several capitalists, who have embarked capital in cotton manufacture on the faith of this tariff, have lost their money.

Everywhere in India may be seen evidence of native iron manufacture crushed out by unlimited foreign competition. Throughout the whole country may be found old slag heaps, testifying to the former prosperity of native iron industries, the splendid native iron being now superseded by cheap worthless iron of foreign manufacture. Many attempts have been made to revive, or start fresh iron industries; but they have one and all been crushed out for want of a little fostering protection. The latest attempt nearly succeeded, but the modest request for a little help was sternly refused, and the company broke down.

In the present day it requires no small moral courage to propose anything in the shape of protection; but this is not a time to shrink from a consideration of the truth; and the stern logic of facts tells so strongly against unlimited foreign competition, that it becomes necessary to analyze the results of its action in order to ascertain whether the claims that have been made in support of it are really tenable.

Almost coincident with the introduction of free trade in England, but a little in advance of it, was an extraordinary wave of prosperity, and increased wealth, throughout the civilized world, due to numerous inventions in science, art, and manufactures,—to improved communications by railways, steam

navigation, and other inventions, which have made such gigantic strides during the last half century. Even Mill admits that—"So rapid had been the extension of improved processes of agriculture, that the average prices of corn had become decidedly lower even before the repeal of the corn laws, (*Mill's Political Economy*, Book I, Chapter XIII), the agricultural interests benefited by the extension of manufacturing industries; for, as Adam Smith says:—"Improvements in manufacture tend to raise the value of land." (*Wealth of Nations*, Book I, Chap. XI), and the farmers were easily persuaded that this result was the beneficial operation of free-trade. The English people generally, satisfied with the increased rush of wealth, accepted without enquiry, the persistent claim of free-trade to these results, and the idea has been so ingrained into the English mind by frequent reiteration, that those who venture to question it are looked upon as men wanting in common sense; or as Mr. Bright puts it, "simpletons without memory or logic"—beyond "the reach of argument."\*

Fortunately the question is within the reach of easy and conclusive test; if this prosperity be due to free-trade, then other nations, which are strictly protectionist, ought to have retrograded, or at all events, to have made little or no advance in prosperity. If we apply this test we shall find that France, Germany, Holland, Belgium and America, all strictly protectionist nations, have made far greater *relative* progress than free-trade England. The annexed comparison of relative progress, compiled from Mulhall's Dictionary of Statistics, shews this beyond a doubt:—

*Relative Advance of Nations.*

	Between Years.	ADVANCE PER CENT.					
		Free-trade.	Protectionist.				
		United Kingdom.	France.	Germany.	Holland.	Belgium.	United States.
Commerce Generally	.. 1860—80	80	105	97	116	142	101
Exports	.. 1860—82	77	58	100	95	174	97
Railway Construction	.. 1860—82	76	190	242	...	218	243
Railway Goods Traffic	.. 1860—82	212	209	551	425	...	...
Production of Coal	.. 1860—80	73	137	321	...	70	367
Production of Iron	.. 1850—82	277	398	089	...	277	619
Production of Copper	.. 1850—80	D †	112	515	...	...	650
Consumption of Raw Cotton	.. 1860—80	23	58	77	...	...	134
Woolen Manufactures	.. 1860—80	22	...	...	...	...	231
General Manufactures	.. 1860—80	39	...	...	...	...	180
Holders of National Securities	.. 1850—80	D †	447	...	...	...	...
Legacy, Probate, Value	.. 1860—80	62	93	...	...	...	...

\* Mr. Bright's letter to A. Sharp. Bradford, 1879.

D † A decrease in production of copper of—71 per cent.

D ‡ A decrease in holders of National Securities of—17 per cent.

For many years England did not feel the evils of free-trade ; she had a good start in the race ; with the commerce and markets of the world in her hands. She had been foremost in the improvement of machinery, and she supplied machinery to all other nations.

She had matured her manufactures under a system of protection ; and she was the first to reap the profits of the new era of improvements. It would naturally take years for other nations to overtake her, when she had so good a start, but the capital she so recklessly expended in purchasing commodities, which might have been produced at home, was expended in arming foreign nations for successful rivalry with her.

It was not until 15 or 20 years ago that this suicidal process was sufficiently advanced to tell upon our trade : but it is now pressing on us with alarming strides ; and had not our industries been saved, by partial suspension of free-trade in the American and Franco-Prussian wars, we should now feel it still more severely. As it is we have not seen the worst. Every day foreign industries are increasing in magnitude and efficiency ; and consequently, must increase in cheapness of production. At present they have done little more than take up a share from the markets which were formerly our own : soon they will invade our own country in force. In the cotton strike of 1883 in Lancashire, the employers have given, as a reason for the terrible depression of trade, that cloth manufactured in Belgium, can now be supplied to the printworks in Lancashire at lower rates than the Lancashire manufactured cloth can be purchased.

At the risk of being denounced by Mr. Bright as a "simpleton without memory and logic ; beyond the reach of argument," I find it impossible to accept the dogmatic assurances of free traders with the following stern facts staring me in the face :—

1 :—The prophecies made by the originators of free-trade have proved to be false.

2 :—England stands alone as a free-trader ; free trade, at the present time, is either an English, or a barbarous custom.

3 :—France made a partial trial of free-trade, but has drawn back and refused to continue the commercial treaty.

4 :—Increased wealth,—due to improvement in science, steam, and electricity, though claimed as the work of free-trade,—has been shared by all civilized nations.

5 :—Protectionist countries have made greater relative advance in prosperity than England

6 :—The exceptional prosperity of the years 1871-73 was due to a partial suspension of free-trade, caused by the Franco Prussian war.

7 :—The rise of wages in England, claimed as the work of free trade, has been shared by protectionist countries.

8 :—The statistics of decrease of crime and pauperism, claimed as the work of free-trade, are fictitious and misleading.

9 :—Protectionist America is passing free trade England " in a canter."



- 10 :—Protectionist America contrasts favourably with free-trade Canada.
- 11 :—Canada having lately departed from free-trade principles, is satisfied with the result, and clamours for more protection.
- 12 :—The Colony of Victoria, which has departed furthest from the principles of free trade, is the most prosperous of the Australian Colonies.
- 13 :—Free trade Ireland contrasts unfavourably with protectionist Holland, which has every natural disadvantage.
- 14 :—The agricultural industry of Ireland has been destroyed, and Ireland ruined by free trade.
- 15 :—The manufacturing industries of Ireland, which flourished under protection, have been ruined by free-trade.
- 16 :—English agricultural industries are rapidly being ruined by free-trade.
- 17 :—In the last few years, about 1,200,000 acres have gone out of tillage in the United Kingdom, and about 7,400,000 acres are lying fallow.
- 18 :—Numerous farms are untenanted, or let at nominal rates.
- 19 :—The loss to the agricultural classes within the last few years has been estimated by Mr. Bright at more than £150,000,000.
- 20 :—Many English landowners are realising what they can from the wreck, and investing the capital in protectionist America.
- 21 :—English manufacturing industries are, for the most part, on the high road to ruin.
- 22 :—Silk industry is nearly extinct in England.
- 23 :—Cotton and woollen industries are struggling hard for existence.
- 24 :—Iron industries are said to have lost £160,000,000 in four years.
- 25 :—Protectionist countries have outstripped England in relative increase of commerce.
- 26 :—The accumulation of wealth is increasing more rapidly in protectionist France than in England, in spite of a disastrous war, a heavy indemnity, a civil war, and an unsettled form of Government.
- 27 :—Land cultivation is increasing in protectionist France, and decreasing in free-trade England.
- 28 :—The relative increase in the production of iron is greater in protectionist countries than in England.
- 29 :—The relative increase in general manufactures is greater in protectionist countries than in England.
- 30 :—The working classes, by whom free-trade was carried, though nominally free traders, are practically extreme protectionists.
- 31 :—The working classes, whenever they have obtained predominant influence, become protectionists.
- 32 :—The revenue returns continue to exhibit a stagnant tendency under all the heads which are considered tests of national prosperity. (Telegraphic summary of news : *Civil and Military Gazette*, December 7th, 1883.)
- 33 :—It is predicted that, unless freight rates to India speedily improve, a considerable number of steamers now engaged in the trade will be laid up. (*Civil and Military Gazette*, Lahore, December 7th, 1883.)
- 34 :—Gloomy predictions are uttered about the immediate future of our iron trade. Few fresh orders are coming in, and stocks are consequently increasing in an alarming manner. (*Civil and Military Gazette*, December 7th, 1883.)
- 35 :—Again, it is alleged, that the principles of free-trade, which have been adopted in this country, have tended in a great degree to produce the disastrous results which we have at present to contend against, and which present a gloomy look out for the cotton operatives of this country. (*The Times*, December 1883 :—)
- 36 :—“It is the intention of the leading men among the cotton operatives to move next session for a Royal Commission to enquire as to what extent, if any, we suffer from foreign competition, and what bearing our system of free-trade may have on the question.” (*The Times*, December 1883.)

37 :—Trade reports from Australia, shew that America is rapidly supplanting our trade with that colony.

38 :—All Continental nations are increasing their tariffs ; and during the last twelve-months a number of new tariffs have been imposed.

39 :—France has this year imposed fresh tariffs on barley, wheat, and flour.

40 :—The assertion of free-traders that protection increases the cost of production, blunts invention, induces apathy, and deteriorates manufacture, is proved, by experience, to be erroneous.

41 :—The result of protection of linen thread in France, was to reduce its price one-half.

42 :—Excellence of work was the rule under protection in England, shoddy manufacture, and China clay adulteration, has sprung up under free-trade.

43 :—America furnishes innumerable instances of excellent manufacture, at cheap rates, under a rigid system of protection.

44 :—Ten years ago England supplied Germany with all its wire, but last year Germany sent into England 190,000 tons of manufactured iron, chiefly wire.

45 :—Since 1853 upwards of 3,000,000 of our people have emigrated, principally to *extreme protective countries* where their labour has found better reward.

The recuperative powers of France, at the close of the Franco-Prussian war, astonished the world ; but this recuperative power was wholly due to the prudent foresight with which France had protected and fostered her home industries.

Free-trade is wrong in principle and disastrous in results. Every argument of the free-trader is based on the *misuse*, not on the *proper use*, of protection. Every so-called triumphant exposure of the evils of protection, has simply been an exposure of evils caused by *protection carried beyond its legitimate limits*. The corn laws, to which free-trade owes its existence, were an instance of undue protection. They urgently required alteration, not repeal. Free-trade advocates appear to be unable to distinguish the difference between the use and the misuse of a principle. In their abhorrence of its misuse, they would sweep it away altogether. They are about as unreasonable as the man who, discovering that too much food will cause indigestion, insists that no food whatever is to be taken.

The application of the truths of political economy is full of difficulties, and that useful but misused science, is too often prostituted in the most dogmatic manner: Let me illustrate my meaning by a comparison between mathematics and political economy :—

Mathematics may be divided into two classes :—“Pure and “Applied.” Political economy may also be divided into two similar classes :—“Pure” and “Applied.”

“Pure” mathematics, being an exact science, may be considered infallible.

“Pure” political economy, being a matter of opinion, is not infallible, but let us, for the purpose of comparison, suppose it to be so.

*Applied* mathematics cannot always be sound: for example, in applying mathematics to engineering problems, it is by no means uncommon to find that they appear to err most egregiously: so much so as to give rise to the saying "*that theory and practice contradict one another*;" the fact, in reality, being that theory has not been correctly *applied*; that innumerable small factors, which can only be ascertained by practice and experience, have been neglected in the application of theory; and even practice often fails to supply these factors.

"*Applied*" political economy is under similar conditions, but with this difference: 1st. That pure political economy is not infallible. 2nd. That the application of political economy is affected by a greater number of intricate factors than any ordinary problem in engineering: 3rd. That the observation of results, in a complex question of applied political economy, is far more difficult than in the case of those simple materials which are dealt with in engineering problems.

The eminent Italian political-economist Luigi Cossa, warns the student of this difficulty—as follows:—

It is needful to hold ourselves aloof equally from the so called doctrinaires who refuse the assistance of practice, and from the empiricists who obstinately close their eyes to the light of theory. The *pure* science explains phenomena and determines laws; the *applied* science gives guiding principles, which practice brings into conformity with the innumerable varieties of individual cases.\*

Cliffe Leslie remarks:—

"I venture to maintain that political economy is not a body of natural laws in the true sense, or of universal and immutable truths, but an assemblage of speculations and doctrines which are the result of a particular history, coloured even by the history and character of the chief writers."

Professor Sidgwick, in his *Principles of Political Economy*, says—

"If a practical man affirms that it will promote the economic welfare of England to tax certain products of foreign industry, a mere theorist should hesitate to contradict him without a careful study of the facts of the case."

Mill also says—

"One of the peculiarities of modern times, "The separation of theory from practice,—of the studies of the closet from the outward business of the world,—has given a wrong bias to the ideas and feelings both of the student and the man of business. There is almost always *room for a modest doubt as to our practical conclusions.*" †

Let us take an example of pure and applied science:—

The free-trader quotes an axiom of pure political economy when he says—*It is unjust to tax all for the benefit of one class.*

\* Guida allo studio dell' Economio Politico.—Luigi Cossa.

† Some unsettled questions of political economy. J. S. Mill, page 156.

So far I quite agree with this : but, when he goes on to say,-- "*therefore protection in any shape is wrong*," the application of "pure" science to the complex question of free-trade is quite incorrect.

I say "*it is just and expedient to tax all for the benefit of all*." I hold that the employment of Home and Colonial labor, and the development of Home and Colonial produce and industries, is *for the benefit of the community as a whole* : and that, consequently, protection, if carried only to the extent necessary to secure this, and *no further*, is just and expedient. The corn laws, as existing in 1846, went beyond this : and *their alteration, not their abolition*, was needed. All extremes are bad ; free-trade is an extreme ; want of competition is bad, extreme competition is bad ; it is healthy competition that is wanted. Unlimited competition defeats its own purpose by crushing out weaker industries, diminishing the supply, and enabling the successful competitors to raise their prices as soon as the rival industry has been extinguished. Even Mill admits that "protection may be defensible when imposed temporarily. . . . in hopes of naturalising a foreign industry." And Cossa allows that—"At certain times, and under certain conditions, protection has given notable advantages to industrial organisation and progress . . . . . Colbert's system and Cromwell's navigation act contributed not a little to the economic greatness of France and England." There seems to be but little doubt that the political economist of the future will hold up England as an awful warning, but an instructive example, of a country ruined by the persistent misapplication of the principles of political economy.

It is not merely the misapplication of the principles of political economy which is misleading, but also the putting forward the opinions of political economists, as if they were infallible, and settled the question beyond all possibility of further argument. This is especially the case in quoting Mill. Now Mill is, no doubt, an eminently able and powerful writer, but he is deplorably subject to mistakes. He constantly contradicts himself, and is contradicted by political economists, equally able, and more reliable, than himself.

For example, Professor Bonamy Price\* accuses Mill of "introducing utter confusion into the topic of wages." Cossa speaks of Mill's "ardent concessions to socialism, more apparent than real : " of his "narrow philosophic utilitarianism." Also, speaking of Thornton, Cossa says :—"His book on labor is an excellent one : it made a great impression on Mill, and caused him to abandon his theory of wages fund, which

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\* Practical Political Economy : Bonamy Price.

has also been opposed by Lange, by the American Economist Walker, and by Bretano.\*

Many of the inaccuracies of Mill have been exposed by Professor Cairnes †

‡ Mr. Cook says:—

"Mill, however, is said to have abandoned the see-saw theory in his latest and yet unpublished essays."

§ Macleod, also, on writing on the question of rent, says:—

"This does not exhaust the absurdity of the Ricardo-Mill theory of rent . . . . . But in fact, Mill himself has completely overthrown this theory of rent."

Anyone who has carefully studied the writings of Mill, cannot fail to be struck with the manner in which he allows that which Herbert Spencer terms "political bias," and which Cossa terms his "narrow philosophic utilitarianism" to affect his opinion, and warp his better judgment.

Before we follow free-trade further, it would be only prudent to ascertain how far the prophecies which have led to its adoption, have been fulfilled.

#### PROPHECY.

Even the free importation of foreign corn could very little affect the interest of the farmers of Great Britain . . .

. . . . If there were no bounty, less corn would be exported, so it is probable that, one year with another, less corn would be imported than at present . . . . .

The average quantity imported one year with another amounts only to 23,728 quarters. *Wealth of Nations*, by Adam Smith, bk 4, chap. 11.

The Americans are a very cautious, far-seeing people, and everyone who knows them, knows that they would never have tolerated their protective tariff if we had met

#### FULFILMENT.

Total importations of wheat in 1881=17,000,000 quarters, as against 23,728 prophesied by Adam Smith.

After receiving the agricultural products of America for 35 years, we find the Americans are as strong protectionists as ever, and have just united with Nicaragua in imposing heavy

\* Cossa's Guide to Political Economy : Book II , Chap. 111.

† Some leading Principles of Political Economy : Cairnes.

‡ Labour : by Joseph Cook, p. 179. | § Macleod's Economics, p. 116.

PROPHECY.

their advances by receiving their agricultural products in exchange for our manufacturing products. (*Cobden*, 1842.)

I speak my unfeigned convictions when I say—I believe there is no interest in the country that would receive so much benefit from the repeal of the Corn Laws, as the farm tenant interest in this country. (*Cobden*, 1884.)

I believe when the future historian comes to write the history of agriculture in England, he will have to state—In such a year there was a stringent Corn Law passed for the protection of agriculture. From that time agriculture slumbered in England, and it was not until by the aid of the Anti-Corn-Law-League, the Corn Law was utterly abolished, that agriculture sprung up into the full vigour of existence in England, to become what it is now, like the manufactures, unrivalled in the world. (*Cobden*, 1844.)

You have no more right to doubt, that the sun will rise in the heavens, than to doubt, that in *ten years* from the time when England inaugurates the glorious era of commercial freedom, every civilized country\* will be free-traders to the backbone. (*Cobden*, 1844.)

FULFILMENT.

differential dues on all foreign bottoms in the new canal.

After 38 years of free-trade Mr. Bright admits that the owners and occupiers of land have lost more than £150,000,000. Farm tenants are emigrating wholesale to protectionist America.

The true historian will have to record—

After the introduction of free-trade, although the general advance of wealth due to improvements in science, steam, and electricity, gave to England some appearance of agricultural prosperity; yet agriculture gradually decayed, and in 1885, millions of acres had gone out of tillage; land had become foul, and was badly farmed, hundreds of farms were absolutely untenanted, farmers emigrated to protectionist countries, landowners sold their land at ruinous prices, and invested the residue in protectionist countries: never was ruin more complete.

After 40 years of free-trade not a single civilised country is a free-trader; and even England is wavering in its allegiance to free-trade. Mr. Forster, at Bradford, entreated his hearers not to say anything that might "induce foreigners to suspect that our faith in free-trade was shaken;" and Mr. Bright, in his letter to Mr. Lord, wrote:—"To return to protection under the name of reciprocity is to

## PROPHECY.

I believe that if you abolish the Corn Laws, and adopt free-trade in its simplicity, there will not be a tariff in Europe that will not be changed in *less than five years* to follow your example. (*Cobden, 1846.*)

Bastiat prophesied that France would adopt free-trade in *six years* after England had adopted it.

Bastiat prophesied that, without free-trade, no country can flourish.

Bastiat prophesied that because Belgium had rejected free-trade her ruin was assured.

Professor Cairnes, an advocate for free-trade, writes in the *Fortnightly Review*, July 1871:—"The able men who led the agitation for the repeal of the corn laws promised much more than this. They told us that the poor laws were to follow the corn laws: that pauperism would disappear with the restrictions on trade; and the workhouses, ere long, become obsolete institutions. I fear that this part of the programme has scarcely been fulfilled: those ugly social features, those violent contrasts of poverty and wealth, that strike so unpleasantly the eye of every foreign observer in this country, are still painfully prominent. The signs of the extinction of pauperism are not very apparent."

## FULFILMENT.

"confess to the protectionists  
"abroad that *we have been wrong*  
"and they have been right."

39 years have elapsed since Cobden made this prophecy:—Germany has lately imposed heavy tariffs in her new colonies; Holland has decided to "revise the Dutch tariff in a protectionist sense" (*Times*, January 11th, 1885.) Belgian duties are to be increased (*Times*, January 15th, 1885.) France is imposing fresh tariffs on barley, wheat, and flour. Russia introduced a heavy protectionist tariff on the first of March last. A new Greek tariff came into force in December last; Spain, Italy, Austria, and America are putting on new and heavier protective tariffs.

France has drawn out of the commercial treaty with England and is strongly protectionist; she has lately imposed heavy duties on the import of foreign goods into her Colonies.

The relative prosperity of protectionist countries is greater than that of free-trade England.

Belgium is enjoying marvelous prosperity under protective tariffs.

Disraeli prophesied in 1852 :—" The time will come, when the "working classes in England will come to you on bended knees, "and pray you to undo your present legislation," and it really seems as if the time was approaching for the fulfilment of his prophecy, for I read in the *Times*, Dec. 1883—" It is the intention of the "leading men among the cotton operatives to move next session "for a Royal Commission to enquire as to what extent, if any, "we suffer from foreign competition, and what bearing free-trade "may have on the question. An enquiry which the Liberal "Government has been afraid to grant."

Sir Edward Sullivan also stated that—" As a number of "operatives, far more than is necessary to turn a general election, "have through their delegates, given in their adherence to fair "trade." Fair trade is one step in the direction of protection.

Is the shrewd American blind to his own interests? Are the phlegmatic Dutchman, the thrifty Belgian, the clever Frenchman, the philosophical German "simpletons and idiots?" as Mr. Bright is pleased to call all those who do not implicitly accept the gospel of free-trade. No country except England is free-trader. Free-trade, at the present time, after a trial of 40 years, is either an English or a barbarous custom. All other nations are obstinate protectionists ; and they are growing more and more obstinate in their adherence to protection, as they find they are making greater relative advances in prosperity than England with its free-trade. Even Mr. Gladstone himself admits that America is "*passing us by in a canter.*" A free-trade country passed by in a canter by a country so terribly handicapped by protection!!! What a confession of failure.

The excuse is that America is a young country, with abundant room for its surplus population ; but this excuse is utterly fictitious. England, taken as a whole, with its colonies and dependencies, is two and-a-half times as large as America.\* She has every advantage that America possesses ; she had a good start, and if she had only been governed by statesmen of comprehensive grasp, she ought to have outstripped America in wealth and progress, quite as much as America has now outstripped us.

If England had but carefully protected the interests of its colonies and dependencies, studied their interests, as *identical with her own*, she would now have been foremost in the race.

Mill says, that "saving enriches, and spending impoverishes, the community along with the individual." Now, let us apply

\* Area of the United States ... = 3,602,300 square miles.

" " England and her dependencies = 8,982,300 " "

It may be argued that America is a more compact dominion, but steam and electricity annihilate space, and England's immense superiority in area far more than outweighs the advantage of compactness.



England's action in this respect to the assumed case of an individual. \*

Suppose a farmer should allow his land to go out of cultivation, and purchase farm-produce for his own consumption from the open market; suppose, at the same time, he has a limited supply of iron ore on his estate, which he sells at a rate that does not quite cover the cost of its production; one would scarcely argue that the more food such a one purchased and consumed, and the more iron he sold, the greater was his prosperity; and especially so because he *consumed more than he sold*. The natural inference would be that such a man is on the high road to bankruptcy. Now this is precisely what England is doing. She is allowing her land to go out of cultivation. She is purchasing from foreign countries food, much of which she might produce herself, and which, when consumed, leaves nothing to show for the expenditure. Her manufacturing industries are losing concerns; her shipping is carrying at nominal rates; her iron industry has been losing at the rate of 40,000,000*l* a year: and she is parting with her *limited capital of iron* at a loss. The excess of imports over exports does not represent wealth capable of accumulation, but consists of consumable articles of food.

The annual imports of the principal staples of food in 1881 were—

		Corn and Flour	...	£60,856,768	†
Articles capable of being produced in England. ...	{	Live Animals	...	„ 8,525,256	†
		Meat	...	„ 35,760,286	†
				Total	...
Articles capable of being produced in England's dependencies. ...	{	Tea	...	£ 11,208,611	†
		Sugar	...	„ 24,288,797	†
				Total	...

Besides these there are butter, cheese, eggs, coffee, cocoa, and other articles of food which must probably amount to 20 or 30 millions sterling, so that the excess of £100,000,000 sterling is entirely due to consumable food, much of which might be produced in England, and the remainder in our dependencies. If this be not political extravagance, I am at a loss for a definition of the word.

The stock arguments of the free-trader are based on fallacies. It is an utter fallacy to suppose that protection must necessarily increase the cost of production; innumerable cases might be quoted in which, although the cost may have been temporarily enhanced, during the rise of an industry, yet the

\* Mills Political Economy, Book 1, Chapter V.

† Statesmans' Year-book, 1883, p. 257. ‡ Whittaker's Almanack, 1883, p. 254.

ultimate result has been a considerable reduction in the price of the article produced.

Again, it is an utter fallacy to suppose that protection "blunts invention, destroys the stimulus to action, or impairs the quality of manufacture." The Americans are a living proof to the contrary. Our pre-eminence in invention, and our superiority in manufacture, was built up under protection, and our decadence in quality of manufacture commenced under free-trade.

Albert Leffingwell, an intelligent American, writes—

If during the last fifty years, America had permitted a system of unrestricted trade with all the world, she would never have reached that development of her manufactures, which has rendered her independent; but would to-day be little more than a huge agricultural colony, exchanging the produce of her fields for the manufactures and fabrics of Europe.

Under a system of protection, America has been able to develop her boundless resources, to encourage the growth of her manufacturing industries, until to-day she is not only independent and able to supply her own needs, but she exports to foreign nations, and has begun to compete with England for the trade of the world.

Under a high protective tariff in America, cotton hosiery was reduced in price nearly one-half between the years 1860 and 1868. De-laines imported at prices from 35 to 50 cents were made in the country of equal quality for 20 cents in 1868.

The following is a comparison of some of the prices in America in the low tariff year 1860 and the high tariff year 1882—

Articles	1860	1882
Standard sheetings per yard	... 8'73 cents.	... 8'00 cents.
Standard drillings "	... 8'92 "	... 8'00 "
Bleached shirtings "	... 15'50 "	... 12'35 "
Printed calicoes "	... 9'50 "	... 6'17 "
Printing cloths "	... 5'44 "	... 4'00 "
Cassimeres "	... '95 "	... '85 "
Cashmerets "	... '46 "	... '38½ "
Men's ribbed socks per doz	... 8'00 "	... 4'50 "
Ladies ribbed hose "	... 4'25 "	... 3'00 "
Blankets 9 4 gonc "	... 1'87 "	... 1'75 "
" 12 4 XX "	... 8'00 "	... 9'00 "
Moscow Beavers, all wool	... 4'00 "	... 3'00 "
" " Cotton-warp	... 1'35 "	... 1'00 "

—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

Some idea of the increase of American manufacture, under protection, may be formed from the example of two items, paper and carpets

Value of paper imported into the United States:—In 1870, £145,000; in 1876, £4,000.

Value of exports of paper:—In 1869, £750; in 1876, £162,000.

Tapestry carpet imported into the United States:—In 1872, —2,754,000 yards; in 1879—23,900 yards.

Thirty years ago America imported immense quantities of worthless *iron* rails at 50 dollars per ton; now the Americans manufacture excellent *steel* rails at 40 dollars per ton. In 1870 the Americans were paying for *steel* rails, imported from England, 150 dollars per ton.

America now competes with Sheffield in our own markets. Ryland's Trade Circular, (Birmingham, March 4th, 1871,) says—

"The edged tool trade is well sustained, and we have less of the effects of American competition. That this competition is severe, however, is a fact that cannot be ignored; the ascendancy of the protectionist party in the States continues to act most favourably for the manufacturing interest there, and it is no wonder that, under such benignant auspices, the enterprise in this direction is swelling to colossal proportions."

Salt, under a heavy tariff in America, has fallen in price from \$1.80 in 1866 to \$7.4 in 1882.

In 1878 a French Commission appointed to examine French trade and its relation to that of other nations reported—

"A real economical revolution has taken place in the United States. Under the shelter of a protective system, they have organized a powerful industry which rivals England in cheapness."

How far America competes successfully with England may be seen and proved by the fact that in 1884, there was a large increase in the foreign trade of New South Wales. The imports from England increased 117 per cent.; those from the United States 389 per cent. The exports to England increased 9 per cent., while those to the United States increased 805 per cent. A few quotations from the utterances of our own countrymen may serve to show what protection has done for America:—

"A leading manufacturer expressed himself startled and alarmed at what he saw at the Paris Exhibition as the proofs of successful rivalry on the part of the Americans, in branches of his own trade." (*Lecture at the Colonial Institution*, November 1878)

"Manufactories have been created and fostered by a system of protection which, through enhanced prices paid by consumers, must have been very costly to the nation, but of the result of which, they have reason to be proud, since it has made them, to so great an extent, independent of other nations for their supply." (*Report on Philadelphia Exhibition*, by P. Graham, *Vice President of the Society of Arts*.)

"The worsted manufacture of the United States is comparatively of recent origin, but it has made very rapid progress during the past ten or twelve years; the high tariff having greatly stimulated its development." (*Report on Philadelphia Exhibition*, by Mr. Mitchel, *Member of Bradford Chamber of Commerce*.)

"America is not only supplying her own country with goods, but exporting her manufactures to such an extent, that she has become a powerful rival to England." (*Mr. Mundella*, November 1874.)

"There is no time to be lost if we mean to hold our own in the hardware trade." (*J. Anderson's Report on Philadelphia Exhibition*.)

"For years Sheffield has supplied not only our own country but nearly

the whole world ; the monopoly remains with us no longer. It would be foolish not to recognize the fact, that at Philadelphia, Great Britain was in the face of a powerful rival in manufactures." (*D. McHardy*.)

M. Thiers, in his speech of January 22, 1870, stated that the price of linen thread in France was reduced to one-half its previous price by protection, which permitted competition and broke down the British monopoly.

In the face of such facts it is childish and unfair on the part of political economists to state, like Professor Cairnes, that "the people of the United States are unable to compete in the neutral markets, in the sale of certain important wares with England and other European countries : " that "Protection does not call into existence a single branch of production which would not equally have existed under free-trade : " and that it "vitiates the industrial atmosphere, engendering lethargy, routine, and a reliance on legislative "expedients." (*Some Leading Principles of Political Economy*, by Professor Cairnes, 1874, page 486.) Facts directly contradict the assertions of such doctrinaires.

M. Tiers says :—

"It is urged that all the protection accorded to industries, constitute monopolies ; and, to enrich a few monopolists, we burden the whole country. It is true there is a monopoly ; but it is not in France ; *it is abroad*. I say that this little monopoly, which you accord to French industry, *destroys the monopoly of foreign industry*."

Alexander Hamilton, one of America's best statesmen, wrote :—

"Though it were true that the immediate and certain effect of a tariff was an increase of price, it is universally true that the contrary is the ultimate effect with every successful manufacture . . . . . When a domestic manufacture has attained to perfection and has engaged, in the prosecution of it, a competent number of persons, it can be afforded, and accordingly seldom or never fails, to be sold cheaper than the foreign article for which it is a substitute . . . The internal competition which takes place soon does away with anything like monopoly."

At a meeting of the Cooper's Institute, New York, 1883, Mr. Hawkins said :—

"We have had four protective tariffs in this century ; under these the country was uniformly prosperous ; immediately, following their respective repeals, the country passed through periods of great depression, insolvency, and bankruptcy . . . . In 1861 our out-put of coal was only 16,000,000 tons ; after 21 years of protective tariff it had risen to 90,000,000 tons . . . In 1861 we had only 31,000 miles of railway, and nearly all of this was single track, now we have 114 000 miles, one fourth of which is double track . . . . A tariff protecting our own industry against injurious foreign competition, compels foreign countries to send us, instead of merchandize, their operatives to save them from starvation. European statisticians inform us that the average cost to them of raising the emigrants that come to this country is one thousand dollars per head. They are worth to us much more than that sum . . . . . Are we now prepared to try the disastrous experiment of free-trade for the fifth time ?

Henry Clay, in a speech in the United States Senate, said (February 1832) :—

“ If I were to select any term of seven years since the adoption of the present constitution, which exhibited a scene of the most wide spread dismay and desolation, it would be exactly that term of seven years which immediately preceded the establishment of the tariff of 1824. If the term of seven years were to be selected of the greatest prosperity which this people have enjoyed since the establishment of their present constitution, it would be exactly that period of seven years which immediately followed the passage of the tariff of 1824.”

The working classes, who are nominally free-traders, are practically protectionists. How is it, to use the words of Mr. Wise, an ardent apologist for free-trade, that—

“ In 1846 the working classes overthrew the protectionism in England ; and in 1878 the same classes, wherever they have obtained predominant influence, are carrying into practice the extreme theories of their old opponents ?”

Mr. Syme also says :—

“ In Canada, Australia and New Zealand the party of progress has always been identified with a *restrictive commercial policy*, while the Conservatives are the most uncompromising of free-traders. Indeed, it may be said, that one half of the entire English-speaking race are, in one shape or another, in favor of a restrictionist policy, and of this half, the great majority are advanced Liberals.”

Free-trade was an assertion on the part of labourers as consumers ; the protectionist policy of America and Australia is the attempt of the same class to obtain privileges as producers. The working men in those countries are possessed by the thorough belief that, in carrying out their policy, they benefit all. Free-trade considered that the interests of consumers suffered by protection ; the Americans and Australians, with their eyes open, undergo these private inconveniences, because they believe the mass of the community is better off thereby. To use the words of an intelligent American :—

“ We all recognize that a protection tariff forces us to pay for many articles *slightly more* than they would probably cost us under a system of free trade. We know, too, that at first our manufactured products, whether of metal, cotton, or coal, cost us in general more to make at home than they would have cost us if imported freely from abroad. We know that we are not buying in the cheapest markets, but, we believe on the whole, it is best to impose upon ourselves the voluntary tax, for the great ends, not of enriching ourselves, but of promoting the best interest of the nation ”

The improvement of the rate of wages in England has been claimed as one of the results of free-trade. If this were the case, wages ought to be depressed, or at all events stationary, in protectionist countries. Let us see if this be the case :—

Relative rise of wages.		Between years.	Per cent.
Great Britain ... }	Agricultural labourer ...	1850-1880 ...	50
	Skilled „	1840-1880 ...	53
	Cotton „	1840-1880 ...	33

Relative rise of wages.		Between years.		Per cent.
France	... { Agricultural labourer ...	1850 1880	...	25
	... { Skilled " ...	1850-1880	...	50
Belgium and Holland	...	1840 1880	...	30
United States average labour	...	1850 1880	...	43

It will be seen by this that the rise of wages has been general ; it is due to the general increase of wealth in civilized nations, and that in some cases, the relative increase has been nearly as rapid in thirty years in the protectionist country, as it has been in forty years in England.

Mill says : " The labourer in America enjoys a greater abundance of comforts than in any other country in the world, except in some of the newest colonies." It stands to common sense that free-trade, or in words, *unlimited foreign competition*, must have a tendency to *reduce* wages. During the agitation preceding the repeal of the corn laws, it was one of the arguments in favour of the movement, that cheap bread would enable the British operative to work for lower wages, and thus to compete with the Continental operative, who enjoyed the advantage of food at lower rates than those obtaining in England.

The general rise of wages which has occurred throughout protectionist countries, as well as in England, though principally due to the general increase in the wealth of Europe, has also been partially due to protection, in the form of trade-unionism. For what is trade-unionism but protection, in a somewhat extreme and injurious form, because it is narrow in its aims, and partial in its action. The protection of British *labour* does not differ, in principle, from the protection of the *results of British labour* in the shape of its products.

Among the resolutions adopted at the International Conference of Trades Unions delegates, I find the following :—

" There are two ways of attaining the object :—

1. Legislation for the protection of the weak against competition :
2. Organization of workmen who should be united and disciplined as in certain countries."

*Protection for the weak against competition !* Is this free-trade ?

Free-traders have also claimed a reduction of pauperism, of crime, and of drunkenness, as the results of free-trade ; and they quote statistics to prove the case. These statistics show that the number of paupers under relief in England was—

In 1862	...	...	...	890,000
In 1880	...	...	...	799,000
Apparent decrease				91,000

In considering these figures, however, it must be remembered that England has of late years greatly increased the rate per

pauper.\* Or in other words, the relief now given will either relieve worse cases than before, or else extend relief to other members of family besides the actual recipient. The present rates of relief in England are now four and-a-half times as much as those in France; and seven and-a-half times as much as those in Belgium and Holland. In the next place, the private charities of London alone, orphanages, homes, asylums, hospitals, &c., † have increased since 1859 by £1,158,000, a sum sufficient to relieve 526,000 paupers at the French rates, or nearly 900,000 by the Belgian rates.

It is probable that the private charities of the rest of England, including the large provincial cities and towns, have increased in the same ratio as those of London, representing an enormous amount of relief. Then, again, relief is afforded by Trades Unions and Benefit Societies, ‡ which lately expended about £4,000,000 annually in relief. This, at the French rate, represents the relief of 1,800,000, or at the Belgian rate, about 3,000,000 paupers. Mr. Fawcett, writing in the *Fortnightly Review*, January 1871, says—

“Mr. Torrens, Member for Finsbury, sought to prove that pauperism was increasing; that vast number of able bodies labourers were unemployed; and that the normal condition, of a considerable proportion of our population, was one of abject misery and deplorable destitution. Mr. Goschen met the statements by a positive and indignant denial; he quoted a number of statistics, to prove that the iron trade, the cotton trade, and other important branches of industry, were reviving; he was jubilant over the fact that the number of paupers had only increased by 10,000 in a twelve month

\* “In fifty years Great Britain has lifted her estimate on this point so rapidly, that she spends five times as much for a given number of paupers than she did 15 years after the opening of the century.”—(*Practical Political Economy*: By Prof. Bonamy Price, p. 237.)

† Comparative cost of relief to paupers:—

	£.	s.
England, per head	...	10 0
France	...	2 2
Belgium and Holland	...	1 3

— (*Mulhall's Statistics*, p. 346).

Expenditure in London Charities.

	1859.	1881.
Orphanages	£ 409,000	£ 458,000
Homes for aged	88,000	770,000
Asylums	25,000	156,000
Hospitals, &c.	301,000	596,000
Total	823,000	1,930,000

‡ The financial condition of many of the Trades Unions is causing serious alarm. The drain has been so heavy on them of late years, that their capital is greatly reduced, and unless some change takes place, they will become bankrupt. The increase of pauperism will then be enormous.

and he became quite elated, when recounting that the working classes were using more tea and sugar, and that their average consumption of beer and spirits was augmenting. The speech was loudly applauded, especially by the Commercial Members. There are many who still think that the well doing of a country can be measured by its exports and imports . . . . . It is not our intention to dispute the accuracy of Mr. Goschen's statistics. There is, however, too much reason to fear that they only tell a small part of the truth, and that if not judiciously considered, they may conceal ugly facts which it will be perilous to ignore."

The statistics brought forward to show that a diminution of crime has been the result of free-trade are as follows :—

Convictions in 1859 ...	...	...	...	13,470
" " 1881 ...	...	...	...	11,353

Apparent decrease in crime .. 2,117

Now this apparent decrease is wholly due to the Criminal Justice Act of 1855, which enables Magistrates to pass short sentences, and these, coming under the head of "*summary convictions*," do not appear in the same set of statistics as those in which they appeared before the passing of the Act of 1855 : but if we take the total cases, *including these "summary convictions,"* the figures stand as follows :—

Convictions in 1859 ...	...	...	...	246,227
" " 1881 ...	...	...	...	542,319

Increase in crime ... 296,092

In other words, instead of a decrease of 2,000 convictions, we have actually an increase of nearly 300,000.

As regards intemperance, the number of persons fined for drunkenness in England stands as follows :—

In the year 1860 ...	...	...	...	88,410
In the year 1881 ..	...	...	...	173,481

Or roughly speaking, the convictions for drunkenness have doubled in twenty-one years.

Few can doubt that the ruin of the agricultural industry in England and Ireland is the direct work of free-trade. In fact, some of the advocates of free-trade have gloried in the fact, and advanced the opinion that—"It is not *only* the beneficial working of free-trade that prescribes the agricultural ruin of England, it is the great natural law of preservation of the fittest " that proclaims, that as England is not the best fitted to grow " corn she must grow corn no longer : " Mr. Bright, however, appears to have deserted this school of free-traders, and has at length recognized the close interdependence of the agricultural and manufacturing interests of England ; for he says :—

" Home trade is bad, mainly, or entirely, because harvests have been bad for several years. The remedy will come with more sunshine, and better yield of land. *Without this it cannot come.* I believe the agricultural owners and occupiers of land have lost more than £150,000,000 through the great deficiency of harvest."



Doubtless the remedy for bad trade cannot come without agricultural prosperity; but we cannot reasonably expect more sunshine. *The sunshine required, is that of protection.*

Taking the nine years ending 1881, I find that in one year only the rainfall of the United Kingdom has been largely ( $7\frac{1}{4}$  inches) above the average of the last 17 years; in 5 out of the 9 years, the rainfall has been a little below the average; in one year only  $\frac{1}{4}$  of an inch above; and in another year less than 2 inches above the average. . . . There is no doubt, however, that the *produce of farming* has been below the average of former years: but the *Mark Lane Express* returns shew that in all these years there has been a considerable percentage of cases in which the crops have been equal to, or over the average; from this we may assume that the *sun* is not wholly to blame, but that want of capital to farm the land properly, and to recover from the results of bad years, has been an important factor in the deficiency of crops. This is very evident from the replies to questions circulated by Mr. Bear as to the condition of farmers in 1878, in which there is the constant occurrence of such phrases as, "the land has seriously gone back in cultivation;" "land badly farmed;" "year by year the condition of the land becoming poorer;" "results will not now supply means for substantial improvements;" "only necessary work done;" "land in worse state than formerly;" "the condition of the land has sunk;" "land very foul and poor;" "more weeds than before;" "hand to mouth farming;" &c., &c., &c.

A fallacy underlies the cry for cheap food. Cheap bread is not all that is needed for the prosperity of a country; it is impossible to separate the interests of the consumer from those of the producer; but free-trade sacrifices the producer to the consumer. Cheap food is dear if the cause of its cheapness deprives the labourer of that employment which enables him to gain the means of purchasing it. The want of a light tax on foreign wheat has put a stop to the growth of corn in England; and if we should have a war with a strong maritime power, wheat will rise to famine prices. The wheat trade, instead of being in our own hands, has passed into the hands of Russia, arming her with the sinews of war to be used against ourselves.

In the opinion of many political economists, dear food has been considered a cause of progress and prosperity, as stimulating the inhabitants of a country to exertion and thrift, notably so in the case of Holland. In many countries where food is cheap, the inhabitants are degraded and indolent.

The revenues of a country must be raised; and taxes

come back to a nation in some form or other. "Taxes on commodities," says David Syme in the *Fortnightly Review*, April 1873—

"do not always fall on consumers, but sometimes on producers, and sometimes on the intermediate agent. When a duty is imposed on a foreign commodity, which the importing country has facilities for producing at home, in ordinary cases the duty falls, in the first instance, on the consumer, but when the duty has the effect of increasing competition, the tendency is to a reduction in price, and therefore, to the ultimate benefit of the consumers. As the duty equalises the conditions of production between the local and foreign producers, it enables an entirely new class of competitors to enter the field,—namely, the local producers: and as the circle of competition becomes extended, the rivalry among producers becomes keener, and prices become lower; for competition inevitably leads to this when it is genuine, and not a *monopoly in disguise*, as is often the case. If the duty fails to increase competition, it goes direct into the Treasury as revenue: if it fails partially as a revenue tax, owing to the local producer contributing part of the supply and paying no duty, the competition between the local and foreign producers will cause a reduction in price to the consumer, so that the falling off in the revenue will be in some measure compensated for. If the revenue from duty fails altogether owing to the local article taking the place of the imported and duty-paying article, a three fold benefit will be secured. The consumer will gain by a reduction in the price of commodities; the public will gain by increased employment of labor and capital; and lastly, the State will gain by increased revenue from the additional number of revenue-producing population, supported by the new industry."

Protection is said to have ruined the shipping interest in America, but it appears to me that our shrewd American cousins may possibly find a quicker and more remunerative investment for their capital in *encouraging their home industries*, and in employing their home-labor productively, than in a keen competition with the English, for a barren trade that is worthless. The shipping trade has been a losing concern for some considerable period, and wheat has been frequently carried as ballast, and has paid no freight; other articles have been carried at almost nominal rates.

In the *Civil and Military Gazette*, Lahore, of 7th December 1883, under the telegraphic summary, I read —

"It is predicted that, unless freight rates to India speedily improve, a considerable number of steamers now engaged in the trade will be laid up."

I also read in the *Madras Mail*, January 9th, 1884, that an organ of the shipping interests in London has drawn up the results of the gross working of thirteen steamers of a well-known Steam Navigation Company, shewing a total loss of £34,000 in one year's trading. Are the Americans to be pitied, because they have but a small share in this losing concern? If protection has kept them out of it, you can scarcely blame it. But even without such keen competition, the Americans would appear to be justified by political economy, as may be seen by

the following quotation from Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," Bk. II, Chapter V :—

"The capital, therefore, employed in the home trade of any country, will generally give encouragement and support to a greater quantity of productive labor in that country, and increase the value of its annual produce, more than an equal capital employed in the *foreign* trade of consumption: and the capital employed in this latter trade has, in both these respects, a still greater advantage over an equal capital engaged in the *carrying* trade."

Depression in England and Ireland is frequently attributed to over-population, but this argument falls to the ground when we recall the fact that Ireland was far more prosperous with a population of 8 millions in 1841, than she is now, with a reduced population of only 5 millions. The Malthusian theory fails to account for it when we consider, that with the larger population in 1841, there were 1,200,000 acres of cultivable land unused, besides 1,000,000 acres of bog land, capable of reclamation at a cost of a little more than £1 per acre; and that, since that time, after a reduction of 3 millions in the population, nearly 1,500,000 acres more have gone out of tillage in the last 30 years, and 677,009 acres have been abandoned altogether for farming purposes. *Population, when there is employment for it, is wealth:* emigration is the removal of so much wealth from the country. Contrast the population and rents of poverty-stricken Ireland, with that of prosperous Holland and Belgium :—

Population.				Average rent per acre.	
Ireland	161	...	per sq. mile	...	10s. 3d.
Belgium	380	..	...	...	30s.
Holland	312	...	...	...	30s.

With such figures, it is absurd to say that Ireland is rack-rented or over-populated. *It is suffering from free-trade and depletion*; and if the incubus of free-trade be not removed, its population must become extinct, either by starvation or emigration.

It is said by free trade advocates, that although the cost of provisions has not sensibly increased, yet wages are 50 per cent. higher, and hours of labor 20 per cent. less than they were 40 years ago. From the political economist's point of view, this appears to be a decrease of national wealth. Mill says :—

"Saving enriches, and spending impoverishes, the community, along with the individual. Society at large is richer by what it expends in maintaining and aiding productive labor, but poorer by what it expends in its enjoyments."

Now if a stalwart race could have existed, and have done 20 per cent. more work on the lower rate or wages,—although, doubtless, some improvement in the condition of workmen was desirable,—50 per cent. appears to be a large margin, when

we consider that the price of provisions is said to be unaltered. The British workman is proverbially extravagant and improvident. High wages encourage extravagance, whilst surplus cash furnishes the means, and short hours the leisure, for gratifying a taste for drink.

Setting aside for the moment the serious evils of intemperance, we have practically, with high wages, the causes that lead to the impoverishment of a community. A glance at the statistics of Mr. Giffen seems to indicate this, for whilst the consumption per head of those commodities, which are termed necessities of life, have only increased 33 to 40 per cent. respectively, the consumption of those which may be considered luxuries—namely, tea, and sugar, have increased 232 and 260 per cent. respectively.

Again statistics shew, that whilst the other classes of the community have increased in number by 33 per cent. of late years, the working classes have only increased by  $6\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. In other words, the unproductive classes have increased largely, but, whilst there is only  $6\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. *numerical* increase in the productive classes, their labor has decreased by 20 per cent. from shorter hours at labor. The drones in the hive have increased very largely, while the workers have not done so, but have developed an alarming taste for honey. The question of wealth would be, comparatively, of minor importance, were it not seriously complicated by the existence of free-trade. But we have now to confront the fact, that, in the present day, we have to pay 50 per cent. more money for 20 per cent. less labor than we did 40 years ago; whilst free-trade brings into the market the products of the keen competition of a thrifty and parsimonious class of workmen, who accept lower wages, and work longer hours. The result must be a gradual extinction of our industries.

Our cotton and woollen industries are struggling hard for existence. Mr. S. Smith, M. P., who is connected with the cotton industry, has recently stated that—

“With all the toil and anxiety of those who had conducted it, the cotton industry of Lancashire, which gave maintenance to two or three millions of people, had not earned so much as five per cent. during the past ten years: the employers had a most anxious life and many, after struggling for years had become bankrupt, and some had died of a broken heart.”

And he added that he believed most of the leading trades to be in the same condition.

The cheap production of Belgian fabrics is stated by the employers to be the cause of the depression in the cotton trade. Silk manufacture is dying out. Iron industries are in a bad way. Gloomy productions are made respecting the shipping trade. Agriculture is rapidly becoming extinguished.

English pluck, capital, and credit are struggling manfully against disaster, but the struggle cannot last much longer: capital is sustained by credit: and credit is receiving heavy and repeated blows from unremunerative industries. Meanwhile, high wages and extravagant habits are not the best training for the millions that will be thrown out of employment when the crash comes.

Adam Smith, though an advocate for the repeal of the corn-laws, foresaw and forewarned us of the consequences of unlimited free-trade, as follows:—

“If the free importation of foreign manufactures were permitted, several of the home manufactures would probably suffer, and some of them perhaps *go to ruin altogether*.”

How can it be otherwise? Unlimited foreign competition must necessarily end in disaster. We are handicapping our people in every way. They have higher wages than continental nations; we tax them more heavily, and pass enactments to prevent their working long hours, thereby placing them at a disadvantage with people who are thrifty and industrious, and are not restricted in their hours of work. The same amount of money now buys only half the labor it did 40 years ago: this increases the cost of production. Competition forces manufacturers to work only three or four days a week; this again increases it. Increased leisure gives opportunities for intemperance; this again has a deteriorating effect on produce. The best hands emigrate to prosperous countries not burdened with free-trade; a fertile cause of deterioration in quality of manufactures. Cheap freights, almost nominal, place foreign productions on the shores of England at prices very little beyond those at which they can be produced in their native country.

The money spent on foreign produce, instead of being spent in England, is so much capital taken away from this country, helping foreigners to compete with us. We have, in fact, the most ingeniously devised plan of impoverishing the country. The general advance of the wealth of the world has blinded our eyes to our real danger, but the struggle cannot last much longer. Capital is draining out to protectionist countries in all directions, but the amount at stake in our manufactories is so enormous, that the struggle must be continued at any risk. Credit alone sustains the fabric; and as soon as that is thoroughly shaken, the collapse will be terrible and sudden. The working classes, so long as they receive higher wages than before, are blind to the danger, but when the collapse comes,—and come it surely will before long,—the working classes will be the first to demand protection.

M. Thiers, in the Corps Legislatif, Paris, January 26th, 1870 spoke as follows :—

“France has her consumers within herself. . . . England, on the contrary, has an artificial existence ; she depends upon the doings of the United States, upon the doings of her Colonies, which already oppose her with hostile tariffs. May not the day come when her immense production will find no purchaser. What was needed to make Holland, which gave laws to France, descend from this lofty eminence ? It only needed 50 years, it only needed a Navigation Act in England, it only needed a Colbert in France.

“God forbid that I should predict for England such a destiny ; but I repeat it ; her existence, which depends on consumers, which she seeks everywhere outside herself, is less solid than that of France which has consumers in her own bosom.”

Mr. Leffingwell, an intelligent American, writes of England :—

“Should the day ever arrive when most of her mills are silent, her black country green, her furnaces cold, her shops filled with foreign wares, and her food brought from distant lands, it will add little to her welfare, that all other nations find a market on her shores for the products of their factories and fields.”

Sir Lepel Griffin writes in the *Fortnightly Review*, March 1884.

“The British empire is still in its infancy ; grafted, it is true, on an ancient monarchy, it only dates from the occupation of Virginia by Raleigh 300 years ago. It has grown to be the greatest empire in the world, with a territory of 9,000,000 square miles and 300,000,000 subjects of the Queen ; and now only waits the statesman, whose genius shall gather it into one mighty federation, animated by loyalty, and dignified by freedom.”

India has the possibilities of a magnificent future ; shall we seize the opportunity, or shall we lose it ? Shall we foster its industries, and develop its inexhaustible resources, or shall we allow the slow process of starvation, amidst boundless riches, to do its work ?

The United States of America, with all their wealth and prosperity, might now have been our own, had it not been for our selfish, suicidal policy, which forced separation on our unwilling subjects. History is repeating herself ; and the weak, selfish, vacillating policy of recent years, tends to the rapid disintegration of our empire. Shall we again neglect the plain teachings of history, and repeat the gigantic blunder we made in forcing separation on America ?

The *laissez-aller* and *laissez-faire* policy—if it can be dignified with the name of policy—of aimless and apathetic drifting in government, is an easy mode of shuffling off responsibility ; but a day of reckoning must sooner or later follow such a course.

If India is to be saved it must be by the strong effort of a wide, comprehensive policy, which will knit it, with our colonies into one mighty federation, under an enlightened system of fiscal

reform,—a federation homogeneous in character, unselfish in aims, and united in policy ; whether it be under the name of “ United States,” “ United Kingdom,” “ Commonwealth,” “ Empire” or “ Greater Britain.” No doubt, to use the words of Professor Seely, our problem has difficulties of its own ; immense difficulties ; but the greatest of these difficulties is one which we make ourselves ; it is the *false conception that the problem is insoluble.*

GUILFORD L. MOLESWORTH.

SIMLA, June 1885.

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### ART. III.—CONTROL OVER CRIMINALS.

**I**N 1861 the Police in India was reorganized and Act V of 1861, "An Act for the regulation of the Police," was passed. The preamble to the Act set forth that it was expedient to reorganize the Police, and to make it a more efficient instrument for the prevention and detection of crime. In the Panjōb the first Inspector-General of Police appointed under the Act, was Major George Hutchinson, and before the year was out, he had published and put into the hands of the Panjāb Police, a catechism, which revised and enlarged, is still in use. We well remember that amongst the first questions put in the first edition of the catechism, the Police constable was asked whether, having reason to suspect the intended commission of an offence, it would be his duty to prevent it, or to permit the offence and arrest the offender. In the answer the constable was instructed that, prevention is better than cure, and he was told that it was his duty to make it apparent to the intending offender that his design was known and to warn him off.

Prevention of crime has always been recognized as one of the primary objects for which a Police exists: to prevent crime, criminals must be controlled. What has hitherto been done, what is being done, and what will still remain to be done, in this matter of control of criminals, is what we propose to discuss in this paper.

We believe that until the Police reorganization of 1861 no endeavour had been made to keep any record of convictions. There was, probably, a two-fold reason for this, one, that the criminals brought before the Courts, were much more frequently than is now the case, locally well known; the other, that law in India had attained none of that elaboration which it has now attained to, no difficulties in procedure in the matter of proof of convictions presented themselves, and the Courts could suspend sentence for a much longer time than would be now tolerated in order to find out about persons under trial. It would be misleading to assert that there were no criminals in those days over whose doings it was desirable the Police should keep a watch, and whose convictions should be ascertainable. The criminal tribes of India are not a growth of the last twenty-five years. Before the new Police existed, thaggi had already been put a stop to by measures of vigor commensurate with the necessity of the case; gang robberies were very much more frequent than they now are; there were murderers whose combined skill and indifference to human life commanded an almost breathless interest in the story of their misdeeds; there



were outlawed robbers whose daring encircled their open defiance of law with almost an halo of romance. The habitual and professional criminal of India in 1885 is a being to whom no romance whatever attaches, he is an excrescence of our modern civilization; improved communications, the ever-increasing adherence to forms of procedure, the law of evidence which is applied and misapplied in our Courts, have all shared in his creation; his shadow is ever looming greater and greater, and the measures taken, and in hand, to control him, have been a gradual growth which may yet require a much fuller development.

The reorganized Police had not been long in existence in the Panjáb before it was recognized that as a *sine quâ non* to the control of criminals, it was necessary to have a record, in a readily accessible form, of the names and particulars sufficient to facilitate identification of persons convicted of certain classes of crime. The Indian Penal Code which came into operation from almost the same date as the Act which called the reorganized Police into existence, provided that any person who had been convicted of an offence under those chapters of the Code which refer to "Offences Relating to Coin and Government Stamps," or to "Offences against Property," should be subject on reconviction to transportation for life, or to double the amount of punishment to which such person would otherwise have been liable for the offence. The benefit accruing to the criminal administration by this preventive proviso of law, was sacrificed on each occasion that a former conviction existed and was not proved; it was, therefore, partly on this account ordered that a register of convictions should be kept up. The earliest Panjáb Police orders directed that only those convictions should be entered which would render the person, against whom they stood recorded, liable to enhanced punishment on reconviction. The orders directed that if imprisonment formed part of the sentence, the record should be made when the sentence had been satisfied, other sentences were directed to be recorded at once. In cases where imprisonment was awarded, the duty of intimating releases to the Police was devolved on the Superintendents of Jails from which releases were made.

The register of convictions was not, however, ordered with the sole object of facilitating the proof at a later trial of convictions formerly had, and thereby securing more adequate punishment. Orders were given that the Gazetted Officers of Police should, during their repeated tours in the district, make enquiry into the habits of life of convicted persons, and of any others brought to notice as being of vagrant or criminal mode of life, and that, aided by the record

in the Register of Convictions, they should compile a register of persons who were to be subject to the surveillance of the local Police. It was declared to be the duty of Gazetted Officers to be constantly revising this register, by the addition and erasure of names as might appear necessary, By consideration of reconversions, reports of the local Police, of village headmen, or of others acquainted with the manner of life, at the time being, of those entered in the register. Officers in charge of Police stations received orders that, on receiving intimation of the sentence of a person convicted but not imprisoned, or of the release from jail of a person whose ordinary place of residence was situated in their station house limits, they should ascertain whether the person convicted, or the released convict, had returned to his home, and that on the first visit of a Gazetted Officer of Police, they should enter the conviction in the Register of Convictions, obtain such Gazetted Officer's attestation of the entry, and his written order as to whether the Police were to keep a watch on the movements of the person whose conviction was recorded.

When the orders we have described were passed, they were a distinct advance on any thing that had been attempted before, and, in as far as they dealt with the record of convictions, they worked satisfactorily. But a Police to be efficient must be progressive, and it must advance with the requirements of the times. Crime is no longer committed to the same extent as it was by local criminals, and the ordinarily cunning sharp intellect of the habitual criminal, is appearing tardily to awaken to the advantage to him of concealing a true identity on arrest.

To keep pace with altering circumstances, Police orders have had to be amended, and advantage has been taken of the opportunity to provide, in matters of detail, for deficiencies in the former orders which practice has from time to time brought to notice. For the orders in their amended form the Police are chiefly indebted to the keen intelligence and far-seeing foresight of the late Major Newbery, formerly Personal Assistant to the Inspector-General of Police, Panjáb. Amongst the matters on which the orders are altered or amplified are the following :—

(1) To obviate an objection formerly taken that the Police were dependent for their record of a conviction of a person imprisoned on the receipt of an intimation of release from a Jail official who was non-interested, it has been ordered that in non-appealable cases the record shall be made on conviction, in appealable cases either on decision of the appeal, or on expiry of the period of appeal. In order to correct the record, if necessary, and direct attention to a criminal at the period of his release, the Jail Superintendents have been ordered, in

their own department, to send weekly lists to the Police of persons who may have died in jail during currency of sentence, and of persons whose sentence is about to expire.

(2) It is ordered that if the person arrested is locally unknown, inquiry is to be set on foot to ascertain his true identity and criminal history, and that where the identity is doubted, and former conviction is suspected, a remand, to enable inquiry, is to be applied for.

(3) Provision is made that if a conviction is obtained against a person known to be of vagrant habit of life, or ordinarily to frequent places outside of the jurisdiction of British Indian Law, proclamation of the conviction, and full particulars of the person convicted, shall be made in the Police Gazette, and a record shall be maintained in districts, in a prescribed manner, which is calculated to facilitate identification if the criminal should be again afterwards be arrested.

(4) It is specially ordered that if a person, whose identity has not been fully ascertained, is sent to Jail, the inquiry as to his identity shall be continued during the whole time of durance. The Inspector-General of Prisons in order to distinguish such persons when in jail from others, has ordered that they shall wear a special uniform.

(5) With the view of acquainting the Police with the appearance of habitual criminals and securing their conviction in case of after reconviction, it is ordered that weekly recognition-parades shall be held at prisons, and that these shall be attended by as many policemen employed in Court duties as can be spared.

(6) In anticipation of a possible alteration in the course of jail discipline, as affecting reconvicted persons, the list of offences under the Penal Code, and under special and Local Laws, on conviction under which a person's name is to be entered in the Conviction Register, has been largely added to.

To show that orders similar to those now in force in the Panjáb are necessary, we give certain particulars regarding criminals, obtained from one of the Panjáb districts of which we have experience. In 1884 there were arrested, in this district, in Police cases, just over a thousand persons. Of these seventy per cent. were local criminals, about whom all necessary particulars were ascertainable immediately on arrest. Thirty per cent. were persons locally unknown. Of the identity and antecedents as regards crime, of twenty-one per cent. remained unascertained up to the time of their conviction, but inquiry continued after conviction and resulted in the true names and ordinary places of residence of half of these persons being found out. There remained about ten per cent. of the total number of persons arrested who were found either to be persons belonging to the vagrant criminal tribes, or who successfully

concealed their identity and ordinary place of residence. Under the amended Panjáb police procedure, the convictions of the unknown persons have been notified, and they stand recorded in such a manner as will much lessen the chance of former convictions not being proved at a subsequent trial; whilst in regard to those whose antecedents were ascertained after conviction, the record of their conviction has been forwarded to their true place of ordinary residence, whereas had the person's own statements been accepted, the conviction would have been recorded against an assumed name, and the place of record would have been a place where the convicted person was unknown.

Having stated the Police procedure in the province of which we have most experience, we come to the preventive and repressive measures provided by the criminal law of general application throughout India. They are—

*First.*—Section 45 of the Criminal Procedure Code provides *inter alia* that every village headman, village watchman, village police officer and owner or occupier of land or his agent, and certain other persons, shall communicate to the nearest Magistrate or officer in charge of a police station, any information which he may obtain respecting the resort to any place within, or the passage through, the village of any person whom he knows or reasonably suspects to be a thief, robber, escaped convict, or proclaimed offender.

*Second.*—The above provisos, as regards the Panjáb, are enlarged by rules made by the Local Government under Section 30A, Act IV of 1870 (Panjáb Laws) dated 15th August 1876. Under these rules the village headman and village watchman is bound (1) to communicate forthwith to the officer in charge of the police station, any information he may obtain respecting any person found lurking in his village or beat, who has no ostensible means of subsistence, or who cannot give a satisfactory account of himself; or respecting the residence, within the limits of his village or beat, of any person who is a reputed housebreaker or thief, or who is of notoriously bad livelihood. (2). He is bound to report from time to time the movements of all bad characters in his village or beat, and to report the arrival of suspicious characters in the neighbourhood; and, (3) he is bound to give timely notice, in case of any notorious bad character being absent at night without having given notice of his departure, or that such bad character is associating with individuals of bad repute, or that he is ceasing to labor or to obtain a livelihood by honest means. In case of violation of any of the rules, the village headman or watchman is liable to fine or imprisonment for a period not exceeding three months.

It is probable that in all administrations, and under legislative sanction, rules have been framed for the guidance of village watchman in their relation to criminals, and that analogous provisions, to those of the Panjáb, exist elsewhere.

*Third.*—Sections 109-110, Criminal Procedure Code, provide that certain Magistrates may require a person said to have no ostensible means of livelihood, or who cannot give a satisfactory account of himself, or who is an habitual robber, housebreaker or thief, to enter into a bond to be of good behaviour to Her Majesty and all her subjects for a stated time, and to find sureties who will hold themselves bound to forfeit in certain amounts in case the person bound makes default. Security can only be demanded when it is proved on an inquiry held, that it is necessary for maintaining good behaviour that a bond should be executed.

*Fourth.*—We may assume that the Police Departmental orders everywhere, in some shape or other, provide for a watch by the local Police over habitual criminals. We have before said, that the Police in the Panjáb are prohibited from exercising any surveillance over criminals, unless specially ordered to do so by Gazetted Officers of Police. The Panjáb orders thus define the surveillance to be exercised: Departmental surveillance "shall consist in such close watch of the movements of persons under surveillance, either by police officers, village headmen, village watchmen, or by both or all such officials, as may be practicable without any illegal interference with such movements."

The foregoing, we believe, summarize all the provisions of law and of prescriptive practice which have to do with the control of criminals other than those subject to the control of the Criminal Tribes Act. We are very much inclined to think that of the several methods by which the Executive and the Legislative Government have proposed to themselves to prevent crime by controlling criminals, the only one which under existing practice, at the present day, retains much force towards attaining the desired object, is that which subjects a person, once convicted of certain offences, to enhanced punishment on being again convicted of an offence similar in kind.

We think that the provisions of law and practice fall short of the requirements of the case, in that the rules which impose a duty as regards the supervision over, and report on, the doings of bad characters are worded ineffectively; that no means of restraint or control, as against the person reported on, are provided, and that the rules are based on a set of circumstances which have ceased to exist. We also think that whilst they go beyond English law, the direction in which that law is exceeded is not fruitful of any useful result.

The rules under the Panjáb Laws Act, which impose duties directed to the prevention of crime aim at too much and forfeit the whole. Who is to prove that a responsible person, who knew of the residence in his village of another person, had knowledge also that such other person had no means of livelihood ? Whose dictum is a Court to accept that a person is a reputed housebreaker or thief, and where is a Court to draw a line and reject the evidence of friends that the repute is the other way ? Similarly, who is to decide for the headman, anxious to see things in their most amiable light, that A or B is a bad or suspicious character ? And will not an ill-affected headman have a convenient memory as regards the receipt of the intended departure on business of bad characters found absent on visits of policemen ? Again, the village watchman is ordinarily appointed and paid by the village community ; the residents of villages generally descend from a common ancestor, the family tie is often a close one ; like gathers to itself like, and in a minority of instances, the generally expedient course of setting the village headman and watchman as the exercisers of police functions over their fellow villagers, is a measure likely to be attended with as great success as would be that of putting thieves, who had not fallen out, to watch one another. The position is not much improved where the village officials are anxious and willing to carry out the duties imposed on them to the best of their power. Criminals have not been the slowest to learn the law of liberty of the subject ; there is no longer the same extent of dependence on the good will of the village chiefman as there used to be, and the village headman, in a more primitive state of society, was able to find means of control which are now lost to him. Added to this the well affected village official reporting against persons whom he knows to be living by crime, finds that in regard even to the worst criminal, the Police cannot aid him to keep him at home ; and that in the extreme case, where proceedings to have security demanded are originated by the Police, the case often breaks down, and he soon becomes disheartened and callous. We think that the fact may be faced, that even those village functionaries who are actuated by the best intentions, have no longer the power of materially controlling the classes from whom our habitual criminals are now drawn.

If a practically useful surveillance cannot, under existing provisions of law, be exercised by the representatives of the village communities over criminals, the Police are, as regards the rural population, still more helpless. The rural beat of each policeman employed in the interior of the district for the combined duty of enquiry into crime and watch of

criminals, is about thirteen square miles ; keeping the above steadily in mind, also, that there is no law which authorizes any interference with the freedom of movement of the most hardened habitual offenders ; that investigations, service of processes, escort of prisoners and other miscellaneous duties occupy much of the time of the rural constable, the statement that the Police are almost helpless, will stand explained.

We now come to the consideration of that measure of prevention provided by law which directs, that when a Magistrate receives proof that it is necessary for maintaining the good behaviour of one of a certain class of persons, he may require such person to find personal recognizance and sureties in stated sums assuring good behaviour during a certain period of time. The Legislature in each successive revision of the Code of Criminal Procedure has more and more narrowed the class of persons to whom this provision of law can be held to apply, and we must premise that whatever may have been the effect of the so-called "bad character" Sections of the Criminal Procedure Code hitherto, they will under Act X of 1882 operate much less freely than has hitherto been the case. Having made this premise we think that other considerations, drawn from past experience, may be considered in forming an opinion as to the effect the present law is likely to have towards controlling habitual offenders.

The following circumstances belong to one aspect of the question. It has first to be remembered that there are probably no provisions of criminal law which, owing to differences of individual opinion, have been, and will be, so unequally enforced. Then the corresponding sections of the old Codes of Criminal Procedure have been quite as often used by influential village residents as a powerful means of oppression and coercion against persons to whom they owed a grudge, as they have been used as a legitimate instrument to prevent crime. Again, when a bad character is required to find sureties for his own good behaviour, he has either to find them amongst his own fellow villagers, in which case the persons from whom aid in detection would be looked for, on an after offence committed, become the persons most interested to suppress and withhold evidence ; or, if from motives of good nature, or for some consideration received, the surety is found out of the village, he enters on his bond without having any power or opportunity to restrain or influence the person for whom he is surety. Moreover, though Magistrates recording their reasons can reject persons offered as surety, we believe the provision is practically inoperative, and that in many cases the nominal sureties have no personal pecuniary interest in keeping criminals from crime, in that they

are safeguarded against loss by deposits made by the person required to find security or his associates in crime.\* The demand of security is, we believe, occasionally the direct incentive to commit crime.

On the other hand, our own experience leads us to the opinion that there can be no question but that the practice of demanding security to be of good behaviour has been looked on as an effective means towards the prevention of crime by both the people and subordinate Police, and that confidence in the measure is not yet lost. In Panjáb districts where securities have been freely demanded, there is nothing more common than to hear agriculturists impute an increase or immunity from crime to the fact, that securities have or have not been taken. This is an experience of districts where the law was construed as widely as possible, and in which the number of persons annually required to give bail to be of good behaviour could be counted in thousands. There is no doubt that a restrictive measure of the kind under discussion is better calculated to exercise a preventive effect over casuals drifting into crime than over habituals. Under such an extended application of the law as is now no longer possible, casuals were probably deterred from crime, and hence, probably, the general opinion as to the efficacy of the measure.

We think that all the preventive provisions of law which we have enumerated taken conjointly, fall short of providing any effective means of control of habitual criminals, and this, chiefly owing to the scant measure of surveillance which can legally be exercised by the Police. In the earlier part of this paper we have given the definition of surveillance as laid down in the Panjáb Police Rules, and we believe that, in the absence of legislation, a larger power cannot be allowed under any administration in India. We do not advocate placing uncontrolled power over the liberty of any section of the community in the hands of the Police, but in order to secure the efficient control of criminals, the Police must be used as the executive for carrying out a power to be exercised by other and more responsible authorities. We proceed to state the direction in which we think the preventive provisions of law ought to be ameliorated.

In the Criminal Tribes Act, XXVII of 1871, the machinery seems ready at hand. We would advocate that under much the same conditions and procedure as those under which Magistrates are now empowered to require certain classes of bad characters to find security for maintaining good behaviour, these Magistrates should be empowered to subject the persons against whom they hold it proved, that it is necessary that they should be coerced to maintain good behaviour, to the restrictive surveillance provided by the Rules framed under Section 18



of the Act. The period for which the persons might be subjected to the restrictive surveillance might be equal to the period for which they can be required to find security. If this advocated measure were carried out, an habitual criminal, so declared by the result of proceedings taken before a Magistrate, would be confined, during the period of the continuance of the order against him, to the boundaries of his village; he would not be permitted to leave his ordinary place of residence without obtaining a pass, which would be grantable for fourteen days by the station house officer, or for longer periods, by the District Superintendent of Police or Magistrate of the district; when absent on pass, he would have to report his arrival at places he was permitted to visit, and, subject to the control of the Magistrate of the district, he might have to answer roll calls. Village headmen and watchmen would be responsible, under penalties, that persons sentenced to this surveillance, were present in their villages, and the occasional visits of the beat constable and superior officers of the station house, would suffice for the enforcement of this rule. The persons subjected to the operation of the Criminal Tribes Act would be liable to arrest, without warrant, wherever found absent without pass, and they would also be liable to fine and imprisonment on conviction by a Magistrate. Notwithstanding rulings under the former Codes of Criminal Procedure that the greatest thief is entitled to a *locus penitentiae*, and that evidence is necessary to show that, after release from prison, the person complained against has resumed avocations that indicate an intention to return to his former course of life, we would advocate that on the conclusion of proceedings in Court in criminal cases, however resulting, the Court should have power to sentence the person tried to a period of surveillance commencing at once, or on the expiry of the substantive sentence awarded for an offence. This procedure would follow similar procedure in regard to the demand of security to be of good behaviour provided by Sections 120 and 113 of the present Code of Criminal Procedure. The former section directly provides that if a person required to find security is, at the time such order is made, sentenced to, or undergoing sentence of, imprisonment, the period for which such security is required shall commence on the expiry of such sentence; and Section 113 provides a procedure to be followed, when an order directing a person to show cause why he should not be required to find security, is present in Court. If legislation provided a means of control such as we advocate, we believe that the effect on crime would be marked, and that instead of the almost yearly increasing criminal record, we should have a decrease in crime; this, without the addition of a rupee to the yearly cost of the Police, in a manner which

adapts itself to the circumstances and habits of the people which could not be oppressive, and which could be carried out by a very short and simple enactment of law.

Supposing that such a measure of law were introduced, we would advocate that the use of photography, which has recently been introduced to a limited extent, should be greatly extended. We would have a photograph taken of every person sentenced to surveillance, and we would order that at the time of his sentence, a very full and accurate descriptive roll should be recorded. If an habitual criminal subsequently disappeared from his place of ordinary residence during the period for which he was sentenced to surveillance, it ought to be possible, with the aid of scholars from the many schools of art now scattered over the country and of the numerous printing presses, to produce, at an almost nominal cost, in any quantities required, rough outline lithographic or other likenesses in print of the absconder, which, assisted by a full descriptive roll, and freely distributed amongst the Police and Jail establishments, should result in the speedy arrest of the absconder or his discovery in Jail; the likeness would be copied from the photograph, and we believe that as good results would be obtained in securing identification of absconders as could be obtained from photographs themselves. The latter could not be extensively placed in the hands of persons required to look out for the absconders, as they could not be produced in sufficient numbers in reasonable time, and the cost would also be prohibitive.

In connection with this subject another matter seems to be urgently deserving attention.. Many of our largest jails are situated within the limits of cities which are the largest centres of population. The prisoners who are brought to these jails are collected from all parts of the country, perhaps transferred from district jails hundreds of miles away. On the expiry of these sentences the prisoners are discharged from jail, and we believe, that it is the practise to leave the local superintendents of police to make the best arrangements they can to prevent the newly discharged prisoners from committing new offences in the towns where they are discharged, before taking themselves off elsewhere, or perhaps settling down to a career of crime in the locality more advantageous to their pursuits, to which they have been brought. Without legislation the best police arrangements that can be made must be futile. The Police Superintendent in the Panjáb, in accordance with orders issued to him, has arranged that habitual criminals have been seen by as large a number of policemen as possible at the weekly parades, but the criminal on release does not find it difficult to evade such surveillance as is possible, and after

one or two changes of residence, to lose himself amongst the general population. Or supposing that an attempt is made to return the criminal to where he is known, by providing him with a ticket to the railway station nearest to his home, he may instead, travel to the station nearest to that where he was given a ticket, and return to the place from which he has been sent away. We think that it might be arranged that all prisoners reconvicted of certain classes of crime, or prisoners who have been for a long time subjected to demoralizing association in jail, should, if they are residents or frequenters of a district other than that in which they are in custody, be transferred to the jail of the district in which their homes are situated and in which they are locally known; and that on discharge they should be removed to their usual place of residence, where, if not sentenced to surveillance under the advocated extended provisions of the Criminal Tribes Act, they would be subjected to such influence and watch by the headmen and watchmen as the existing law contemplates. If a system of transfer to district jails, where the homes of criminals are situated, could not be arranged, it might be easy to make an agreement that a compartment in a particular part of stated trains should be set aside for criminals returning homewards as their sentences expired; the convicts for release would be seen into these compartments and locked in, and the duty might be devolved on the railway police of seeing that the occupants of the compartment did not leave the train at any other station than that to which they were provided with tickets. If legislation provided that criminals released after undergoing sentence for certain classes of offences, might be taken to their ordinary place of residence, the authorities responsible for the administration of the Police in the different Provinces, might safely be left to give effect to such permissive legislation, in such manner as would be best suited to local requirements.

This paper does not pretend to be an exhaustive consideration of the subject discussed, nor to be a solution of the large and very debateable questions affecting the criminal repressive administration; it is intended as a contribution to a discussion on a matter which we believe now occupies the attention of the Government of India, and which, in the interest of the community, must always be deserving of the most anxious consideration.

P. P.

17th July 1885.

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#### ART. IV.—PUNJAB PLOUGHING.

**P**LOUGHING forms the main element in the Punjab peasant's work, and if you ask him his trade, he will tell you it is ploughing. Sowing and reaping are the occupation of a few months of the year, but ploughing is going on nearly the whole year through. The plough in use varies to a certain extent from district to district and even from tahsil to tahsil; each variety of plough being adapted to the character of the soil in which it is to work. Thus, in land dependent for irrigation on the rainfall, the plough is, as a general rule, of a heavier build than that used for working in riverain, canal, or well irrigated land. But although ploughs differ slightly in construction from tract to tract, the general principle on which they are made is essentially the same. They are all implements (if we except the Kaisari plough which has been adopted for use by a few farmers in the centre of the Punjab) for cutting through earth, as distinguished from the English plough, which cuts through it and inverts it. The parts of the Punjab plough are the stilt, (*hal*) the mould board (*kúr* or *páttá*), the ox beam (*halsia*) and the share (*phalá* or *pháli*). These general parts are clamped, bound, or mortised together, and, except the share, are all of wood. Care is taken to select strong and light materials for plough construction. In selecting his materials, as in all his agriculture operations, Túlsi, the typical Punjab peasant, who corresponds to Jacques Bonhomme of France, and Hodge of England, follows the teachings of his ancestors (*barion kí rít*) summed up in petty proverbs. "*Sándan ka hal, ghassu kí pháli, nila bail, Ráwat hálí.*" A plough of Sandan wood (*dalbergia ougeniensis*), a stout iron share, a dark colored ox and a Ráwat ploughman, make up for the peasant of the Eastern Punjab the ideal requisites for good ploughing. Nor are these materials costly or difficult to procure, the wood he cuts from the trees growing wild on the communal mark, the iron he has to buy, but its price is only a few annas. The village blacksmith moulds the rough iron into a share, and the carpenter makes up wood and iron into the plough. He has nothing to pay directly for their services. When the harvest comes round and the crops are gathered in, each artisan gets his share of grain—usually about 40 lbs. at each harvest from each plough. The artisan has to procure his own tools, but can cut for them village wood, and the blacksmith gets his charcoal free. The cost of the plough is then almost insignificant: its weight averages about 20 lbs. At nightfall, when the day's work is over, the peasant slings it on the yoke of his oxen

and takes it home, or, in some parts of the province where crime is rare, he contents himself with knocking out the iron which he puts in his tool basket, and leaves the wooden frame-work behind in the field. With such a simple implement, which can be worked by a child and two small lean oxen, it is hardly a matter for wonder that the Punjab peasant, whose instincts are wholly conservative, hesitates to adopt the Kaisari, Swedish, or other complicated implements which European officials endeavour to persuade him to use. He is much too polite a man, even if he were not too much in awe, to tell them directly that his plough suits him and theirs does not. He will admit that the government plough is excellent (are not all things connected with the government, the bestower of wealth, excellent); but he insinuates indirectly that it is costly for him, a poor man, that his plough is best suited for his soil, which is, after rain, like cow-dung, and baked by the sun, like iron (*gili goha, sukha loha*); that it is too heavy for his oxen, that if he were to leave it in the fields at night, the iron would be stolen; that to work it is fatiguing and beyond his strength, and that, if broken, it could not be repaired by the village artisan, with many other objections all of which have force and which it is difficult to reply to. So despite the wailing of advanced agriculturalists, it will probably be long before the plough at present in use is supplanted by another. Nor is it only as an agricultural implement that the Indian peasant looks upon his plough. Like many other things associated with his tillage—the oxen which draw the plough, the sun which quickens vegetable life, and the Ganges which irrigates the half of Bengal—the plough is invested with a sacred character. On certain occasions the peasant does it obeisance, and in the North-West provinces and the Eastern Punjab, before the important cane crop on which he depends to pay his revenue is sown, the peasant binds the sacred thread round the stilt of his plough, and makes the holy mark (*thika*) upon the share. And thus the reformers, in introducing a new form of plough, have a religious as well as an ordinary rural prejudice to contend against. The plough is attached to the oxen by the yoke which fits around their necks. It is made of very light but strong smooth wood—toon wood being preferred—so as to sit easily on the neck of the oxen.

There are two methods of ploughing practised in the Punjab: one confined to undulating or hilly tracts, the other, the one in general use over the vast plains, which make up most of the area of the province. The former may be described as cross furrowing, the latter as long furrow ploughing. In long furrow ploughing, the plough or ploughs (for the oxen are said to work better when several ploughs are combined) are driven so

as to enclose a rectangular space, which gradually narrows as the land contained within it is ploughed, until at last this first ridge becomes too contracted to allow the oxen to turn at the top of the unploughed space, when a second ridge is taken in, and so on, until the field has been ploughed once length-wise, after which, in the same way, it is ploughed breadth-wise, the operation being repeated until the field has been ploughed sufficiently for the crop intended to be sown. The other method—cross furrowing—affords an instance, one among many, of the wonderful skill, it might almost be called intuition, which the Indian peasant employs in his efforts to adapt the scanty means at his disposal to compass, in the most effectual way, his ends. As before stated, it is only employed on undulating or uneven land, where the great object of the farmer is to conserve the drainage which falls on his land, and to prevent the upper layer of good mould being carried away by flood. This object he partly effects, by laying out his field in terraces, and levelling the soil between each terrace, but in rare cases does this secure a sufficiently level surface, and there is always the danger of the terrace boundary being broken, and the water escaping to a lower level after heavy rain. It is to obviate this danger that cross furrowing is practised. The ploughman begins by cutting off a corner of the field, then driving his plough up and down this triangular ridge (leaving no intermediate space of unploughed land between the furrow slices as in the ordinary method); he completes the first ridge, and cutting off successive triangular ridges, proceeds in this way till the whole field is ploughed for the first time. The following ploughings are begun at different corners of the field, so as to secure that each part of the field gets its due share of ploughing. The ploughman also considers it a matter of some importance to throw each furrow slice upon the adjacent land without leaving any perceptible furrow between. A field thus ploughed is covered by a light layer of soil to a depth of several inches, and soaks up like a sponge the rain-fall. In a country like India, where electrical phenomena are strongly marked, and the consequent production of compounds of nitrogen in the atmosphere large, and where it is believed that the soil derives its nitrogeous plant-food mainly from the air, the thorough soaking up of rain-water charged with fertilising agents, is a factor of no small importance for successful tillage. Again, the free percolation of drainage water through the soil is believed to materially retard the formation of destructive saline deposits, for such deposits are found to increase in almost direct proportion to the sluggishness with which drainage water passes through the soil. Other advantages of a fine tilth readily suggest themselves, but

these alone are sufficient, in the opinion of the Western Punjab farmer, to compensate him for the additional labor and expenditure of time entailed by this method of ploughing. Here, as elsewhere, the straightness, even depth and regularity of the furrows are the main tests of good ploughing. Riding out in the fields among Punjabi ploughmen, one frequently hears one of them call out to another, "*Tu marera kat kiya, bhai*," "You are cutting your corners, brother," or "*pārā rahjātā*," "You are not ploughing straight," both of which are as marked indications of slovenly work as they are in England. The width and length of the ridges vary according to locality, the character of the agriculturalists, drainage conditions, and other determining causes. An average width is probably about eight feet for a single plough, or about half the average breadth in England, and the average length about fifty feet. But in the Central Punjab, where the peasantry are of an exceptionally sturdy type, they have no faith in short "tacks." "*Lamī usrī huliyan, chhoti lāwī hāi*," 'Long tacks for a ploughmen, short for reapers.' (Purser's Settlement Report) is the creed of the Montgomery peasant, and it is shared by the stalwart Sikh cultivators of the Manjha, from amongst whom are recruited the flower of our native army, and by the Pathans on the Indus in the Chāch, whose fields are ranged side by side in long narrow patches, so that each proprietor gets his fair share of the water flowing from the neighbouring uplands. In the Eastern part of the province, where population is redundant and the land much subdivided, short ridges are, however, the rule.

The number of ploughings given to a field depends mainly upon the crop to be sown. Many are the proverbs which guide the farmer in deciding how often he shall plough his field. For wheat and cane he cannot plough too often. "*Satīn sīvin gājarān, sau sīvin komād, jo jo vake kanaknu, teu teu sawād*" "Plough for carrots sixty times, for cane a hundred times, and the more you plough for wheat, the better it will be for you," conveys, in an exaggerated form, the general idea on the subject. On the other hand the gram crop hardly requires any ploughing at all. "*Jāt na jāne gaunskara, chana na jāne vāh: Usda gur, solāga, usda gur shāh*," "The Jat does not understand kindness, nor gram ploughing, the one has to be managed by the clod crusher, the other by (the severity of) the money lender." As a general rule, it may be said, that the spring crops require much more ploughing than the autumn. "*Hāri hal'pheraunī, sawan khāt valaunī*," "For the spring crops plough, for the autumn manure." "*Dhān gūhan, gehun bahan, Ik kaun jāne kikan ogaun*," "Hoe for rice, plough for wheat, who can tell how sugarcane can be grown?" are the popular saws which regulate the practice. Ploughing goes on almost the whole year round.

In the beginning of the year for sugarcane, and to prepare the soil for the wheat to be sown in the autumn, in March, for the intermediate crops of tobacco, pepper and vegetables, in May and June for the autumn crops, in July, August to October for the spring crops. It is only during April and (in the case of Hindus) June (*Hār*)\* and November, when harvest operations are in full swing, that there is any cessation. The importance of the various ploughings is admirably summed up in the following proverb extracted from Mr. Walker's Ludhiana Settlement Report : " *Siāl sona, Hāri rūpa, sāvān sēva rāwān, Bhādon na bacuchā, tain kyūn bāhi thi, lucna.*" " In winter ( to begin) ploughing is gold, in June silver, in July it is neither one thing nor the other ( *lit.* gray), in August there is no time left ; why did you plough, you rascal ?" This proverb alone shows of what vital importance the Punjab farmer deems it, to procure for his plants the rich nitrogenous matter distilled in the air and carried down by the rain for the sustenance of his plants. Other proverbs which press home this lesson of ploughing, often for the spring crop, are—

" *Hān na vahiān urān,  
Tēpeke na sikhāi kurān  
Sāwān na chāncan gāen  
Tē bat unandī sakīn.*"

" In June the furrows are not ploughed, if daughters are not taught household ways by their parents, and cows not pastured in July, woe betide the farmer, husbandman, and cattle owner."

- 2) " Are, mere Bhādon kī hālī.  
Dun bura aur suwālī."

" Come I will give sweetmeats and bread to the man  
Who will work for me in August."

- 3) " *Upār Hāri. pālsore pakken.  
Jo kōi hāt lage,  
Dāt merī bahutī hāre,  
Put balac vage.*"

" June is come, I will give cooked cakes to any one who will work  
for me."

My daughter shall hustle about for their food, and my son follow  
your bullocks to grazing."

- 4) " Bhādon hāl na jore  
Tē kyūn pakāya lore."

" If in August you don't plough, what need is there for you to cook  
your food ?" ( or how will you get food to cook ?)

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\* There appears to be a superstition ; I have been unable to trace its origin, and have been vaguely told in reply to my enquiries, that Brahmans countenance the practise—that the earth should be allowed rest during June (*Hār*). Probably the superstition arose, like the similar one, which protects oxen from slaughter, from the utility of the custom, for, before rain falls, ploughing is well nigh impossible. The superstition prevails most strongly near the Surusati—the original home of Hinduism : and as the proverbs quoted below shows, is very limited in its application.



All these proverbs show that the busy time in the year is between June and August. Then every plough, every bullock, every boy is pressed into service, and work goes briskly on. With September comes a short breathing space, and then ploughing begins again for the spring crop, after which the farmer throws aside the plough to betake himself to the reaping hook.

“Are mere Kátak ki háli,  
Dhar de . . . aur pháli.”

“Come my October ploughmen, throw down the share.”

Ploughing, except on riverain or irrigated land, begins after a fall of rain has softened the earth. When the rains are long delayed, then there is no sadder feature in the rural economy of the province than to see the peasantry, gathered in mournful groups in the village rest-house or square, their cattle wandering aimlessly about the iron bound fields searching for fodder, both men and cattle waiting anxiously for the welcome rainfall which will bring their enforced idleness to an end. Heavy rain immediately after the sowing of the crop, followed by a hot sun is, however, not a good thing. It causes the ground to pan, the seed will not germinate, and the farmer has to plough and hoe afresh. When all the ploughings that are given to the soil are taken into account, it is not wonderful that the peasant farmer secures for his field a tilth which “in depth and fineness might be envied by any English market gardener.” When ploughings for sugarcane are over, the soil to a depth of seven or eight inches is a fine dust, and a stick can be easily thrust down that depth in any part of the field, without coming upon a lump of earth the size of a marble. In fact, so fine is the tilth, and so soft the upper layer of soil, that there is a native saying that ploughings for cane should not cease until a woman, bringing her husband’s morning meal to the field, can throw down the earthen jug in which she has brought her husband his butter-milk on the ground without breaking it. And experience has taught them that the finer the tilth, other things being equal, the richer the crop. It is not a rare thing to see two fields side by side belonging to different owners, which have probably had equal manuring and equal natural advantages, bearing very different crops. Ask a peasant the cause of the difference, and he will probably tell you, that the owner of the poor field was laid up with fever during the autumn, and his field was not fully ploughed, or that the owner of the one field was a proud, sluggish Rajput, who took no pains with his land, that of the other, a hard-working farmer of the market gardener caste.

“Parhathi, banj, sunie, kheti, kadhi na hundi baithwán.”

“Hospitality, trade, messages and agriculture can never be done in a sitting posture.”

"Baithe chonal, hukka pinde, lire pahine change,  
Hâif baldî kheti karde uh baithe sab nange."

People who sit in the rest-house (gossiping), smoke their pipes, wear fine clothes, and carry on the farming by ploughmen and herdsmen, will sit naked (at last).

"Kheti mâlik sethi."

"Farming cannot go on without a farmer."

are maxims inculcating the necessity of continual labor if anything is to be got out of the earth. Nor is it only to prepare the soil for the crop that the plough has to be used. In rain-watered land, especially in a dry season, the farmer sows his seed by means of a little funnel attached to the plough stilt. In this case the plough is always driven elliptically round the field, the ellipse gradually contracting to the centre, after which furrows, called royal furrows, are made to the side of the field. And in the cultivation of spiked millet and sugarcane, the farmer finds it necessary, in order to eradicate weeds and bank up the earth around the roots of the plant, to run his plough between the rows, just as a market gardener in England banks up his celery.

The furrow slices are usually about a foot apart, measuring from crest to crest, and about four inches deep. In sugarcane cultivation a bundle of twigs is usually bound round the bottom of the plough stilt of a second plough, which follows a preceding one in the same furrow, and this secures a wider and deeper furrow, in which the seedlings are placed. The quantity of land which can be cultivated by a single plough during the year, it is a matter of some importance to determine, as it regulates the size of the cultivating holding. and, knowing the number of separate cultivating holdings in a tract of country, and its area, we are enabled to judge whether the pressure of population on the soil is favorable or otherwise. Of course the area cultivated by a plough varies according to the method of tillage and the character of the land. In the wide plain of the Southern Punjab, where rainfall is scanty and the population sparse, the farmer, in a year of good rainfall, ploughs up as much land as he can, and throws in his seed, and leaves the rest to fate, paying no attention to fineness or depth of tillage. Mr. Wilson, in his Sirsa Settlement Report, gives the cultivated area to a plough as 36 acres. On the other hand, when well irrigation is practised and population redundant, the area to a plough is hardly more than 5 to 6 acres. In ordinary rain-watered land, in the settled portions of the province, the area to a plough is probably from 8 to 10 acres, and this approximates to the figure given by Mr. Fuller for the North-West Provinces in his "Field and Garden Crops." If a ploughman in ordinary land ploughs one-third of an acre a day, he does a good day's work, but in loose, sandy soil, a much larger area can be ploughed in the day.

Each plough needs the services of at least two men, one to work the plough, another to attend to the oxen and help the ploughman generally ; and to every plough there should be at least three bullocks, one to rest while the other two are ploughing. Formerly four-bullock ploughs were common, but now they are rarely seen. In winter ploughing begins when the sun is up, and the ploughman about midday takes his morning meal and feeds his bullocks, and resumes work in the afternoon. In the summer, in the grey dawn of the morning, he reaches down from the shelf the remains of the previous night's meal—the leathery wheaten or maize cake and the cold gram porridge—or if he has an exceptionally goodwife or mother, she shows her affection by rising at midnight to grind the corn, light the fire and cook, and have ready some warm food for the husband or son when he rises ; and having eaten this, he slings his plough on the yoke of his oxen and starts afield and continues ploughing till 10 o'clock, when he goes home for his morning meal and to rest during the heat, resuming work, if he is behind hand in the evening, but not otherwise.

Thus much for ploughs and ploughings in general. It only remains to notice briefly the subject of plough cattle, and to offer a few general remarks in conclusion. Bullocks are the ordinary plough cattle. They are castrated when about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  years old, and are first yoked when they are six months or a year older before they are quite full grown. Before being yoked, they are trained by being driven round and round by a rope attached to a head-stall, usually in the quiet of the evening, when there are no distracting noises to terrify the young animal in its novel position ; they are then joined with another trained bullock in a plough and put to work on some rough ground, and after that, they are ready to take their place in the plough for regular work. They are guided partly by the voice, partly by the goad. A quick sharp "*hin, hin,*" brings them to the near side; a broad long-drawn-out "*ho, ho,*" to the off side. If they do not obey these signals, a sharp prod with the goad, or a pointed stick, soon brings them to order. Their food consists mainly of green fodder, chaff, and chopped straw. If very hard worked they may be given a little corn or cake, or even a handful of raw sugar. Their price has risen greatly during the last few years, as tract after tract of breeding country has come under the plough. Now a pair of average young bullocks cost little less than a hundred rupees, and the zemindars, in the purely agricultural tracts, complain greatly of the exalted prices, and say that if a bullock dies they lose their whole harvest. The best bullocks come from the great grazing grounds in the South of the province. Owing to the scanty pasturage further North, the cattle are of small size and fetch low prices. Ordinary bullocks

work about eight years. They are wonderfully hardy animals. The most fatal diseases from which they suffer arise usually after the rains, when the half-starved animals suddenly gorge themselves with juicy grass which springs up with magic rapidity after rainfall. If the rain fails altogether, they die from starvation in thousands. Male buffaloes are also used, especially in the centre of the Punjáb, for ploughing; and huge droves of them are to be seen every spring on the roads leading from Agra and the South Eastern districts, converging upon Amritsar and Lahore, to supply the demand. They are, however, as compared with bullocks, constitutionally delicate and ill-fitted to bear the fierce heat of the Punjáb summer when the press of ploughing occurs. They can be bought at less than half the price of oxen. Cows are very rarely used for ploughing, probably, as much on account of Hindu religious prejudice, as on account of their natural unfitness for the work. Even in the Western districts of the province, where Muhammedans outnumber many times the Hindu agricultural population, it is considered "bad form," and a sign of poverty, to yoke a cow, and only men of menial caste do it. In the sandy waste bordering on Bikánir, camels and donkeys are occasionally used for ploughing; and a curious instance of the Sikh Jat's freedom from prejudice as to the cattle he yokes, and the capacity he has for adapting himself to circumstances generally, which makes him such a capital campaigner, is given in Sir Lepel Griffin's account of the Punjab Chiefs. He relates that a certain Sikh Chief of the Amritsar district, who had been reduced to poverty by the insurrection of 1849, actually yoked the elephants which he had kept for show during his better days, to his ploughs, and astonished his neighbours by ploughing with these cumbrous beasts. It is satisfactory to relate that his excellent conduct in the Mutiny enabled him afterwards to relegate his elephants to their proper position. Horses are never used for ploughing. Not the least of the marvels the men of the Indian contingent saw in England, was the use of the horse, used here exclusively for riding a burthen, as a plough animal. When a drought has caused great mortality among cattle, it even sometimes happens that women are harnessed to the plough when the ground is light.

It is very difficult to estimate the cost of ploughing. The labor of the ploughman and his man can hardly be appraised, nor can the cost of the keep of the bullocks, the interest on their purchase money, the allowance for wear and tear of cattle and implements, be readily calculated; and in very rare cases does the farmer actually hire a ploughman and plough to work on his land. The exception is when a town trader has land and no plough cattle, and engages a farmer to plough his land. In such a case the usual remuneration is about

13 annas an acre, which corresponds with Mr. Fuller's estimate for the North-West Provinces. If a cultivator has fallen behind hand, through illness, with his work, he will sometimes get neighbours to give him the aid of their ploughs and cattle. Such labour is usually remunerated in kind, or is given gratuitously, the farmer whose field is being ploughed being expected to feed his neighbours well while it is going on, and oblige them in a like case. When a cultivator is actually obliged to hire labour, he pays at least Re. 1 an acre. According to Mr. Wilson, a man in the busy season get Re. 1-4 or Re. 1-8 for a day's work.

Looking at the actual state of tillage in India, a scientific agriculturist will be, perhaps, inclined to think that the Indian peasant has made but little advance upon the primitive tillage which yokes a bullock to the branch of a tree for a plough and a thorn bush for a harrow, and with these rude appliances roughly scratches and harrows the soil. He may be inclined to think that under British rule, agriculture alone of all the arts, has not progressed, and still remains in the state it was before European skill and energy were brought to bear upon the industries of the East. And certainly the Indian peasant knows nothing of any of the exact sciences, the application of which has widely modified the conditions under which European husbandry is carried on. His only lore is the knowledge of a thousand maxims of tillage which have been handed down by word of mouth through countless generations of peasants, which he has heard as a child from the lips of the village greybeard, which he practised as a man, and which he, too, will hand down, in turn to the sons and grandsons who follow him. But if we look upon his efforts, not by comparing them with the advanced systems in force in France and England, but relatively, having regard to the means at his disposal, and even the state of European agriculture a century ago, we shall find that he is not so far behind hand. Scientific agriculture is hardly more than a century old. It was the offspring of the great impetus given to manufacturing industry by the invention of the steam engine, and of the scientific progress, generally, which marked the eighteenth century as an epoch in the history of mankind. Two centuries ago our forefathers worked mainly by rule of thumb, according to maxims such as those stored up in Tusser's "Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," one of those quaint old-world books, breathing the atmosphere of the hawthorn and honeysuckle of English lanes, and many-gabled halls, and cozy farm houses of a time before the whirr of machinery and the rolling of the steam engine and foul smelling chemical manures had taken half the poetry out of English rural life. The book is now forgotten, but a hundred

year ago its wise "saws" were constantly quoted by yeoman and squire. In India, labor is still cheap, and labour-saving machines have not hitherto proved a success. Machines, on the other hand, to increase the agricultural outturn, such as the Bihia Sugar Mill, oil expressing machines, etc., have probably a great future before them. But until we thoroughly understand the conditions under which native husbandry is carried on, the merits or demerits of the various operations of tillage the farmer practises, and of the various implements and tools he uses, and thoroughly understand the general principles which guide his practice—and such knowledge is still in its infancy,—it would be unsafe to too rashly condemn his methods, or to ask him to forego the use of appliances which he understands, and adopt others of which he is ignorant, and the advantages of which are still problematical.

An amusing instance of the stupid application of what is an excellent practice in England, to the altered circumstances of India, is given by Mr. Hume, and is quoted at page 304 of the Punjab Famine Report. He says, "I remember once seeing a practical English ploughman plough up a piece of land on the English system, that is, throwing the soil inland; the operation was beautifully performed, the crop germinated well, but when the time came for it to be watered, it naturally preferred to remain in the furrows between the land: the result was, the crop came to nothing. This system of ploughing in lands in England is employed on purpose to cause a surface drainage: in the Punjab we do all we can to keep moisture in the soil." Better a thousand times to leave the cultivator alone to follow out the practises which immemorial usage has taught him will turn out well, than to persuade him to adopt new systems of tillage which may turn out as disastrously as did this.

T. J. KENNEDY.

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## ART. V.—TIMUR.

THE 'commencement of the 14th century, that period so strongly marked in the history of our England by the disturbing wars waged by the Plantagenet Edwards with Scotland and France, was an even more tumultuous epoch in the annals of Central Asia. During the past hundred years that unhappy region had indeed seen stirring times. Towards the end of the 12th century, Jingis Khan, having organized and consolidated the Mongol tribes, had converted a disintegrated mob into a nation, and, of Turkish origin himself, \* had gathered the defeated Turks into the skirts of his conquering armies until his empire stretched from the Indus to the Euxine, from the Persian Gulf to the Siberian steppes, from the dreary banks of the Russian Volga to the teeming plains of the Celestial kingdom. But as far as peace and order were concerned, the effects of this, perhaps, the most potent of all the great movements that have from time to time upheaved the surface of the political world, had now passed away. Amongst his four sons, Jingis, who died in 1226, had divided his enormous realm, giving the Kipchak to the eldest, Juchi Khan; to Ogotai, Mongolistan and Northern China; to Jagatai the Trans-Oxus regions of Balkh, Badakshan, and Kashgaria; and to Tuli Khan the kingdoms of Persia, Khurasan, and Kabul. The death of these sons had weakened the bond of unity which Jingis on his death-bed had implored his sons to preserve, and by the time the 14th century had well begun, although the name of Jingis was still a power, and his descendants still ruled by virtue of their great ancestry, Central Asia was once more a region divided against itself. Especially was this the case in the Trans-Oxus provinces, where in 1345 the Amir Kazan Sultan, a lineal descendant of Jingis, was lord of the inheritance of Jagatai. This ruler had ground down his people with grievous tyranny, but, despite a rebellion headed by one of his greatest chiefs, the Amir Kurgan, despite the visitations of a frost, a drought, and a famine, he flourished unharmed for fifteen years at his capital, Karshi, which lies some seventy miles to the south-west of Samarkand. In 1347, however, the Amir Kurgan again raised the standard of revolt, defeated the tyrant, and for twelve years ruled, first in his own name and then in that of a puppet, Danishmunche Aghlan, upon whom, as a descendant of Jingis, the nobles had, for form's sake, conferred the title of Khan. At this juncture there comes

\* Howorth's *History of the Mongols*, Part II, Division I, preface page 13.

upon the scene the man who, in reviving the memories of Jingis, was to raise up no less lasting memories of himself; who is known to the student of history as Timur, the father of the Mughal padishahs of Delhi, but who, as the hero of black letter ballads and of Marlowe's sonorous drama, is dear to popular tradition under the garbled nomenclature of Tamerlane.\*

Timur was born on the 7th May 1336, at Kesh, otherwise known as Shahr-i-sabz, which lies some 30 miles to the south-east of Samarkand. Shortly after his birth his father and mother paid a visit to a very holy man, whom they found reciting that verse in the 67th chapter of the Koran which says, "are you sure that he who dwelleth in heaven, will not cause the earth to swallow you up, and behold *it shall shake (tamurn)*." From the last word, by a happy angury the baby received his name, and in common with innumerable similar *sortes Koranæ*, this omen seems to have been fondly cherished in after years by the world-disturbing conqueror. In the matter of parentage and position, Timur started with no mean advantages. His father, whose name was Teragay, was chief of the Berlas, one of the clans that owed allegiance to the descendants of Jagatai. Although connected with the family of Jingis, and, by virtue of hereditary right, the nominal chief adviser to the reigning descendant of Jagatai, Teragay was a man of peace and of religious tendencies, and took more pleasure in the increase of his flocks and herds and servants, than in the assertion of his official position. Accordingly, his son Timur's youth was passed in placid seclusion of the most patriarchal type. The story of these early years, in which amid the trivial details of secular and religious education, the real character of the boy is here and there shadowed forth with amusing distinctness, is told with unaffected simplicity in Timur's own Memoirs. As a child of nine we see our future hero assuming the command of his little playmates, dividing them into two armies, and, from a high mound, directing a sham fight, and when "he saw one of the parties worsted, sending them assistance." At eighteen we find the youth, in his own after words, vain of his abilities, and thinking no person superior to himself, nor anything too difficult for his understanding. At twenty, Timur, a man, "having reached the age of maturity" was entrusted by his father with a considerable amount of personal property, and quickly shewed by shrewd attention to detail, and sensible capacity for organization, that the rights of virility had been bestowed upon him none too soon. At this point we may take leave of Timur

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\* A corruption of Timur lang, i. e. (Timur the lame.)



as a promising but an obscure youth, and, harking back to the conclusion of my last paragraph, may bring him into the drama of Central Asian politics at a time when assuredly a *nodus vindice dignus* was fast being tied, and when a young man, well-born, of undaunted courage, excellent reputation, a fair show of patriotism, and unlimited self-consciousness, had the best of opportunities of breaking away from a humdrum career, and of quickly and effectively setting his foot upon the bright threshold of future fame.

In 1356 Timur having entered his 21st year was fired by absurd thoughts of actual rebellion, which, however, were hindered for the present by the death of his mother and his betrothal to the daughter of the Amir Baku also of the Berlas clan. Shortly afterwards he was sent by his father upon tribal business to the Amir Kurgun, now virtually ruling the Trans-Oxus regions, in the character of chief adviser to Danishmünche Aghlan Khan. The Amir speedily took a liking to his remarkable young visitor, and even gave him one of his granddaughters in marriage. In the following year, 1357, the Persians having crossed the Oxus and commenced plundering the neighbourhood of Samarkand, the Amir commissioned Timur to chastise the raiders. The young favourite, accordingly, at the head of a detachment, gave chase, and coming up with the Persians, found them disposed in two parties, one prepared to fight, the other placed as a guard over the plunder. Advised by his officers to attack the latter first, Timur wisely refused and gave orders for a charge against the fighting portion of the enemy's force. After the exchange of a few cuts, the Persians recoiled, the guard over the plunder verifying Timur's prediction by joining the others in flight. With this creditable exploit Timur's patron was greatly pleased, and as a reward bestowed upon his *protegé* his own quiver and the substantial title of Beglerbeg. This seems to have inflamed in Timur fresh thoughts of rebellion, not against the Amir but against the puppet Khan; but having made a confidant of Kurgun, that prince very sensibly threw cold water upon Hotspur's premature aspirations.

During the year 1358 Kurgun began to receive complaints from the Heratis respecting the tyrannical conduct of their ruler Malik Husain Ghorî, and remonstrances proving of no avail, the Amir forthwith assembled an army and marched against Herat. To Timur was given the command of a thousand cavalry, which acted as the advanced guard of the expedition and to him was also left the final disposition of the troops. The resulting engagement was a very simple affair. Having drawn the enemy out from behind a low parapet into the open, Timur ordered his centre to advance, and while it was engaged with the enemy's first line, brought up his right and

left wings at a gallop and put Malik Husain's men to flight. The Amir Kurgun and Timur then drew a cordon around Herat, with the result that a capitulation was speedily arrived at, and that Malik Husain promised to come in person within one month to Samarkand. The Amir accordingly retired leaving Timur to see that the latter promise was faithfully kept. Not without difficulty and stratagem did Timur accomplish this duty, and to no very apparent end, for Malik Husain at Samarkand was the cause of considerably more trouble than he was worth. Unwilling to consult the wishes of the clans by handing him over to be murdered for the sake of plunder, the Amir found it necessary to entrust him once more to Timur. No sooner had the escape been contrived under cover of a hunting excursion, than news was received to the effect that, in Husain's absence, another chief, named Malik Bakar had been raised to the government of Herat. Small persuasion was wanted to induce Timur to accompany the dispossessed refugee, and a *coup de main* speedily enabled him to reinstate Malik Husain in his post. Returning to Samarkand, Timur, in whom a restless hankering after sovereign power had, by this time, become a second nature, began to develop a pretty talent for intrigue. Not content with checkmating the leaders of the neighbouring clans, who were now becoming very jealous of their young and formidable rival, Timur turned his attention to still higher game. In 1360 wishing to subdue the kingdom of Kharizm, the Amir Kurgun, asked Timur to take the lead of his army, but on Timur's representations, made judiciously through a third party, he thought better of this, and gave the command to his son Abdallah. As Timur had foreseen, Abdallah was repulsed, and Timur himself had to be appealed to in terms very complimentary to his merits, to extricate his wife's uncle from his difficulty. Before his energy and policy the forts of Kharizm soon fell, and Timur seized the opportunity to practically annex them on his own account, by leaving a creature of his own as superintendent of the conquered country. On his return he was rewarded by the Amir with the revenues of Urgunj, which is situated between Khiva and the southern shores of the Aral sea, and of Hisár, which lies some 120 miles to the south-east of Samarkand. These revenues he spent freely on his soldiery, but, as he pathetically remarks in his Memoirs, in spite of his kindness and liberality, his ambitious projects did not as yet receive any very material support. And an event was now to happen, which to Timur's present welfare was extremely detrimental. This was the assassination of the Amir Kurgun by a son-in-law named Kutlug Timur in conjunction with one Sultan Kuli, whom the Amir had recently deposed from the government of Andijan. The fall of this

prince, who seems, on the whole, to have been a good and impartial ruler, occasioned in the Trans-Oxus provinces considerable commotion, which after some preliminary bloodshed, resulted in the death of the deceased Amir's eldest son Abdallah—he who had fared so badly in the Kharizimian campaign—and in the elevation to the Khanship of a puppet named Timur Shah Aghlan.

The infamous conduct of Kutlug Timur and Sultan Kuli gave Timur an excellent opportunity of coming to the front, and in the same year as that in which the Amir Kurgan died, *i. e.*, in 1359, he, in conjunction with Bian Selduz, chief of the Ulus clan, and Haji Berlas, chief of the clan to which he himself belonged, wrested the Trans-Oxus provinces from the usurpers, and participated in an amicable partition. He also obtained some measure of success in the congenial operation of setting the chiefs of other clans at loggerheads, and thus binding them to himself in either friendship or fealty. But this good fortune was dimmed by the appearance of one who, for some years to come, was to prove Timur's evil genius. This was the Amir Husain, the grandson of the Amir Kurgan, and consequently the brother-in-law of Timur, who with the latter's encouragement and assistance had marched up from Kabul, and now succeeded in obtaining possession of the whole province of Badakshan.

In 1360 Tughlak Timur Khan, who as a lineal descendant of Jingis, was lord of the country of Jits a remote region washed by the northern waters of the Aral Sea, descended upon the Trans-Oxus provinces and having sent on an army in advance to lay waste and plunder the Mauvar al Nahar, as those provinces were commonly called, himself encamped on the banks of the Jaxartes river. Here he was met by Timur, who foresaw that for the present a politic submission was the only effectual means of meeting so formidable an invasion. Tughlak, as the Amir Kurgan had formerly done, soon took a fancy to his guest, and, as in his absence his own country was beginning to flame into revolt, he found it convenient to withdraw his armies from Trans-Oxania and to assume the practical success of his invasion by appointing Timur his Viceroy. For his not very glorious manner of averting this threatened calamity, Timur received on his return the warmest acknowledgments, and by the end of 1360 he was practically an absolute prince, with a royal residence at Kesh, or Shahr-i-Sabz, and the nomad tribes in fairly complete subjection to his rule. In the following year, according to his own account, he was even desired by the leading priests and learned men of the country to grant them permission to read the Khutbah, or royal proclamation, in his name; but he was diffident of his power, and had the

sense to see that the time had not yet come for so comprehensive an assertion of his authority.

The year 1361 was chiefly spent by Timur in helping the Amir Husain and in combating murderous intrigues, amongst the authors of which the Haji Berlas, of whom notice has already been made, was conspicuous. In 1362 Timur found himself strong enough to ask the Amir Husain's assistance in exterminating all the petty tyrants of the Trans-Oxus provinces. Husain, however, proving treacherous, Timur found it necessary to invite Tughlak Timur to attempt once again the invasion of the Mauvar-al-Nahar. The immediate result of this invasion was most satisfactory. The Haji Berlas was defeated and subsequently murdered, and the Amir Husain, after vainly attempting to oppose the armies of Tughlak, was forced to beat an undignified retreat. But the ultimate results were disappointing. A rebellion taking place in the country of the Kipchak, Tughlak retired from the Trans-Oxus country, but although he left the actual management of affairs to Timur, he insisted on appointing his son, Alyas Khwaja, as nominal governor. This was not at all what Timur wanted, and between him and the Jits, who had been left behind by Tughlak to support his son, relations soon became very strained indeed. According to Timur the Jits had by their oppression merited condign punishment, but it also seems, by his own shewing, that his ideas of his position of Commander-in-Chief were somewhat preposterous. Unfortunately, in entertaining these ideas Timur has overrated his strength; for the Jit chiefs seized the opportunity of writing to their overlord, Tughlak, to the effect that his deputy had raised the standard of rebellion and proposed putting Alyas Khwaja to death. Tughlak naturally replied by issuing an edict for Timur's execution, and the latter finding that he could not depend even upon his own people, prudently sought refuge in flight. Leaving Samarkand, accompanied only by his wife and a few devoted followers, he repaired to some neighbouring mountains whence, after a week had elapsed, he, to use his own words, "received a hint" to go towards the country of Kharizm.

The year 1363 marks a stirring episode, or rather series of episodes, in Timur's life. On finding himself an outcast, practically without home or following, Timur's first act was to open negotiations with his brother-in-law, the Amir Husain, who was in a similar predicament. In spite of Husain's former treachery the tie of common misfortune, coupled to a moderate extent with that of kinship, proved a strong one, and almost hand-in-hand the two chiefs commenced a life of Ishmaelitish wandering and desultory warfare, which in Timur's own memoirs reads like an impossible romance. Now stirred by wild

ideas of "invading" Kharizm at the head of sixty men, and anon having to barter his ornaments to obtain horses and arms; at one time captured by a Turkman chief and pent with his wife in a cow-house for fifty-three days; at another actively and successfully engaged in helping the Vali of Sistan to crush a revolt; Timur, in particular, seems to have led a charmed life, and to have been upheld throughout by a mixture of patriarchal simplicity and audacious cunning, which defies description. Twice did Alyas Khwaja send out an army to overwhelm the wanderers, but to no sort of purpose. On both occasions Timur completely out-manceuvred the enemy and retired with flying colours. This gallant stand against such fearful odds, added to his almost sacred position as head of a tribe, obtained for Timur increasing reinforcements, until at last, in the desert of Khutlan, which lies between Badakshan and Samarkand, he found himself face to face with Alyas Khwaja himself, and at the head of six thousand men. The fact that the enemy numbered five times this strength only inspired in Timur a feeling of joyous confidence, which was happily justified by the result. After a long and doubtful contest, the Jits of Alyas Khwaja broke at a successful charge, and cursing their turbans fled towards Kesh. Hither now came tidings that Tughlak Timur Khan was dead, and that he had appointed his son Alyas Khwaja to succeed him in the government of the Kipchak. After a final attempt to crush the irrepressible Timur, an attempt which resulted in a disastrous failure, the whilom lord of the Trans-Oxus region accordingly, and with somewhat undignified precipitancy, crossed the Jaxartes and left Timur in jubilant possession of Samarkand.

Not yet, however, was Timur to obtain the overlordship of the Trans-Oxus clans. Stirred up by the jealous intrigues of the Amir Husain, the chieftains now discovered that they could not acknowledge as their superior any but a lineal descendant of Jagatai, the son of Jingis. Accordingly, in the early part of 1364, a puppet Khan was raised and enthroned at Samarkand, Timur moving with his party to Kesh. The new Khan's reign was, however, a brief one. A third invasion of the Jits being imminent, it was found that Timur's services were indispensable; the puppet, therefore, was got rid of, and Timur placed in command of the troops with the Amir Husain as his colleague.

The Jit invasion was attended by a curious alternation of fortune. At first, by the foolish obstinacy of Husain, who refused at a critical moment to bring up the reserve, Timur's force sustained what was practically a defeat. This was partially retrieved by a creditable drawn battle followed by the

desertion of some officers from Timur's army who, in a drunken moment, fell in with, and were cut up by, an advanced guard of the Jits. The invaders thus obtained possession of Samarkand, but while there were attacked by a pestilence which, with a little assistance from Timur, drove them to seek once more their native steppes. Timur and Husain now separated, the latter proceeding to Sali Serai on the northern banks of the Jaxartes, the former going into winter quarters at Karshi, but sending a detachment to occupy Samarkand. In the spring of 1365 both chiefs moved into Samarkand, where was initiated a long and vexatious feud, which three years later ended in the violent death of Husain and the accession of Timur to the long-coveted and hardly-won supremacy.

Not much, if any, historical interest attaches to the quarrel between Husain and Timur. The narrative as it stands in Timur's Memoirs is a dreary detail of marching and counter-marching, recrimination, reconciliation, intrigue, treachery, and other similar amenities of Oriental civil war. The one bright incident is the re-capture, almost single-handed, by Timur from Husain, of the city of Karshi, which somewhat resembles the storming of the fort of Bajbaj by a single British sailor in the year 1757.\* As to the respective characters of the combatants, this is a point which can hardly be determined with anything like historical accuracy. All we know of Husain is taken from the account of him given by Timur, which is, naturally, not over trustworthy. Perhaps the requirements of history will be met if the quarrel is merely glanced at as a feud between two chiefs, each supported by a powerful following and each anxious to stand alone. The result of such a feud is obvious. The weaker goes to the wall, and to save further trouble is stamped out, not by the stronger's direct order, but, of course, with his indirect approval. In the case of a man who, like Timur, "made history" on an extensive scale, a feud of this sort is really only a minor means to an end. In this particular instance it is an incident interesting in the fact, that it was the last wave on the crest of which Timur arrived in the harbour of his ambition; the last contest in the *pentathlon* which left him victor; the last of the petty warfare and intrigue which, in 1739, saw Timur at length a sovereign, the deputy of the Khalifs, and by the acclamation of the tribal assembly, the Khakan of the Mongol hordes from the banks of the Halmand to the northern waters of the Caspian Sea.

The remainder of Timur's career is, or ought to be, fairly familiar even to the general reader. Up to this point I have

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\* My father, Mr. Talboys Wheeler, tells this story in his *Short History of India*, page 273, footnote.

mainly consulted the *Memoirs*, not the *Institutes* of Timur, which *Memoirs* were printed for the Oriental Translation Committee in 1830, and were not available to Sir John Malcolm at the time he wrote his *History of Persia*.<sup>\*</sup> But after his accession to the overlordship, the best authority regarding Timur is Sherif-ud-din, to which Malcolm had full access. What follows, therefore, must necessarily be more or less of an abstract from Malcolm's familiar quartos and from the pages of Mr. Howorth, except, indeed, as regards the general estimate of Timur's career and character in which I venture to differ from the historian of Persia. And while on this point, I would ask my readers, *en parenthèse*, not to look upon this sketch as by any means an attempt at a complete biography, but merely as an effort to place before the public a sufficient quantity of detailed information regarding a great man's life, to enable any one after perusal at any rate to say who Timur was, what manner of man he was, and, to some extent, what he did.

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\* The authorities used by Malcolm in his *History of Persia* (published in 1815) were. (1) The *Institutes of Timur* as translated from the Persian version by Major Davy, and published after that officer's death by Dr. White in 1783. (2) The *Zufr Nameh*, or "Book of Victory," by Sherif-ud-din Ali of Yazd, of which a French translation was published by De La Croix in 1722. In 1723 the French version was Englished by Mr. John Darby. The "Book of Victory," however, commences only with the 25th year of Timur's age. (3) Ibn Arabshah's Arabic *History of Timur*, entitled the *Agaiy at Mukhlukat* ("Wonders of Creation") translated into Latin by Golius in 1636, and again by Manger in 1767. This is described by Major Stewart in 1830 as being more of a coarse satire on Timur than his real history. In any case, being the outcome of inveterate hatred, it is doubtless a very exaggerated picture of Timur's faults (Malcolm I, 475.)

But Malcolm's authorities were not exhaustive. The *Institutes* to which he refers were only a portion of the autobiographical *Memoirs of Timur*, and it was not until some years after the publication of the *History of Persia*, that anything was definitely known about the complete version. That more besides the *Institutes* *did* exist was evidently known to Sir W. Jones (*Works*, I, 69), and to Davy, but it was reserved for Erskine, the learned editor of *Babar's Memoirs*, to give the first accurate information upon the subject. In the 3rd page of his excellent preface he mentions, that he had seen at Bombay a complete Persian translation of the *Memoirs of Timur*, the Turki original of which had been found in the library of Jaafar Pasha of Yemen. It further appears from Astley's collection of voyages, that a Pasha of that name ruled in Yemen in 1610.

In the meantime Major Davy had brought from India a Persian MS., probably copied for him in Calcutta, and noted by him as "a valuable fragment of Timur's." This MS., after Davy's death, coming under the notice of the Oriental Translation Committee, was by them entrusted to Major Charles Stewart, who produced a translation published in 1830. From the preface to this work, and from the translation itself, it would appear that the complete autobiographical memoirs were originally written in Jagatai Turki, and contained (1) the *Institutes* (2) the *Book of Designs and Enterprizes* (3) The *Book of Omens* (4) the *Memoirs* alluded to in the text.

During the eleven years which succeeded his accession to the overlordship, Timur was occupied in settling the affairs of his government and in conquering Kandahar, Kabul, Khurasan and portions of the Kipchak; but his connection with the last named region was destined to prove a long and troublesome one. Having granted Kharizm, which had long formed part of the Kipchak, to one Yusuf Sofi, the son of a former ruler whom he had vanquished, Timur shortly found it necessary to depose his nominee, and to add the province of Kharizm to his own dominions. In the meantime, however, he had made over the Khanate of the Kipchak to Toktamish (of whom Mr. Howorth has much to tell us,\*) and this Toktamish wished Kharizm to be included in his government. On Timur's refusal to accede to this, a dissension was raised, which ended some years later in the complete suppression of Toktamish, and in the disintegration of the Golden Horde of which he, as the descendant of Jingis, and the ruler of the Kipchak, was the representative.

The first hostilities between Timur and Toktamish opened on the side of Persia, which Timur invaded in 1385. In Azarbaijan, Toktamish was successful, but this was more than compensated by the conquest on Timur's part of the remainder of Persia, including the city of Isfahan which, in 1387, was stormed, the people being shortly after massacred to the number of about 70,000, under circumstances closely resembling the massacre ordered by Nadir Shah at Delhi. Soon after this last event the scene of hostilities was shifted to the Kipchak which, in 1390, was invaded by Timur with complete success. The decisive battle was fought on the 18th June (the date of Waterloo) 1391; and although Toktamish was not finally annihilated, still his power was broken, and the prestige of the Golden Horde crushed beyond hope of recovery. The site of the battle was Kandurcha in the country of the Bulgars, which Howorth identifies with Kandurchinskaia on the borders of the governments of Orenburg and Simbirsk on the left bank, and near the sources of the Kandurcha, which falls into the Sok near Krasnoiarska.

In 1392 Timur again invaded Persia, this time *via* Mazandaran, and in the next year advanced against Baghdad which eventually submitted to him, and took by storm the fortress of Takrit, situated on the Tigris between Baghdad and Mosul. In 1395 Timur having traversed Persia and Georgia, and finding himself on the banks of the Kur, determined to march once more against Toktamish, who had partially recovered his

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\* History of the Mongols, Part I, Div 1, 235.



former defeat and was again giving trouble. Once more Timur's arms were successful, and after traversing the Kipchak he even advanced to Astrakhan, and thence to Serai, the residence of the Khans of the Golden Horde, from which and not from Moscow—for he appears never to have really reached the latter place—he returned home to Samarkand.

In 1398-9 Timur invaded India, which he devastated as far as Delhi with Tartar thoroughness. The narrative of this expedition is blackened by the slaughter of 100,000 captives, who it was feared would embarrass the line of march. At Delhi, which, in the anarchy that followed the downfall of the Tughlak Sultans, was captured after a very brief siege, Timur left officers to collect tribute in his name. In 1450 these were swept away in the tide of Afghan invasion, only to be succeeded in 1525 by the irruption of Babar, the father of the Mughal emperors, who in their turn were to fall before the conquering sword of the great Nadir Shah.

The latter end of 1399 was occupied in the reduction of Baghdad and Georgia, which had successfully rebelled against Timur's son, Miran Shah, and this matter being concluded, the conqueror turned his attention to Turkey and to the overthrow of Bayazid (the Bajazet of European history), the fourth prince of the Turks, and the great grandson of the dynastic founder, Othman. The year 1402 saw Timur's authority established on the shores of the Bosphorus and the Mediterranean, even Smyrna falling before the Tartar armies after a fortnight's siege. But not content with this magnificent result, the conqueror now made ready for what would have been the most splendid effort of his career, the invasion of China. But at last the fates intervened. After mighty preparations, the great army of invasion was set in motion, and crossed the frozen Jaxartes. At Otrar, seventy-six miles from Samarkand, Timur was seized by a violent illness, which in a few days proved fatal; and upon his grandson, Pir Muhammad Jehangir, devolved the supremacy of the Mongol race.

Thus passed away in the zenith of his glory the second of the great triumvirate of Central Asian conquerors, Jingis Khan, Timur, and Nadir Shah. And, as in point of chronology, so Timur probably came midway between these two in the effect which his career exercised upon the history of the world. For in this respect Jingis Khan undoubtedly comes before the hero of these pages. He was Timur's great model, and a model which the imitator never surpassed. Moreover, as Mr. Howorth is careful to explain to us, the *revolution* which Jingis effected was greater than the *movement* which Timur set on foot. Timur by dint of restless ambition, unwearying perseverance and military genius of a very remarkable order, won

his way to the overlordship of the Mongol clans, and led them hither and thither on tours of brilliant conquest ; but the way had been to a large extent opened for him by his great predecessor. The original consolidation of the Mongols into a nation, linked by "a singularly ingenious and practical hierarchy of rulers," was an achievement, the counterpart of which Timur had not the opportunity, even if he had the ability, to accomplish. For, although, by the time he came to the front, the disintegration of this hierarchy had in some degree commenced to set in, the personal influence of Jingis, and the lessons which his career had taught the nomad hordes, had by no means altogether vanished. On due conviction the clans, though disunited, were ready once more to come together under a strong man, and in the consciousness of his strength Timur took advantage of this. Whether if Jingis had not gone before he could ever eventually have succeeded in making himself Khakan, is a historical problem which is not worth discussion. But it is certain that it would have been a work of far more labour and time than it actually was, and that to have attained the overlordship *de facto* and *de jure* as Timur did, at the age of thirty-four, would have been a historical impossibility. Jingis himself was over fifty when, after unexampled vicissitudes, he attained to a similar dignity. To the illustrious Jingis, therefore, let us give the credit of being the forerunner of Timur just as, in a lesser degree, Timur was the forerunner of the gallant Babar. Timur was the father of a dynasty of kings, Jingis was a fountain head of Central Asian history.

But to Timur must, I think, all things being considered, be given a higher place than Nadir Shah. Not that he was intrinsically a greater man ; on the contrary, Nadir Shah was perhaps the more splendid character of the two. Timur at the start had all the advantages of birth, means, and position, and throughout his early struggles for the supremacy, his headship of a tribe always stood him in good stead. Nadir, the son of a poor cap-maker of Khurasan, driven through want and injustice to practise the disreputable trade of brigandage, had nothing but his own impetuous ambition and military genius to help him on. And yet at one time his power must have been nearly as great as Timur's. But for all this the career of the latter is, historically speaking, the more important. In the firmament of history Timur is a fixed star. Nadir a flashing comet, lighting up for a time the whole world with its brilliancy, and then almost in a moment fading away from view ; or, to use a more homely simile, going up like a rocket and coming down like the stick.

The greatest work that Timur accomplished was, without

doubt, the breaking up of the Golden Horde. In the narrative portion of this sketch I have laid but little stress upon this, because the subject is too vast and comprehensive for adequate treatment in these pages. But those who wish to pursue it further can readily be referred to the fountain head of all such knowledge. In the second volume of his wonderful History of the Mongols, Mr. Howorth has, with loving industry, collected what must be an almost exhaustive mass of information regarding the Golden Horde. But the nature of the subject demands that such a work should be somewhat wanting in general interest, and I venture to warn those who propose to make the reference I have suggested, that some little patience and abstraction from outside matters is required to unravel, from Mr. Howorth's laborious pages, the thread of connection between Toktamish and Timur, and the sequel of their disagreement.

Another strong claim which Timur has to historical consideration is the fact that from him Babar, the first of the Mughal padishahs, who reigned at Delhi for over two centuries, claims to be descended. And assuredly Babar was a descendant of whom Timur would have been proud. Seldom has such a romantic career brightened the pages of Asiatic history; seldom has a man after such crushing reverses won his way to so brilliant a success. Timur must have lived in Babar, and two hundred years after the latter's death, the interval being filled up by a dynasty of almost unexampled splendour, when Muhammad the last of the padishahs trembled before the appalling presence of Nadir Shah, it is strange to hear the great Persian exhorting the Indian nobles to be faithful to the imperial house of that illustrious conqueror with which he himself was so anxious to be allied in the person of his son.

Of the character of Timur's government I have not space here to speak at satisfactory length. The lines upon which that government was carried out are to be found detailed in the Institutes, but it is of course doubtful that these lines were strictly adhered to. Malcolm seems to think that this was anything but the case, and affects to look upon the excellent sentiments which the Institutes contain with much amusement. For this contemptuous view I see little reason. Although Timur may not have been able to carry out the letter of his numerous wise regulations, still he doubtless did his best to do so, for if a man has the sense to frame a wise code of laws, he generally has the sense to see that, at least, some advantage will be gained by enforcing them. And Timur, whatever else he may have been, was eminently sensible. As to the regulations themselves, they are generally, as may be imagined, of a military nature. With an army of six or seven

hundred thousand men, military organization was clearly the first desideratum, and this in Timur's system of Amirs, Mimbashis, Yuzbashis and Ambashis, adapted from that of Jingsis and detailed in the Institutes, \* was adequately attained. Before the details of civil government could be fixed, it was of paramount importance to preserve the fidelity of the fighting man, and this was done by Timur in his ordinance "that the right of the warrior should not be injured; and that the soldier who had grown in years should not be deprived of his station or his wages; and that the actions of the soldier should not be suppressed: for those men who sell their permanent happiness for perishable honour, merit compensation, and are worthy of reward and encouragement. If a soldier should be deprived of his reward, and his actions should be hidden from the light, it would be an act of injustice."† Truly a nation of warriors could afford to cheerfully dispense with at least some of the blessings of civil government with such an enactment as this in active operation.

We may now come to say a few words regarding Timur's personal qualities. Of good stature, but lame in his right leg, fair and open countenance, with that shrill voice which was such an indispensable qualification to a Central Asian conqueror, Timur does not seem to have been of any very remarkable appearance, or possessed, as Nadir Shah was, of any extraordinary physical strength. But he compensated this by the continual exhibition of a courage which can only be described as magnificent; whatever the circumstances, if his personal example were needful, Timur was always ready to prove himself a perfect Rustam of chivalrous gallantry. His brilliant recapture of the fort of Karshi from the Amir Husain, is only one of a host of instances in which the Mongol chieftain, with all his far seeing cunning, and with all his superstitions, threw himself into a risk which many a brave man would hesitate for a moment to entertain. Even when over forty years of age he was as willing to engage in a combat *à l'outrance* as ever he had been in the hot days of his youth. Witness the occasion when in 1378 he marched into Kharizm and sat down before the capital. "Yusuf Sofi" (I quote Howorth, who follows De la Croix's version of Sherif-ud-din) "sent him a challenge

\* An admirable paper on *Army Organization among Oriental Nations*, by Colonel F. H. Tyrrell of the Madras Army, is to be found in No. 60 of the Journal of the United Service Institution of India.

† A sketch of this kind necessarily reproduces, often, without acknowledgment, the opinions of previous, and in this case, of abler workers; but I may mention in passing, that I had noted this passage for extract from the Institutes, before I remarked that in doing so, I was only following Malcolm's very excellent example.

"saying it was better they two should fight it out than that so many Mussulmans should perish. Timur gladly accepted it, "donned his imperial casque and the armour he kept for duels, "and against the entreaties of his friends, went out to meet "his rival. He went near the city and called to him to come "out, and told him it was better to die than to live after breaking "one's word ; but the prudent Yusuf did not reply."

As a foil to his bravery Timur was, according to his own showing, superstitious to the last degree. If we are to believe his Memoirs, and particularly his Book of Omens, he was never without a Koran, into which he was continually dipping for guidance as to his future conduct. But these perpetual *sortes Koranæ* are so much at variance with Timur's character as interpreted by his historical actions, that I am inclined to lay but little stress upon them. I would rather look upon them as the vain imaginings of an old man, who having fought a good fight, and withal becoming somewhat weak in his intellect, is anxious to have his every deed stamped with the direct approval of heaven. It is not to my mind difficult to imagine Timur, advanced in years, when dictating the record of any particular exploit to his secretary, at the same time casting about to find a verse of the Koran in point, and then judiciously adapting this verse to his own purposes. A crude conjecture, no doubt, but offered with humility for what it may be worth.

The perseverance of Timur is, as Malcolm has been careful to remark, a very prominent trait in his character. And that great historian has well illustrated the patient, unwearying fashion in which he gradually but surely won his way to any object upon which he had set his heart. Obstacles to such a man were not what they have been to many other great men, merely incidents to be disregarded to the detriment of eventual success. When Timur attained any particular aim, he attained it thoroughly, and he left the way clear behind him. The difficulties he met with were never swept away off-hand ; they were most minutely contemplated, their origin attentively discerned, and then, at last, when Timur was as far as possible in possession of all the facts, they were attacked with sudden vigour, and as a matter of course, demolished. This, too, was done with a forethought wonderful in such disturbed times. When a chief rebelled against his power and Timur had caught him in the act, it by no means followed that the chief would meet a violent death. Politic generosity was a rôle which Timur loved to play and generally with complete success. For if the recipient proved ungrateful, and a second time fell into the conqueror's hands, the fact that vengeance had been forced upon him, and not wantonly exercised upon the first excuse, was, for a man in Timur's position, a thing of no small popular advantage.

To turn to what my predecessors have viewed as the darker side of Timur's character. "We may pronounce," says Malcolm "that Timur though one of the greatest of warriors, was "one of the worst of monarchs. He was able, brave, and "generous ; but ambitious, cruel, and oppressive. He considered "the happiness of every human being as a feather in the scale, "when weighed against the advancement of what he deemed "his personal glory ; and that appears to have been measured "by the number of kingdoms which he laid waste and the "people he destroyed." Now this, to my limited comprehension, seems clap-trap of a very objectionable kind. How can we, sitting peacefully in our arm-chairs and watching the civilization of the world as it eddies out around us in daily increasing circles, apply to men of the stamp of Timur the maxims that head the pages of a moral copy-book? It is rank absurdity to blame a man for being "ambitious," when that ambition was of the most natural kind, and one which, as in Timur's case, it would have been positively suicidal to restrain. It is most unjust to charge a Central Asian conqueror with "cruelty." Moreover, Timur was not, as far as we know, wantonly cruel ; on the few occasions in which his career was stained with seemingly unjustifiable bloodshed, he was guided by what, to him, were the strongest possible reasons. He is not by any means the first soldier who has found it necessary to kill prisoners in cold blood because it was impossible to support them living. As for oppression, how can this charge be rightly proved? As behoved a Tartar, when Timur invaded a country and conquered it, he certainly left it pretty clean ; but have we not heard, even in these moral times, of preposterous indemnities which, in the long run, have proved, or would if enforced, have proved even more "oppressive" to a nation than the irruption of a Mongol horde? As for the rest of the charge, that may, I think, be lightly disposed of. Matters of life and death are of small account to one whose own life has often been hanging on a thread which twenty enemies were hankering to cut. In the turbulent state of Mongol affairs in which Timur was so actively engaged, it was "everyone for himself and"—but the phrase needs no completion. As for extension of conquest, when Timur became Khakan, this was forced upon him, whether he willed it or no. On him the mantle of Jengis had descended, and he was bound to give his army work to do and countries to plunder.\* Who, then, shall blame him if he fulfilled what was at once his destiny and part of his position? Who shall not rather look back with respect upon the illustrious hero who, for half a century led a charmed life of never-ceasing warfare ; who when he clothed himself with the robe of empire, "shut his eyes to safety, and to the repose which is to be found

on a bed of ease ;" who died in harness at the age of seventy-one on the threshold of a great conquest, and with a reputation beside which that of many another great soldier sinks into utter insignificance. "Veni, vidi, vici,"—there are few in the annals of the world who, with much truth, could have uttered that splendid boast, and in the foremost rank of these, with clear title and enduring fame, stands the Great Timur.

OWEN E. WHEELER.

## ART. VI.—THE TOUR OF A COOK-PARTY IN EGYPT AND PALESTINE.

**A**T a Meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, on the 5th January 1885, the Chairman remarked, that Mr. John Cook was not only a traveller himself, but the cause of travel in others. This is literally true. The skill and the enterprise, and the local knowledge which the firm, of which Mr. Cook is the managing partner, have brought to bear upon travel all over the world, are such, that it is now possible for an individual or a party to arrange every detail of a long tour of several months at the central office at Ludgate Circus, pay down all the expenses in advance, and furnished with a series of tickets and coupons, accomplish the whole with comfort and without any mental anxiety. In every chief town, and at every port of the Mediterranean and beyond, there are intelligent and obliging agents of the firm, who welcome the coming, and speed the parting guest, who simplify the transaction and make the way smooth. I write this from my own experience of twelve weeks in January, February, and March of this year, in which accompanied by my wife, I made what may be called the great tour of Egypt and Palestine, and got safe home without loss of anything, and having accomplished all that I desired, and travelled nine thousand miles.

I place this in record in gratitude to those who managed my affairs so well, and in the hopes that others may be encouraged to follow my example, and they will find that the tour is one of unequalled interest, and quite within the compass of any one, male or female, in ordinary health betwixt the age of twenty and seventy. I had myself visited Egypt ten times before on my road to India. On one occasion, in 1843, I stayed a whole month at Cairo waiting the arrival of the first Peninsular and Oriental Company's Steamers from Calcutta, which gave me time to read through the whole Koran with a Mahometan teacher. I had travelled the whole of Palestine alone with two Arab servants in 1852, from Dan to Beersheba, but the lapse of thirty-three years made me desirous to note the changes, and mark the progress which, in spite of Turkish misrule, must have taken place. For the benefit of those who have never accomplished this task, I describe the salient features of my tour.

Leaving London on the 12th of January I went direct to Milan and Rome, as a few days in the eternal city to me is almost a necessity in each alternate year: thence I followed the route of the Poet Horace to Beneventum and Brindisi, went on board



the Peninsular and Oriental Mail steamer, and in three days reached Alexandria. Without losing an hour I pushed on to Cairo, passed one night in Shepherd's hotel, once so familiar to Anglo-Indians but now visited by so few, as the long sea steamers pass through the Suez Canal, and the mail passes direct from Alexandria to Suez, north of Cairo. Next morning at daybreak I took train from Cairo to Assiout, up the Nile, and went on board the Khedival post-steamer, which at once started up steam in the direction of Assouan. All the steamers of Messrs. Cook and Company had been transferred by the necessity of war to the river above the cataracts, and all the usual facilities of proceeding upwards were gone: only a few privileged travellers could find place in the mail steamers, and it was uncertain how long that facility would continue, for Lord Wolseley and his army had all passed up to Dongola and beyond, and if reinforcements became necessary, all tourists would be sent about their business. As it was we had on board two artillery officers, who were pushing on to the front to take the place of two of their regiment who had been killed.

The steamers were unable to move during the night, and it was so arranged, that on each day, one or more of the great temples of Egypt were visited—Deûdera, Edfu, Esnek, and Kom Ombo. Sufficient time was allowed to survey the wonderful ruins. On the third day Assouan was reached, just below the first cataract. The white hospital tents of the English soldiers were conspicuous on both sides of the river, the mainland, and the island of Elephante: the bazar of the little town was crowded with soldiers, and the placards of "British Bar" over several doors betrayed the national weakness. But the most striking feature of the situation was, that to a large tree was attached a copy of the latest telegram announcing the successful advance of the force to the Nile at Meltammuh, and the wounding of General Stuart. The English mails were landed here, and the arrival of the mails from Lord Wolseley's head quarters was looked for, as a telegram from Korosko announced that they had passed that station on their downward progress.

The tourists availed themselves of the leisure to visit the Island of Elephante and the ruins of the Nilometer, and from a high point, a view could be commanded of the great river passing out of the network of islands, which cause the rapids, and impede navigation. An excursion was then made to visit the grave of the thoughtless Englishmen who dared to try to do what the hardy Nubians are doing all day for a few small coins, swim down the great gate of the cataract. A little further on is the famous obelisk of gigantic size which some poud Egyptian king had ordered to be hewn out of the rock,

but some change of dynasty, or the hand of death, or some fickle change of purpose, caused the work to be abandoned, and the monster obelisk lies still undetached from the quarry, though its dimensions can be seen. A ride on donkeys across the desert conveys the tourists to Shilah above the cataract; here the Nile again comes into view, and the steamer is seen working its way up to the second cataract with the mails and those who are wanted in the front. No dilettante tourist can work his way further: if by luck he found a berth vacant in the upward voyage, he would probably find none in the downward one, and might be left an indefinite time at Wadi Halfa, without the convenience of a Dahabeah or hotel. The island of Philoe with its beautiful ruins lies just opposite, and the scene is unsurpassed in romantic beauty. In one of the gateways is a French inscription recording the fact that French troops, under the command of General Bonaparte, penetrated thus far in their occupation of Egypt. By a turn of the wheel of fortune the English soldier is now here as a permanent garrison, and it so happened that I read this inscription with Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, son of Prince Jerome Napoleon, standing by my side, as he was one of our party on board the steamer. The next thing to be done was to drop down the Nile in a row-boat to the edge of the great gate of the cataracts, and landing on the rocks, to stand on the brink and watch the Nubian's leap from on high into the stream which was dashing downwards with violence, although at the period of our visit the Nile was at its lowest, and innumerable islands and rocks were exposed to view. The return from Shilah to Assouan is accomplished by a short railway of about five miles which passes round the cataract region. It is interesting to note that the station master was a British soldier, that the formality of a ticket was not demanded, that the trains that arrived from Assouan were laden with boxes of treasure, guarded by soldiers with their bayonets in their muskets, and small square boxes containing rations for the troops in the front: as the trains arrived the steamers were laden, and then started up stream.

From Assouan the steamer started with redoubled speed, and by midnight reached Luxor, and, landing all tourists at the comfortable and beautiful hotel, proceeded with the mails on its journey down stream with letters from the camp at Korti, and the wonderful narratives of the newspaper correspondents; for, while we were looking at ruins and enjoying ourselves, Khartoum was falling, and Gordon being killed,—of this we knew nothing until a few days later when we reached Cairo. The bi-weekly service of steamers allowed a pleasant stay of four days at Luxor, and Mr. Cook's arrangement provided

three most interesting excursions : two across the river to the Colossi, Ramasseum, and Medinet Abi and to the valley of the royal tombs, and a third on the right bank of the river to Luxor and Karnak. The beauty of the weather at this season of the year passes all description, but the pleasure of the tourists is much marred by the ceaseless solicitation and cries for *Bukshish*, from a party of boys and girls and professional mendicants, and deformed objects, who accompanied the cavalcade of donkeys the whole day. Throughout Egypt this intolerable nuisance prevails, and it does not appear that the payment of a small tribute satisfies the applicant, still less does a refusal to pay dishearten the petitioner. For many hours the ceaseless cry prevails : fragments of mummies, boxes, mummy cloth, pottery and coins are offered for sale, and indeed the same scene is exhibited in the garden and hall of the hotel.

The downward voyage requires no remark : the whole trip occupies fourteen days, and costs twenty-two pounds, every thing included. Another fourteen days is required at Cairo to give time for seeing all that is of interest in the neighbourhood. There is an abundance of hotels, but Shepheard's maintains its pre-eminence. Those who knew that city forty-two years ago, in the days of Mehemet Ali Pasha, may indeed think with astonishment of the vicissitudes which their eyes have seen. In 1843 the only way of reaching Suez was on the back of donkeys, riding leisurely in three days across the Desert, and putting up for the night in rest houses. In a few years came the four-horse cars tearing over the stones, while the baggage was transported on camels : about the time of the Crimean war the railway was opened from Suez to Cairo, and Cairo to Alexandria : then came another change, the Desert railway was taken up, and the local traffic from Cairo to Suez passed by the railway to Zagazig and Ismailia.

Cairo is no longer an oriental town : the broad streets and the European houses have destroyed the romantic features of the old city. It is indeed enough to make Mehemet Ali Pasha leap out of his tomb to see Private Tomny Atkins standing guard over the great mosque in the citadel, while the palace of the Pasha is converted into the mess house of the regiment. There is no space here to notice the wonderful progress of Egypt during the last thirty years, and the peculiar rocks by which that progress is now arrested. This would supply materials for a separate study, which I am preparing. Nor is this the place to do more than allude to the excavations in progress or completed, and the Boulak Museum, which surpasses all the Egyptian collections in the capitals of Europe. The subject of Egyptology has already been noticed in the

pages of this Review in an article which I contributed in 1876. Egypt appears to be likely to become the bone of contention among the European Powers, a state of affairs which will arrest all legitimate progress, and, if it becomes the battle-field of nations, the unhappy people will look back with regret on the time of the Pashas and Mamluks.

No one can have accomplished the tour up the Nile without being struck by the beauty of the sunsets over the Libyan Desert: there is a strange charm in the scenery, as there is nothing like it in any other part of the world. No doubt there is a great sameness, and the much vaunted life in the Dahabeah must, in this fast age, to any one who has something to do in this life, appear from description to be intolerable, and probably the days of that mode of travel are past. The steamer and the steam launch will supersede them. For the present, however, the exigencies of the Súdán war have destroyed the fleet of tourist's steamers, and left nothing but the Khedival postal ones. The periodical alarm of cholera, the constant political troubles, and the crowds of Europeans and Americans who are attracted to this particular tour, have taken off much of the charm that used to surround a winter's sojourn in Egypt.

But the day has arrived in which the *personally* conducted tour of Palestine and Syria commences. Up to this time I had been travelling under Cook's arrangements, who secured berths, paid hotel bills, and smoothed the way, but there was no party under the *personal* conduct of a European leader. The tour in Palestine and Syria was to give new experiences. Two members of our Nile company had, as stated above, gone up stream to join Lord Wolseley's army: two more went off in a personally conducted party, consisting of themselves and their guide, to Mount Sinai on camels. Some went off by steamer to Athens: but fresh arrivals, direct from England, swelled the Palestine party, and by the necessity of the case, the cohesion of the members was much greater, as for good or ill, we were associated for thirty days, in fair weather or foul, by sea or by land, until we reached Beirút. Each day's journey was marked on the programme, and the round sum of forty pounds covered the expense of each member of the party of every kind: he had no occasion to take money with him. There was a certain amount of risk in this, as whether a traveller was ill or well, he must move on with his fellows or forfeit his convoy; whether he found his companions on the road or in the tent to his mind, he must put up with an intimate association for a given time and it speaks well for the health and forbearance of tourists, that troubles very rarely, if ever, arise. In some cases the temporary casual association has ended in matrimony.

The party left Cairo by train for Ismailia, passing by Tel-el-kebir, and the cemetery which contains the remains of those who fell in that battle. At Ismailia they embarked in a small canal steamer, specially engaged, and proceeded down the canal to Port Said, passing by the long procession of steamers of all nationalities on their road to Suez. Here there was a halt for the night, and next day a steamer of the Austrian Lloyd's Company conveyed them in an easy night's trip to Jaffa, where they landed, walked up through the town, and were conveyed in carriages to a nice little hotel in the suburbs, where they passed the night. The next day carriages conveyed them to Ramleh, the ancient Arimathea, where they passed the night, after making an excursion to the neighbouring Lydda. The third day carriages conveyed them to Jerusalem, where they found good accommodation in the Mediterranean Hotel, within the walls, close to the Jaffa Gate and Castle of David.

A great change has come over Jerusalem in the last thirty years : if it has lost much of its romantic beauty, it has gained in comfort and civilisation. The walls no longer shut in the inhabitants ; the gates are no longer barred and locked at night. A vast suburb has sprung up outside the Jaffa Gate, and the city is no longer Asiatic but European. Camels, indeed, are still allowed to crush through the narrow lanes, and there is no wheeled vehicle in use, but this advance will soon be made, and we shall read of gas, and sewers, and waterworks. Russia, France, Austria, and Germany, have vast establishments, either convents or hospices, to receive pilgrims. Schools for orphans, Jesuit settlements, and Christian missions, hospitals and churches are in plenty. The interior of the Mosque of Omar, and the Church of El Aksa are no longer jealously reserved from the sight of the Christian. The Cook's party, accompanied by a Kavass from the consulate, do all this as a matter of business, and penetrate to the holy rock, whence Mahomet started on his midnight journey to heaven. Russia, representing the Greek Church, jostles France, the representative of the Latin Church, at every turn : the sepulchre of our Lord is still guarded by Mahometan soldiers to keep the Christians from indulging in a free-fight under the sacred dome : the cradle and the manger at Bethlehem are still held by rival jealous religionists. The political future of the city and its inhabitants, is very dark indeed. The Greek and Latin Churches, backed by rival potentates, are assiduously insinuating themselves into the country, under the mere outward pretence of religion, but with the view of establishing rights which will justify armed interference. The crisis may be nearer at hand than we imagine, for the

permanent occupation of Egypt by England may give a handle to France to place a dead hand upon Syria and Palestine. The Government of the Sultan is at its last gasp: feeble and capricious, incapable of improvement, opposed to all the ordinary requirements of civilisation, and therefore doomed.

A week at the Holy City can be pleasantly spent, and all the places worthy of a visit, can be visited on the back of the indispensable donkey. What would become of Egypt and Jerusalem without the supply of donkeys; the finest of their kind, docile, sure-footed and sweet tempered? For a visit to Bethlehem a horse is required, and plenty of sure-footed, though not fast, animals are forthcoming, and no traveller, male or female, can be well advised to visit the Holy Land, who cannot ride. The alternative, miscalled a palanquin, but in fact a chair placed on two poles, is about the most uncomfortable mode of travelling, the most grotesque, and the most tedious, that can be imagined. Over all the dragomans of the country, over all the horses available for riding, over all the tent équipage and domestic servants necessary for tent life, the great firm of the great arranger of foreign tours, Cook and Son, rule supreme. Great attention has been paid by the agent of the firm to the complicated details of conveying, tending and feeding parties of travellers, totally ignorant of the language, the country, and the climate; the terms are most reasonable, and the programme is carried out to the satisfaction of all reasonable beings who are capable of being satisfied. Five individuals in every hundred are never satisfied.

There are two seasons, the autumn, and the spring: in the former case the tour commences at Beirút and Lebanon, before the snow falls, and ends at Jaffa: in the latter, the tour commences at Jaffa and ends, after the snow has melted, with Lebanon and Beirút. There are advantages in both. It is in the autumn only that the Hedars of Lebanon can be visited: in the spring the traveller is less troubled by insects, but he has to face the prospect of heavy rain and snow storms. In both my tours I chose the spring: there is a great charm in the spring flowers which cover the undulating plains and the hill-sides: the deserts, for a short period, do indeed blossom as the rose. On most occasions I left Jerusalem on my journey northwards, about the first of March; on the first occasion I was drenched with rain: on the second I had uninterrupted and abnormal fair weather all the way to Damascus. Tent life in rain and snow and cold, would be an abomination, and I was warned that in venturing on the first of March, I ran a great risk: however, good luck was with me. Good food never failed: the horses did their work, if not pleasantly, at least they did not show

temper, or break down : nothing was lost by thieves, and no incivility was shown in the towns and villages : there were three ladies in our party, and the average daily occupation of the saddle was seven hours. The hour of starting was early : there was a midday halt of two hours, and on arrival at sunset we found our tents ready for us. The camp servants were thoroughly efficient, and the cook an excellent one. The great drawback was the ceaseless noise in the camp all night ; there was a necessity for watchers at each halting place, and they kept themselves awake by conversation on the other side of the canvass walls of the tent, or by shouts, and the troops of jackals yelled all night, imitating the cries of children.

On Monday, March 2nd, the party of eleven left the hotel at Jerusalem, and in the small open space under the Tower of David, mounted their horses in the midst of an admiring crowd : the departure of a Cook's party for the north is an event of first rate interest in the Holy City : that very evening a fresh convoy of passengers, left at Jaffa by a steamer, were expected to occupy the vacant rooms. We passed out under the Gate of David, and turning to the right, filed round the walls of the northern front of the city, passed under the Gate of Damascus, turned the north eastern corner, and descended into the Valley of Jehoshafat, passed Gethsemane and the Tomb of the Virgin Mary, and then rounded the Mount of Olives, without rising to its summit, passed through Bethany by the Tomb of Lazarus, and plodded on by the ordinary route to Jericho. During my visit in 1852 I had been made over to the charge of an Arab Chief, who gave a receipt for me to the English Consul, being warned that he would forfeit a moiety of his remuneration if he did not bring me back alive. I had at that time lived so long and happily alone amidst Sikhs and Afghans in Northern India, that the idea did not come home to me that my Chief might possibly forfeit his moiety and I might lose my life. However, things have improved since then, and our party in 1885 rode down with as little anxiety as we should have ridden to Richmond, with parasols and umbrellas over our heads and no weapons. We had fine views of the Dead Sea ; and, passing Jericho proper, we reached our tents, pitched at Riha, or the fountain of Elisha. It was a grand situation, for behind us were the lofty Mountains of the Temptation, and in front the Mountain of Moab rose solemnly beyond Jordan : all night we had a full moon, and in the morning we saw the sun rise, coming up from the ends of the world.

The sight of the tents was not encouraging to those who were familiar with the snug encampments of the Indian official. All the comforts of life, and most of the decencies

disappeared at once. Married couples were allowed a tent to themselves, the furniture of which was two narrow iron beds, fashioned like the gridiron of St. Lawrence by an ingenious combination of iron bars to render sleep and repose as difficult as possible, and secure early rising: one table, with two metal basins and jugs, completed the equipment. In all the vicissitudes of my European, Asiatic and African travels, I never recollect being cut down so closely as this. To prevent the clothes worn in the day becoming damp, a friend at Jerusalem had advised us to sleep in as many as possible, and lay all the rest on the bed. The luggage, limited in amount, of each traveller, was placed in his tent, and the whole space thus occupied. Reading, writing, or sitting in a chair for conversation, were things unknown: folding stools were provided in the mess tent, which just held the party. Close under our tents were the riding horses and sumpter mules which carried the luggage and tents, and round the whole were the guards supplied from the village. Sometimes the necessity of the locality compelled the tents to be pitched on a slope, rendering the beds even more irksome than ordinary: sometimes there was long grass both inside and outside the tents: at early dawn there was hideous ambulatory music of pipes, and cymbals, and hand bells that rouse up the inmates of the tents, at least those who were able to sleep. Before the dressing was finished, the active tent pitchers were removing the walls of our migratory huts, and while we were taking our hasty breakfasts, the mules were being loaded, and the toil of the day for man and beast commenced. Nothing but the rudest health, and the greatest determination, would carry a Cook-excursionist through Palestine. On you must go, whatever ailments you may have: it is unpleasant even to think what would happen in the case of a broken leg or arm, or a severe illness. Most of the tourists were pledged to leave Beirút on a particular date after the completion of the Palestine tour, so as to work their way to Smyrna and Constantinople: so, under no circumstances could the camp be stopped, any more than the revolution of a planet, without putting the whole solar system out of gear. These considerations pressed very heavily upon me the night before I left Jerusalem, and the ominous prophecies regarding the weather were not calculated to cheer. However, there is nothing so successful as success, and I am bound to say that the wheels of the machine revolved with unerring accuracy, and we all arrived safe and well at Damascus.

As the country becomes more settled it is probable that small hotels will be opened, and rest-houses erected along the main line of communication from Jerusalem to Damascus: already hotels have sprung up at Jaffa, Ramlul, and at Jericho,



and there are excellent hotels at Damascus and Beirút. It may be hoped that some attention will be paid to roads. No doubt it is a difficult country for locomotion. I have travelled extensively in North India, both hill and plain, up to the Sutlej beyond Simla, and into the valley of Kashmir, and I never experienced anything so bad as the road tracks in Palestine. The hills are of iron; the villages at considerable distances apart; trees can scarcely be said to exist: with the exception of Jordan in its deep bed below the level of the Mediterranean, there are no rivers.

Some notice should be made of the midday halt: romantic youth may dream of repairing, when the sun is hot,

To one lone grot, embedded in the hill  
By the tall pine, and near the sparkling rill.

Such are not the realities of a Cook-excursionist: if there is not too much cow-dung, he may be thankful. A grinning crowd of boys and girls, calling for *bakshish*, does not help the appetite: dry food spread upon a dusty carpet does not tempt the stomach. After the repast followed a miserable attempt to get forty winks of sleep under an umbrella, stretched upon rocks, or dusty earth, so far better than the gridiron in the tent, in that there were no cross bars and there was a possibility of stretching. Just, however, as sleep was won, the detestable trumpet used to sound, and we had to mount.

The party halted a day at Jericho to give time for an excursion to the Dead Sea, where the youngest and most adventurous bathed; all then moved on to the Jordan, and halted two hours at the reputed place, where the Israelites crossed, and then returned to their encampment. The next day was a heavy one: passing under the towering heights of the Mountain of Temptation, we could see the caves once occupied by eremites, and could discern one or two occupants who find a home there to this day. The ascent of the mountain to the central table land then commenced, and the line of advance of the Israelites to Ai and Bethel was followed: at the latter place the main line of road from Jerusalem to Damascus was reached, and after a halt of two hours the party plodded on until they reached their camp at Sinjil, on an elevation over against Shiloh, from which a view was commanded of the Mediterranean. At early dawn the march recommenced to Shiloh, and thence to Jacob's Well, and the Tomb of Joseph at Nablús, the ancient Shechem. An excursion was made to the top of Mount Gerizim; and the magnificent panorama was commanded of the whole of Palestine, for the snows of Hermon appeared on the north, the Mountain of Moab on the south: the dark mountains of Gilead and Bashan on the east, and the Mediterranean on the west.

This is a proof how ridiculously small Palestine is, when contrasted with the large place which it occupies in religious and secular history. When Solomon ruled the united kingdom, he only occupied the position of a petty Indian Raja, at the mercy, for his existence, of the great kingdoms on the banks of the Nile, or the Tigris and Euphrates. Jerusalem with all its heart stirring interests, under Solomon or under Herod the Great, was never more than a petty local capital, and the Temple, either in its first, second, or third form, could never be compared with the Egyptian or Assyrian temples, or the great Temple at Baalbek. I remember when I traversed Palestine in 1852, fresh from the annexation of the Punjáb, arriving at the conclusion that the whole country from Dan to Beersheba would barely form two (2) good-sized districts in area, and such must have been the case always. I looked with astonishment at the barrenness of the country: no works of irrigation, even if water existed, would make much of these hard rocks: the reports of its ancient fertility and vast populations must be an egotistic exaggeration. We know from the contemplation of Egypt what a fertile and populous country it is, ever was, and ever will be. A fat country cannot help being fat, and population follows fatness, just as vultures follow a carcase. It is well to consider this, as this country will give the Great Powers of Europe a great deal of trouble still. It never can hope to be independent. It does not possess a single staple of export, or any manufacture: there are no elements of self-government, no hope for the future, and yet they are a nice sunny population, a cheerful and sweet spoken people, whom I could have been delighted to rule over and should have learnt to love, and I cannot say so much for the Egyptians.

From Geizim and Nablús we visited the ruins of old Sanaria, or Sebaste, situated on a lordly hill, and by the run of columns which have survived and stand up in the fields, testifying to its former greatness. Descending into the valley we again rose up to the high level, and had a view of the Mediterranean; further on we emerged from the Mountains of Samaria, and pitched on the very edge of the great plain of Esdraelon. Jenin must always have been a place of importance, as it holds the mountain gorge which leads into Samaria. As we advanced northwards we had the glittering snows of Hermon more and more in our sight, but now we sighted Mount Tabor, the hills behind Nazareth, and Mount Carmel, and the rich country of Galilee was before us, which was, and is, productive of agricultural wealth, but depending on the seasons. Even well informed modern writers have allowed themselves great license in describing the wealth and

population of Galilee: but the practised eye of the Indian revepue officer, who has spent years amidst the teeming and industrious populations of Northern India, who has dwelt in tents amidst an annual wealth of cereals, saccharines, and oils, thinks poorly of the profits, and rent, and state revenue to be raised from the lands of a Syrian village, few and far between as they are, while in an Indian district twenty towns or villages and hamlets can be counted from any eminence. In Palestine there are no forests or mangoe-trees, or Mowha; not even the date palm, which ravished the eye at every turn of the river in Egypt. I counted three palms in the city of Jerusalem, and I scarcely recollect any others: at any rate they were not a feature of the landscape, as they are all along the north of Africa from Egypt to Morocco. It is easy to say that the forests have been cut down, and have altered the climate. I doubt whether they ever existed. At any rate Solomon had to send to Lebanon to get timber for his temple: and in modern times ships bring timber from Europe for the construction of private dwellings.

The authors of the historical and poetical books of the Bible wrote as honest men with the knowledge of their time: they had no acquaintance with geography at all, and little with history, and they fell into the common and patriotic error of overvaluing their own country, the greatness of their favourite sovereign Solomon, and the vastness of the population and resources of the people over whom he ruled. The Hindu authors, with greater reason, fell into the same snare, and the modern Chinese and French people labour under the same weakness. I doubt whether any one has ever been an hour in the company of a Frenchman without being told that France was the finest country in the world. The Hebrew writers had just the same spirit, and it is, only those who have had the opportunity of looking into their resources, and twice making a deliberate progress through their country, not in a railway train or a coach, but in long country rides, can realise how entirely contrary to facts, past and present, such ideals are. The country is a poor country: it never would pay the expense of occupation. It might be made over without a pang, by treaty or arbitration, to any foreign Government—perhaps the Russian, as that nation has a taste for absorbing unremunerative territories—while England never takes a country which does not pay, either as a colony for emigration, or as a consumer of manufactures, or as a self-supporting kingdom, like India.

From Jenin we crossed the plain of Esdraëlon and the Brook Kishen—a waterless river bed at that season of the year—to Jezreel, which contained the vineyard of Naboth, and passed

on to Shunam, the scene of the miracle of Elijah, and round the hills to Nain, the scene of our Lord's miracle : from this point we struck across the valley, and climbed the steep and rugged slope which leads to Nazareth, at which place the camp halted for two nights to give a Sabbath day's rest to the wearied party. There is much to interest here : there is a magnificent orphanage founded, and ably managed, by an English society, and a medical establishment belonging to a Scotch society, and a mission of the Church of England, with a native church and schools. The Greek and the Roman Church, ever in rivalry, have here strong establishments. The Greeks maintain that the angel met the Virgin Mary at a fountain as she was drawing water, and have built a chapel over the spot : the Latins maintain that the Virgin was seated inside a cave, in a small house built within it, when the angel came through the window, and they have built a chapel over it. In both these legends we have an echo of old Pagan myths, as apparitions of deities and nymphs always take place at a fountain or in a cave. In Palestine, according to the Latins, everything was done in caves. Even in the heart of the city of Jerusalem, the mother of the Virgin gave birth to the Virgin in a cave. At Nazareth a still wilder legend has been accepted : that when the Mahometans conquered the Holy Land, angels lifted the little house, or rather, room in which the Annunciation took place, out of the cave at Nazareth, and conveyed it across the sea to Loretto, near Ancona, in Italy, stopping at three places on the road, and dropping their burden for short periods. However, in the Latin chapel at Nazareth, and in the holy house at Loretto, it is equally asserted that in that place the Word was made Flesh. I took the trouble to visit Loretto after my first visit to the Holy Land, and immediately before my second, and looked well into the subject, and bought all the accounts sold on the spot. I cannot but think that this is one of the wildest legends that the fancy of mankind has ever given birth to : it exceeds all the Titanesque conceptions of the Hindu mythologists and rests upon the weakest testimony, and yet pious and good men believe it, and after Banáres, Jagarnáth and Mekka, it is one the most popular places of pilgrimage in the world.

From Nazareth we rode to Cana of Galilee, and thence descended to Tiberia, on the shores of the Lake of Gennesareth, passing by many spots of great interest. The scenery is very beautiful ; and as the next day there was no wind, we crossed the lake in boats with oar and sail to Tel Hún, which is supposed to represent Capernaum. The weather was beautiful, and we had fine views of the shores of the lake, which is six hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean, though six

hundred feet above the level of the Dead Sea, into which its waters flow by the valley of the Jordan. We encamped at a solitary spot with a fountain, said to represent Bethsaida. The next morning our faces were turned to Mount Hermon, which towered above us, and leaving Safet, the city built on a hill on our left, we plodded on, always ascending, until at a certain spot we had our last look of the Lake of Gennesareth, and our first on the Lake of Merom, near which we encamped over against the snowy height of Hermon, and we could see across the valley Baniás, our next night's encampment, but a marshy country intervened, round which we had to advance next day. We reached the tiny stream which represents the river Jordan, as it issues from the valley betwixt Lebanon and anti-Lebanon: we crossed it by a bridge, and encamped at Baniás in sufficient time to make an afternoon excursion up the stiff hill on which the celebrated Castle of Cæsarea Philippi is fixed. We had, in fact, passed through Dan, and were beyond the limits of the Promised Land, and under the heights of Hermon is Syria proper. Our eyes could see at sunset far down into Galilee, and it was our parting view and thankful we felt for the beautiful weather which had accompanied us; and as the road of next day lay over a branch of Hermon, which was often blocked by snow, we were glad to be assured that up to sunset it was open.

Several roads lead from the headwaters of Jordan to Damascus. The pilgrim route from Jerusalem to that city crosses the Jordan, by a bridge at the spot where the river leaves Lake Merom, and traverses the region of the Haurân. From Baniás, which we had reached, one route followed the course of the Jordan up stream into the valley of the Bekâa to Hasbiya and Rasheiya, and joins the great highroad from Beirút to Damascus. We followed another route: we crossed the steep shoulder of the mountains south of Hermon, which forms the watershed of the Jordan and the rivers of Damascus. It was hard work, but we reached the top at last, and came upon a fine view of the regions beyond Jordan, and descending, we stopped to lunch at a village on the banks of the river Pharphar, and encamped at our last station,—still under the eastern slope of Mount Hermon,—the village of Kefr Hawar. It was with feelings of devout thankfulness that we left our hateful beds at an early hour next morning, and cantered our weary steeds over a flat plain into Damascus, passing the spot indicated as the scene of the Conversion of St. Paul. As we advanced we caught sight of the minarets and trees of the beautiful capital of Syria: we then passed from our wild tracks over mountains and plains into the beautiful road constructed by the French from Beirút to Damascus: we were soon in the midst of

gardens, and on the banks of the River Abana, and what was more to the purpose, returned to the decencies and comforts of life in the excellent hotel "Victoria," where we found decent beds, comfortable and quiet rooms, and the feeling of painful anxiety which had accompanied me on the whole journey from Jerusalem, disappeared. I for one determined never again to bestride a Syrian horse, or sleep in a Syrian tent, or be one of a personally conducted party in camp again. It is a good bridge that gives a safe passage over a river, but the traveller may be pardoned if he is not willing to cross that good bridge a second time. It took me more than two months to recover from the effects of that camp, and to regain my usual unbroken health and condition. I can well imagine that with some constitutions, with bad weather, it might lay the seeds of serious malady. Owing to the magnificent weather, and the excellent table arrangements, and the perfect discipline of the camp servants, none of our party suffered, though all were glad when it was over.

But before leaving a personally conducted Cook-Tourist party, let me say a word as to the component parts of this particular party. We were eleven in number, with three ladies, four Americans, and four English gentlemen. The two married couples had each a tent to themselves, two gentlemen were in one tent, three in another: one gentleman paying an extra £5 had a separate tent, with a star and stripes flag at the top: one lady had a separate tent without payment, as there was no other mode of disposing of her. She was, indeed, the evil genius of the party, for having no lawful protector, she threw herself on the protection of the unattached gentlemen, and when their aid failed, she monopolized the European conductor. There was more trouble about putting her into her saddle and lacing up her boots, than in anything else, from Dan to Beersheba, and I regret to say that she was English. The American travellers, three of whom were ordained Ministers, were delightful but we had the misfortune of having no American ladies. If there is anything in this world more charming than usual, it is the American girl from New Orleans, or San Francisco, or Ohio, in her native beauty and simplicity. As it was the English and Americans in our camp carried on one continuous interchange of witticisms, and friendly attacks on each other. We had spread-eagleism, and aristocratic hauteur, pitted against each other, and all parted with mutual esteem, hoping against hope to meet again.

I marked but little improvement in the city of Damascus since my last visit, though it had been the scene of awful events: the massacre of the Christian population, and the vengeance enforced upon the fanatic Mahometans by the

Great European Powers. The great road running from Beirút to Damascus, and the daily stage coach, were great facts: to this must be added the telegraph, good supplies of water, widened bazars, and a few hired carriages, which could find their way through the streets notwithstanding the camels, which were still allowed within the walls. Of the four great Mahometan cities, Constantinople, Cairo, Damascus and Tunis, the last is the only one which still retains its pure oriental character: the two first have lost it altogether, and Damascus will probably soon lose it. The native houses still retain their singular and romantic, though rather comfortable, beauty. In the cold weather they seemed charming, but I thought of them in the hot weather: the fountains bubbling up on the centre of the court-yard, supply means of bathing, washing and drinking, seemed charming, until I gathered that the water all came from the same source by a system of waterworks, and is passed by pipes through the city from fountain to fountain, and that the practice prevailed of bathing in the fountains, so that the drinking water of the Christian quarters had already served as the bathing water of the Mahometan quarter. I am afraid that a Hindu would scarcely like that: we should not like it in London if the cisterns of each house were channels of the water of our neighbours, instead of being separate reservoirs filled up daily from the main pipe for our use: but there is no bubbling up and free current of the waters in London cisterns, as there is in charming Damascus.

Christians are permitted now to enter the great Mosque, which is an old Christian Church, and the sooner that it is restored to the Greek Church the better. The bazars are thronged with a busy and peaceful population: there are special and valuable manufactures, and a daily train of baggage carts cover the road between Damascus and its seaport, Beirút. A great deal might be made by a strong European Government out of the united provinces of Lebanon and Damascus: there are ample natural resources, an industrious people, and a sufficient seaport. Progress has been made since the European Powers asserted their authority in 1860, and, if the hateful and baneful Turkish rule were swept away, and replaced by a firm and sympathetic Government, powerful to punish, and yet wise enough to leave the people alone,—which is the secret of our success in India,—these Provinces would be developed, and some day a more secure route for commerce would be found eastward of Damascus to the Euphrates and beyond. There is good hope for Syria, but little or none for Palestine; and as for the regions beyond the Jordan, they are still only geographical expressions, so heavily has the dead hand of Turkey pressed upon them.

At Damascus I took my leave of the personally conducted Cook-party, forfeiting my interest in the next week's arrangements. I had had enough of it : I secured seats in the daily coach across the Lebanon ranges to Beirút. Without a sigh I saw my former companions mount their steeds, and start off to Baalbek. Snow was in the air, and fell before night : the travellers who reached Damascus that evening from Beirút told us of the heavy snow in Lebanon : the long expected change of weather had come, and I hugged myself, as I went comfortably to bed, and thought of my friends again on their gridiron beds in their tents, no longer in warm valleys, but up in the snowy Lebanon, far above the level of the Mediterranean, in the cold month of March. We all met again at the end of the week in the hotel at Beirút, and I then heard of their sufferings, and of the snow and the cold, and I was thankful that I had been prudent ; I had already seen Baalbek, and no change whatsoever had come over it in the last thirty years, and that was all that they saw.

A long day in the front compartment of the coach conveyed us from Damascus to Beirút. We crossed over the range of Anti-Lebanon in snow, and dipped down into the valley of the Bekaa, or Cœle-Syria, and then rose again to cross the lofty range of Lebanon, again in snow. From the crest of the mountains we had a grand view of the Mediterranean, and the low lands betwixt the range and the sea, and Beirút glittered in the centre of the picture. The prospect was truly magnificent, as we drove along the scientifically constructed road, turning and twisting, but always at a great pace. At length we reached Beirút, and were turned out at the office of the French Company to whom the concession of the road has been made. We were soon in a comfortable hotel facing the Mediterranean with the prospect of six days' rest, till the arrival of a steamer which would convey us to Alexandria, in time for the Indian Mail steamer to Brindisi on the 3rd of April. It was, indeed, a comfort to feel that we had worked out our programme, and that there was nothing more to be done.

Beirút proved to be a place most agreeable for a sojourn : the climate was delightful, the views of Mount Lebanon pass all description, and there is a considerable European and American community, and a crowd of educational establishments, Protestant, Roman Catholic, and Greek. The hotel was delightfully situated ; all the houses of Beirút are built on one model, two storied, with large central galleries, and smaller rooms opening out. In the hotel there was a continual change of pleasant society : here, again, we met Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte and the Princes of Sweden ; we found English officers buying horses for the army in Egypt, and



tourists going to and fro of all nationalities. One day we drove up to one of the beautiful hill stations on the slopes of Lebanon. I have seen the mountains of Switzerland, and of Norway, and the Himaláya, but the beauty of this scenery is intensified by the blue Mediterranean: the people seem industrious and happy. Since the year 1860, the Governor of the Lebanon is only appointed with the sanction of the Great Powers, who are represented by Consul Generals. Thus no serious oppression can take place in the Lebanon provinces, though all progress is arrested by the apathy, and suspicion, and ignorance of the first principles of self-government which distinguish a Turkish official, even the most benevolent.

It cannot escape observation that France looks upon herself as the natural successor to the province of Syria, including Palestine, when the sick man dies. Austria would appropriate European Turkey, and occupy the most coveted Salonika; Russia would overrun Asia Minor; England, in an evil day, has set the example by occupying Egypt, and it is not clear in what way it can rid itself of this dangerous and profitless possession. The disappearance of the Turkish Empire would produce a mighty change. The Republic of France, while oppressing the Roman Catholic establishments within France and its colonies, makes use of them in foreign countries—in Asia and Africa—as skilled and crafty agents for obtaining influence. The Roman Catholic religion everywhere clings to the support of the secular army, and is ready to repay the service of French protection by the schools and hospitals and printing presses which they establish. Thus in Beirút the two largest buildings are under the French flag: the great establishment of the Jesuits, and the Convent of the Ladies of Nazareth. There are other Roman Catholic hospitals and schools, teaching the French language, inspiring French ideas, and impressing on the rising generation that France is the head of civilisation, and the most favoured of heaven. The same kind of thing is going on from different centres in the villages which glisten on the slopes of Lebanon. The priests and nuns must have a pleasant time of it: the Maronite Church has submitted to Rome preserving its autonomy. The French Consul-General is ever active in extending his political prestige, and as mentioned above, the road and all the commercial communications with Damascus are in the hands of the French. To this energy the English Government attempts to offer no resistance; Russia and Austria have no pretence to interfere. The British Syrian schools were started a quarter of a century ago by four English ladies, sisters, and have obtained a great development both in Beirút, Damascus, and all over Lebanon, but they have on political position or aspirations, except so far that they with

success teach the English language and Protestant doctrines, and bring thousands under their influence. By their side, working with the same benevolent object, but entirely devoid of all political object, is the great Mission of the Presbyterian Church of North America. They have schools, printing presses, chapels, and a college with several faculties, specially a medical faculty: they give every class of instruction, and use the English language: they have existed more than forty years, have translated the whole Bible into Arabic, and exert a great influence both in Beirút and in Lebanon. It appears to be a special providence which has so ordained that the French Roman Catholic's political tendencies should be thus checked and counterbalanced by the single minded labours of Protestant Americans, who cannot in the least be charged with political aspirations. There will be two parties or camps in the Lebanon province: one leaning to French Roman Catholicism, and the other leaning to English speaking Protestantism. It will be interesting to watch the phenomena which will develop themselves. The American Mission is spread all along the Syrian coast and into Lebanon, and in Damascus is supplemented by an Irish Presbyterian Mission, of which the chief member is an American. The English language and Protestant Christianity is thus amply represented by Presbyterianism in Syria, as it is by Episcopalianism in Palestine, in direct antagonism to the Frenchifying Romanizing efforts of their rivals. As a rule the French allow of no education whatever being given in their colonies except by French licensed teachers: the protection of France means, the extinction of all other educational efforts. In the districts of the Gabun, the American Missionaries have found this difficulty: in Madagascar, this difficulty is anticipated and feared by English Missionaries.

Thus ended a Cook-tour of twelve weeks, for the road home, from Beirút to London, which occupies about one week, requires no notice. There is a freshness and novelty and interest in such tours, which cannot be found in the beaten tracks of Europe. It may be of practical interest to state, that nine thousand miles were travelled at a cost of three hundred and fifty pounds for two persons; that everything was paid beforehand in London, the traveller being supplied by a series of tickets, which secure him all he wants on the way.

LONDON, *June 1885.*

ROBERT CUST.

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## ART. VII.—ENGLISH INFLUENCE ON BENGALI LITERATURE.

THE latter half of the 18th century was a very momentous period in the history of India. It was a period of general dissolution. The Empire, which had been founded by the bravery of Baber and consolidated by the genius of Akbar, was now falling to pieces. The provincial satraps of the Great Mogul were rising into temporary eminence only to fall into irretrievable decay. The dream of an Indian Empire, which the weakness of the Mahomedan rulers had inspired in the breast of the Mahrattas, was rudely shaken at Panipat. In Bengal it was not the Nizam nor the Marhattas who were reaping the harvest in this tumult. The disintegrating forces, under which the hitherto coherent political system was crumbling down, were hastened in their action by the treachery of Mir Jaffir, and that other act of Clive which has left an indelible stain upon his character. The condition of society in those days of anarchy and confusion may be well imagined. The prevalence of crime, the insecurity of life and property, the supercession of right by might, was the order of the day ; and the nerveless grasp in which the sceptre was held was impotent to keep the Pindaree marauders from committing depredations in the very heart of Bengal. To the miseries of this destructive revolution were added the throes of a constructive revolution. Through the little rift at Plassey entered into Bengal a mighty force to take the place left vacant by the exhausted forces of a previous system,—a force which, slowly but surely, modified and assimilated to itself the wrecks and remnants of a bygone organization. The newly established supremacy of the English was to be upheld and consolidated. New settlements were made, new tyrannies undergone, an altogether new phase of life gradually initiated. There was thus no rest in the mind of the people, tossed as it was from wave to wave. Evidently this was not the time sufficiently propitious for the production of a national literature. On the contrary, the literature which had been growing up peacefully in the court of Rajah Krishna Chandra of Nawadwîp met with a rude check, from which it took nearly half a century to recover. The literature of Bengal had said its last word of power in the devotional verses of *Annadāmangal*, and the voluptuous verses of *Vidyasundar*. In smoothness of flow, in exquisite polish, in the bequeathing to posterity of a number of pet phrases and proverbial sayings, Bharat Chandra resembles Pope. With him, as with Pope, poetry was an accomplishment, not a prophecy. It was all

fancy now, and word-setting, and cutting, and polishing. There was no current of national thought strong enough to set in motion the higher political instincts. The corruption of the Mahomedan Court and the senility of the Mahomedan government could produce but little remarkable incidents, and even the caprices of cruelty and licentiousness lost their novelty by repetition. Life was stale and insipid, without stirring actions, and without deep ideas, and literature sank from art into mere artifice. But if the feeble current of life, during the closing years of the Mussulman dominion, did not stir the truly higher poetical instincts, the stormy times that succeeded swept away every instinct, poetical or other, except the instinct of self-preservation.

By the beginning of the 19th century Bengal had somewhat recovered from the mental paralysis: it had outlived the days of panic and terror: and in the peace and order that returned along with the consolidation of English rule, lay the possibility of the growth of a literature. After the physical side of the revolution had been accomplished, in the acquisition of territory and the establishment of military and political supremacy, it was time for the manifestation of its spiritual side. Those elements of national life necessary to a vigorous literary birth, which were wanting during the declining years of the previous rule, bade fair to appear one by one under the new *regime*. The collision with a higher civilization imparted to the elastic Bengali mind a vast impetus, and set free its dormant energies. It was the ushering in of a new era, a time of new-modelling, a period of *renaissance*, an opening out of channels of thought. It must not be supposed, however, that the change of masters immediately produced any such material change in the social and political condition of the people as to bring about a sudden development of a new and various literature. On the contrary, in the mental and moral exhaustion produced by the events of the last half-century, men had unlearned whatever they knew, and it was necessary for them to learn everything over again. Their intellect, which was now only in a state of convalescence from a severe shock, was incapable of independent exercise. The greater part, therefore, of the literature of the first quarter of this century was produced under the guidance "and by the direct interference" of the English nation. It seems that at this period the Scrampore Missionaries knew more, and cared more, about Bengali language and literature than the Bengalis themselves. Before them, and so early as 1778, Nathaniel Halhed had written his 'Grammar of Bengali,' through laudable curiosity, or the exigencies of the Government. Dr. Carey and Mr. Marshman published the first Bengali dictionary. It was at the instance of Carey

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that the first Bengali prose was written. In 1816, the second Bengali newspaper *Samāchārdarpan* was conducted by Marshman. The first periodical, *Digdarsan*, was started in 1818, by the Serampore missionaries. Public speaking in Bengali began in the shape of missionary preaching. Thus lifted, as it were, by foreign hands, Bengali literature has risen, within the course of the last half century, above the region of clouds into the serener heights of reason and imagination. The direction of its flight has been controlled by many influences which have been brought to bear upon it by the subsequent dissemination of English culture and English thought. And it is from the establishment of the Hindu College in 1816, that these influences may be supposed to date.

Great and arduous was the battle fought over the momentous question of the introduction of systematic English education. The great Ram Mohun Roy, though himself a sound Sanskrit scholar, strenuously opposed the scheme of the establishment of a Sanskrit College in Calcutta, in a powerful letter addressed to Lord Amherst. In it he described "the Sanskrit system of education" as "best calculated to keep this country in darkness," and dissuaded the Government from "encouraging such imaginary learning;" while he recommended a sound training in the Arts and Sciences of the West as the only means by which the condition of the country could be improved. His letter, it seems, did not receive the consideration it deserved; but Lord Macaulay, and the great Education Despatch of 1854, have proved the wisdom of his views. However that might be, the Hindu College in Calcutta, and the other colleges which were established in various parts of Bengal, achieved a great result. The flood of Western thought broke through the dykes and dams of dogma and custom. It was a fierce reaction from the old torpor,—a complete breaking away from the past. The pupils of Derozio made rather an alarming progress by "cutting their way," as a contemporary newspaper quaintly expressed it, "through ham and beef, and wading to liberalism through tumblers of beer." Ill fared it with Bengali literature in this fever-heat of returning intellectuality. The young reformers could brook nothing that belonged to old. With Bengali beliefs, with Bengali manners, with Bengali food, they threw overboard Bengali literature. Speaking at the Hare Anniversary meeting in 1845, Babu Kishory Chand Mitra, himself a type of Young Bengal, said: "There is a large number of our educated friends who can relish nothing that is Bengali, their taste seems to be diametrically opposed to all that is written in their own tongue. The most elevated thoughts and the most sublime sentiments, when embodied in it, become flat, stale and unprofitable. But this prejudice, I am disposed

to think, is fast wearing out." If this language could be used in 1845, it may be well imagined in what contempt Bengali language and literature were held by the first alumni that the Hindu College turned out. It was a disgrace to them even to know the names of the Bengali authors. The prejudice was, however, as Babu Kissory Chand had said, fast wearing out, and with the calmness of returning intellectual life, when the foam and froth of the first rush of pent-up waters had subsided into a steady current, when the ideas of Europe continued pouring into the Indian mind, there came a truer appreciation of the necessity and importance of cultivating the national language and literature.

The history of thought cannot be dissociated from the history of literature. They are but two phases of one great movement ; they act and react upon each other. Hence, it will be found that the facts in the history of a national literature find a rational explanation in the corresponding changes of the national thought. Now, the great effect of English education upon the intellect of Bengal was, that it expanded that intellect ; and with the expansion of the intellect of Bengal, began the expansion of the literature of Bengal. Bengali literature had hitherto been synonymous with Bengali poetry. From the time of Vidyapati down to the time of Bharat Chandra, the genius of Bengal had expressed itself in verse. Any other form of expression was unknown, perhaps not liked. But for a mind grown larger and more capacious, by contact with the English nation, and by the influence of English education, rhyme as the sole medium of intellectual expression, was too narrow. While acknowledging our indebtedness to England, in this respect, it must be said, in justice to our national intellect, that through hereditary culture and discipline, whose traditions reach to a remote past, it possessed the capability of expanding when placed under favorable circumstances ; and the English contact only stimulated its latent powers into unprecedented activity, and created the environment amid which it was to flourish. The variety of Bengali literature, within the first half of the present century, is quite astonishing. The nation that knew to express its thoughts and emotions only in the beautiful simplicity of *Kabikankan's* poetry, in the good verses of *Krittibās* and *Kasirām*, and in the sententious modulated grace of *Bharat Chandra's* rhyme, suddenly laid its hand on every department of literature, on prose, on the drama and the novel, on satire, on philosophy, on science ; and even newspapers and periodicals, which generally come latest in the development of a national literature, were included.

The earliest prose was written in 1805, at the request of Carey, in the lives of Krishnachandra and Pratapaditya. In

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1813, *Prabodh Chandriká* was written by Mrityunjay Vidyalankar, an Ooriya Brahmin, a teacher in the Fort William Collège. But this prose, although deserving to be honored as the first specimen of that kind of writing, is an infliction to the reader. The harshest Sanskrit, with the inflections left out, fantastic conceits, an immoderate hankering after word-jingle, and absolute want of organic life and unity, are all that can be said about it. But the request of friends, and the command of official superiors, are not the agencies by which a department of literature can be created. To bear fruit, to be the parent of the literature of a succeeding age, it must be wedded to glowing convictions, to intensity of thought. These were supplied by the great religious revival under Rammohun Roy, who is, therefore, the father of Bengali prose. His prose, although some of the passages will make modern readers stare, will live on account of the sincerity of feeling, and the ardour of belief which underlie it. In pith and marrow, in exposing the rottenness of an effete superstition, in a certain rude and untaught vigor of expression, his controversial pamphlets bear no inadequate comparison with those of Wycliff. He gave life to Bengali prose; its form was supplied by Babu Akshay Kumar Datta and Pandit Isvarchandra Vidyasagar. The *Tattvabodhini Patriká*, started in 1843 and edited by Babu Akshay Kumar, deserves honorable mention, as taking the lead in this important work. In his writings we find for the first time, a dignity of expression, and oftentimes a balance of sentences, which showed that the art of composition had become a possession of Bengali prose-writers. If Akshay Kumar was the deeper writer, Pandit Isvarchandra was the more widely read. The hard philosophy and harder science of the former, repelled readers who found amusement and instruction in *Betálpanchavinsati*. It ran rapidly through several editions, as did the other works of Vidyasagar. By the popularity of his writings and by the admirable series of graduated test books, which have rendered the learning of Bengali not only easy, but attractive, he has exercised a greater influence than any single individual in raising the tone and fixing the language of Bengali prose. It is, indeed, true, that the bulk of his works consist of translations; but they are translations which deserve to be placed in the same rank with Chapman's translation of Homer, true not only to the spirit of the original, but genuine in their vernacular. The unfailing decorum, however, of his classic style, palled upon many a taste; and a reaction was headed by Tekchand Thakoor, the late lamented Peary Chand Mittra, who set off the light, frolicking, colloquial sentences of আলোর স্বের হুলা against the ponderous gravity of Vidyasagar's early works. And as the English language sprang out of

the union of the Teutonic and classic elements, so the Bengali, of not a few favorite modern writers, is descended from আলালের ঘরের ছলল on the one hand, and সীতার বনদাস on the other.\*

The history of Bengali prose may be divided into three periods, distinguishable from one another by the style in vogue during each. The first is the period of Rammohun Roy, ending with his death in 1832 ; the second is the period of Akshay Kumar and Vidyasagar (1843-1857) ; and the third is the period of graduate authors, from the establishment of the Calcutta University to the present time. The period intervening between 1832 and 1843 is occupied by the *Prabhu-kar*, which contributed more towards the poetry of Bengal than towards its prose. It must not be supposed that these periods are mutually exclusive. They overlap—run into—each other. They only mark the introduction of new features, of which one of the most important is the amount of English influence exercised upon each. Some account has been given of the first two periods in the foregoing paragraph. Indications of English influence upon their respective styles are very scanty. The bold originality of Rammohun Roy could not admit of foreign admixture. An outlandish-looking word here and there, and stray sentences constructed on foreign idiom, both rendered necessary by the exigencies of translation or imitation, plainly show that during the second epoch of Bengali prose, a foreign element was mingling with the purely indigenous style. But it is during the third period, that of the graduate authors, that Bengali prose has become thoroughly saturated with English idioms, and with naturalized English words ; and, in extreme cases, even the mannerism of a favorite English author is reproduced. The reason of this is not far to seek. The attitude of the modern graduate to Bengali literature is very different from that adopted towards it by the old collegians. Partly through a reaction, from the unreasoning contempt of the latter for everything native, partly through an enlightened patriotism, partly through a study of comparative grammar and through a more general diffusion of a knowledge of Sanskrit literature, the graduates of the present day evince a laudable solicitude for the improvement of their national language. The annual reports of the Bengal Library show how earnestly they have set about their task. But there is one difficulty which besets them. They receive an English education, and their minds are fed with English thoughts. When, therefore, they sit down to write in their own vernacular, they generally set forth English ideas in a native garb. The scanty vocabulary of the Bengali language furnishes but inadequate equivalents for all such ideas, and where a tolerably suitable equivalent is found, it cannot



express all the shades of meaning which group round the corresponding word in English. They are, therefore, compelled to fall back upon naturalizing English words, coining new words, and giving to old words a conventional width of meaning. Sometimes they resort to the awkward expedient of placing the original English word brackets next to its unsuggestive translation, and thus resemble the painter who, failing to reproduce the peculiarities of a particular person, is obliged, in order to prevent misunderstanding, to write his name below the picture. Many a sentence is constructed on the idiosyncracies of the English Grammar, and declamation is conducted in the orthodox English fashion. They have so far succeeded in Anglicising the language, and making it conventional, that nobody who is not one of themselves can either thoroughly understand or heartily appreciate it. To a plain gentleman of the old school, a critical or a philosophical article in the *Bangadarsan* or the *Bhārati* would appear to be a perfect jargon of unintelligible symbols. In point of purity or intelligibility, the language of contemporary Bengali prose, and sometimes even of poetry, not unfrequently resembles, *mutatis mutandis*, the following stanza of a poem, composed by the "late Latin tutor" of the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table :—

" In candent ire the solar splendour flames,  
The foes languescient pend from arid rames,  
His humid front the cive, anhelng, wipes,  
And dreams of erring on ventiferous ripes."

Fair criticism, however, while it will point out the hybrid nature of modern Bengali, will admit that to a poor language at this stage of transition is not only an inevitable necessity after its contact with a language richer than itself, but that it is an unmistakeable sign of healthy vitality and abundant powers of assimilation. Every attempt at enriching a language whose literature is struggling into existence deserves commendation rather than censure. It has passed through translation ; it is passing through imitation ; and one is inclined to hope that it will arrive at independence ere long.

Since the spread of English education, dramas and novels have inundated the whole country. It is true that in this dramatic and fictional literature, there is much of trash ; but there is also much solid gold, which will stand every test of the crucible and the furnace. The novel is entirely of foreign origin ; and though this cannot be said of the drama, yet it cannot be denied that it has been much modified both in form and in spirit by English influence. First, as to form. The first original Bengali drama is ভদ্রজুন, written by Taracharan Sikdar in 1854. In the preface the author says :— এই গুস্তক অভ্যন্তরূপে

প্রাণালীতে রচিত হইয়াছে . . . ক্রিয়া ও ঘটনা স্থানের নির্ণয় বিষয়ে  
ইউরোপীয় নাটক প্রায় হইয়াছে, কিন্তু গদ্য, পদ্য রচনার অন্যথা  
করা হয় নাই। সংস্কৃত নাটক সম্বন্ধে কএকজন নাট্যকারকের  
ক্রিয়ায় এতদূর করিনাই, যথা নান্দী স্বরূপ . . . বিদূষক ইত্যাদি।

He then goes on to say that he has subdivided acts into scenes, which last are not found in the Sanskrit drama. There have been further changes since. The custom of using prose and verse dialogues, which prevailed in the Sanskrit drama, and which the writer says he has preserved in his book, has been nearly totally abandoned. In some subsequent dramas, indeed, the স্বরূপ and the নন্দী make their appearance; but people had grown sceptical as to their necessity, and they vanished off the stage. As original Bengali dramas began to be written after a tolerably extensive diffusion of English education, it might be expected that their spirit would be tainted by English admixture. Barring exceptional originality, the majority of dramas is a cross between Sanskrit and English. The ideal of character, the occasional descriptions of nature, the type of female loveliness, are derived from the Sanskrit, or from no external source; but the dramatic culture, that art of making character play on character, that austere conscious self-restraint in not allowing the author's personality to exercise any influence upon his characterization, so far as they exist at all, are derived from the study and an intelligent appreciation of English literature. After the English drama, again, the drama of our country inclines more towards the Gothic than the classical. The characters are many and various, and they are represented, through their action on each other, as being made up of different and even contradictory emotions, instead of being led and dominated by one master passion. Much that has been said about the drama, applies to the novel, which being wholly of English creation, is only more deeply influenced. In imitation of *Hudibras* and *Vanity Fair*, the fictitious literature of Bengal has taken upon itself the discharge of an important function. To reform the crying social evils, to hold up to ridicule the antiquated superstitions, hypocritical piety, and the absurd extravagances of a partial denationalization, have been its task. The doomed widow pining in gloomy solitude and unsympathized-with distress; the woman debased from pursuits which ennoble the heart; the votary of Bacchus reeling and revelling in uncouth carousals, the older savants looking down upon the more advanced views of their enlightened children, have been made themes of passionate appeal or vivid ridicule. In their eagerness, however, to serve a special purpose, the drama and the

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novel have often degenerated into satires and didactic prose pieces. As works of art, their first object must be to please, failing which they will inevitably fail to instruct. A broad humanity and an ample power, have saved Dinabandhu Mitter from those snares and pit-falls into which less wary writers have been betrayed ; and the serene art of Bunkim would have failed to give us his undying works, if he had subordinated the artist to the reformer.

But whatever doubts may be entertained about the influence of English culture on the drama of Bengal, it is certain that its satirical literature is wholly due to the revolutionary movement. Sanskrit, the mother of Bengali, could boast of a Kalidas and a Bhavabhuti, but it had no Aristophanes and no Juvenal. The state of the times was such as invited the appearance of satire. A Tekchand or a Hutum might have existed potentially in the latter end of the 18th century ; but they would have had no occasion then for the display of their brilliant talents. In that condition of society, when old creeds are cast away, and no new ones to take their place, when the sublime and the ridiculous are jumbled into one grotesque and shapeless lump, when men tell beads in the morning and dine off veal cutlets in the afternoon, when religion becomes a hollow mockery, when the existing rules of society are laughed to scorn, when all reverence for the past is drowned in peals of Mephistophelic laughter.—then, indeed, is the time for satire to step forth. Tekchand Thakoor was the first of our satirists. The audacities of Hutum followed. Tekchand is not so fierce as Hutum. In him there is not the fierce indignation, the concentrated venom, the sustained spirit of malignity which we find in Hutum. Tekchand's is the smile of good natured derision not the grim laugh of scorn. His geniality is that of Addison, the ferocious chuckle of Hutum that of Dean Swift himself.

As to the social revolution we trace our literature of satire, so to the revolution in politics we owe our historical and periodical literature and our literature of patriotism. The '*Bengal Gazette*,' the first Bengali newspaper, edited by Gungadhar Bhattacharjee, made its appearance in 1816. Public expression of opinion had been forbidden during the Mahomedan rule ; and this new concession on the part of the governing power was hailed with delight. In those days, however, the press performed but little of those important functions which it performs at present. There was little discussion of political questions, the greater portion of it being devoted to personal affairs and private scandals. It closely identified itself with the literature of satire. The *Prabudkar*, started in 1830 by Isvarchandra Gupta, will justify the above remarks. It was at loggerheads with another paper named *Rasardj*, which was conducted by Gauvi Sankar

Bhattacharjya, nicknamed *ভুতভুত*; and the battle of wit often ended in the exchange of Billingsgate. It remained for Dwarkinath Vidyabhushan, now of the *Somaprakāś*, to reform the press of this abuse. Thus purified, it has become a distinct power in the land. It is multiplying with prodigious rapidity, and its educating influence has penetrated into the most out-of-the-way villages.

The change from absolute despotism to the enlightened principles of a civilized government, has produced a vast effect upon the political instincts of the nation. It has learned to scan its rights; to agitate for its grievances; to have a keen eye to its interests. It has been conscious of its degradation, and possessed with the laudable ambition of raising its head. Under such circumstances it is natural that educated and intelligent persons should have a passion for history, should be eager to learn how nations rise and fall, what gives national strength, what conduces to national greatness. Their heart swells at the names of Washington and Wallace, of Mazzini and Garibaldi, of Leonidas at the pass of Thermopylæ, of Pratāp at the defence of Haldighāt. Hence it is that the burden of many a Bengali drama is the fall of Chittore, the defeat of Prithviraj, the fierce but fruitless courage of the Hindu, the craft and cunning of the Moslem. Hence it is that we find such Bengali songs as *ভারত সংগীত*, instinct with the fire of a genuine and lofty patriotism. Hence it is that the wailings of despair of a degraded nation, haunted by the shades of departed glory, ring through our literature, not unmingled with the consolations of hope for a better day to come.

But all this varied and interesting literature would never have been widely diffused, would never, indeed, have come into being without the printing press. And here, also, an Englishman came to our help. Charles Wilkins, the Sanskrit scholar, who translated *Bhagabatgita* into English, manufactured with his own hands a set of Bengali types in 1778. The work thus nobly begun was carried on by the Serampore Missionaries. The "Tainohar Press" sent out lexicons, prose-works, editions of the Rāmāyān and the Mahābhārat, newspapers, magazines; and now the press has become almost a common property.

The quickening into life of the nation after the consolidation of English power in India, expanded its intellect, and with it, its literature. But side by side with this general change—rather growth—other special changes were in progress. These latter did not make themselves distinctly felt until after the revolutionary influence had acted upon the literature of Bengal for a sufficiently long time. One of the most important of these is the *change in style*. The poetry of Bengal had arrived at the last gasp of sensuous exhaustion in the works of

Bháratchandra. Witness the mercilessness with which he runs down the fancy in his famous বিদ্যার রূপ বর্ণন। Evidently such a style cried loudly for reform. With Bháratchandra's conceits, but without his poetical accomplishment, his imitators made matters worse. Description degenerated from vivid conceptions to rigid formulas. Emotion sank into mannerism. In justice, however, to the Laureate of Krishnachandra, and his less successful followers.—it must be said that this was noticeable not only in his and their works, but also in such standard works as the Rámayán and the Mahábhárat. After all that can be said about these two works, about their having supplied elevated standards of morality to the lower people, about their having satisfied the cravings of the imagination of thousands of untaught hearts, the fact cannot be denied, that they were translations, and as such, were under certain limitations which they could not well get over. Anything which was particularly beautiful in the Sanskrit they were bound to translate, and thus, in the majority of cases, to make it ugly. Sometimes they translated, sometimes they imitated, sometimes they invented. In the description of man and nature, therefore, they often mechanically followed the original without any sympathetic feeling. They had stock subjects for description ;—the dawn, the evening, the beautiful woman. They had stock metaphors and similes. But these defects were more than made up for by their variety, by their simplicity, by their occasional grandeur, by the lofty morality which they breathed. The beauty of woman, the lotus on the pond, the burst of sunrise, the gorgeousness of sunset, are fit objects of description, no doubt ; but it is “the early risers of literature who gather the flowers with the dew still on them.” But when a whole generation of versifiers catches up their words and phrases, their similes and their metaphors, which called up pictures only when conceived at first hand, and uses them as so many formulæ, without the concurrence of emotion, without a living sense of beauty, without the intensity of enjoyment, the times are ripe for a reform.

“Whenever you see the cooling western breeze,  
In the next line it whispers thro the trees”—

Such was the rigid, frozen-up condition of Bengali literature. This state of things could not last long, and it would have mended sooner or later if left to itself. But the reformation was hastened by the revolution of ideas consequent on English education. The great movement of thought which upheaved and dislocated the settled strata of dogma and immemorial custom, told on the style of our literature. Stereotyped descriptions were thrown overboard. The inevitable lotus, smiling

at the approach of her lord, the inevitable *kokil* thrilling the souls of absent lovers with exquisite pangs, the inevitable black-bee making love to his paramour lily, were sent about their business. Old metres were discarded; old canons of criticism set at naught. In one of his sonnets, Michael Madhusudan Datta spoke of rhyme, the life and soul of ancient poetry, as a relic of primitive barbarism, which the advancing civilization will abolish, as it abolished tattooings and nose-rings. The individuality and independence of poets were sought to be asserted, and authority was laughed to scorn. Men recorded their personal experiences of joy and pain, and did not transcribe with sham emotion and maudlin sentimentalism the experiences of others. This change in style has its good side and its bad side. While favouring originality, it has brought individual idiosyncracies and grotesqueness into stronger relief. But on the whole its effect has been beneficial to the free and healthy growth of Bengali literature. It has emancipated that literature from the shackles of narrow conventionalisms.

The new style is typified in the writings of Michael Madhusudan Datta. In them its beauties have been carried to perfection and its defects exaggerated. It is true that Michael has helped himself from the literature of every age and country. But imitation and reproduction do not make his poetry. A bold originality, a firm grasp of the larger and nicer aspects of nature, and a keen appreciation of whatever is lovely in the intellectual and moral world, have combined to bring forth works which mark an epoch in Bengali literature. The flight of his imagination is undaunted. Heaven hides nothing from its view, nor the deep tracts of hell. In sublimity and colossal force, his characters are the first of their kind. Both in his expressions and his sentiments, exquisite softness alternate with stern hardihood: "Like linnets in the pauses of the wind," you can hear the whisperings of love amid the thunders of the battlefield. He scornfully rejected favorite rhyme, and chose blank verse as the vehicle of his poetry, which he at once introduced and popularized. In his poetical sympathy he rose above the prejudices of his countrymen. "Rām and his rabble" were not to his taste; but the grim majesty of the demon king inflamed his imagination. The individuality of his genius, however, was the cause of his occasional grotesqueness; and we are sometimes compelled to admit that nothing but a plenitude of power could save his sublime from degenerating into the ridiculous. The ease with which his language lends itself for the purposes of the parodist is also traceable to the same cause. His defects have been corrected without his beauties being impaired in the later works of Baboo Hemchandra Banerjia.

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The transformation of the idea of love is another marked change, which can be observed even by the most casual observer. The emotion of love has played, and will play, a most important part in the literature of every country. But for a variety of reasons, it was *par excellence* the subject of Bengali poetry. The only other subject which shared with it the attention of the poet was religion. In the early part of Bengali literature the idea of love was not such as would approach in purity and loftiness of feeling, its modern conception. It might at first sight seem strange that, descended from a literature which had its *Sitá* and its *Sakuntálá*, the literature of Bengal could be blamed for the lowness of the standard of affection between the sexes. But it must be remembered that when Bengali literature came into existence, the days of *Sitá* and *Sakuntálá* had gone by, and the days of *Shahrzade* and *Dinarzade* had succeeded. Woman was no longer the object of fervent adoration, of chivalrous homage; she was a mere toy and plaything to man, "to keep with his meals, comfort his bed, and talk to him sometimes." The result was that she was looked upon with all the grossness of primitive passion, and the carnal voluptuousness of Persian *gazls* was breathed into the poetry of Bengal. It reached its climax in the unreadable verses of *Vidyáshúdar*. With the English culture, a new era dawned. The old Aryan respect for woman was revived, and love was purged of its offensive excrescences. English poets and English novelists—Wordsworth and Scott.—had a great deal to do with this change. After Scott, Babu Bunkim Chunder has learned the art of giving us to understand, not by big sentimental descriptions, but by faint and almost imperceptible touches, the existence of a passion, which, by its very muteness, attains to exquisite refinement. This depth and sacredness of ideal love have done much to raise the tone of the whole literature. We can, now conceive—

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort and command;  
And yet a spirit still, and bright  
With something of an angel-light."

The next novelty due entirely to English influence is "Transcendentalism" in Bengali literature. For transcendentalism, indeed, it does not require to go beyond the teachings of Hindu philosophy; but to transport philosophy into the region of art, to enliven cold intellectuality with the warmth of emotion, are entirely modern creatures which we have borrowed from the English. In many of our modern poets, we discover an over-abundance of thought, an overflowing of the meditative mood. There is a tendency to establish a relation between the external and the internal world, between the soul of man and

the soul of nature. This feature is entirely absent in our older works. It is owing to the influence of Wordsworth and Shelley that it exists in the literature of modern Bengal. Every trifling incident sets the poet off on a train of musing. A lotus trembling in water, the cuckoo waking its rapturous note in the fulness of spring, suggests some sublime theme to the imagination of the poet. A flower is no longer only the ornament for the tresses of the fair, but is the key which, properly applied, will reveal the mysteries of God and man. A longing wistfulness for fathoming the depths of the inscrutable pervades the writings of many poets and prose-writers. But it often happens that deceived by the luminous mist of philosophy, blinded by the fierce light of science, and harassed by the obstinate questionings of invisible things, they fall back upon the warmth of the heart for soothing and repose, and relinquish metaphysics for emotion. Allied to this is the love of nature for its own sake, which has lately made its appearance in Bengali literature. Nature was hitherto useful only as the background to the figures of man and woman. But now it has asserted an independent existence. A poet can muse away the whole day by gazing at the beauties of the landscape. The vast expanse of the starry sky has the power to "free, arouse, dilate" him. The sky, the sea, the moon riding in splendour, all aspects of nature, whether lit up by sunshine or overcast in storm, the pleasure of the pathless wood, the beauty of the lonely shore, are all subjects of his enraptured description. And what is more, this nature is not a dead mechanical thing, regulated by merely physical laws, but has a soul, which is the external counterpart of the internal soul of man. Like Wordsworth, we make love to nature, and extract a philosophy out of it. Like Shelley, we invest it with mystic metaphysics. Like Byron, we make it the cue for pouring forth passionate rhapsodies. This interfusion of passion into external nature is only a very recent development, and its latest expressions are to be found in the beautiful lyrics of Rabindra Nath Tagore, in the powerful verses of Nabin Chandra Sen, and the sublime poetry of Hemchandra Banerjee.

The exuberance of fancy is a distinctly new element in our literature. To some of our poets "nothing is so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy." They live in dreams. Their poetry lulls us to a kind of waking sleep—a semi-unconsciousness in which we dream pleasant dreams. Fairy forms flit before us more guessed than seen. They delight to haunt wilds of roses, and sleep by the murmuring fountain. In the older literature there was nothing of this sort. A poor huntsman, his faithful consort, his poverty, his devotion, his righteousness, are the themes of our greatest poet. For him the rough world had poetry enough. He described real man



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and real woman. But Shelley, Keats, and Tennyson have taught us new things. Men and women of flesh and blood are now refined off into a more delicate spirituality. The jar, the harshness, the prosaic vulgarity of this actual world, find no place in our Utopia of ease, of dreams, of voluptuous languor. ভগ্নহৃদয় of Rabindra Nath Tagore is an instance in point.

One of the chief characteristics of modern Bengali literature is the complexity of emotion with which it deals. This is as it should be. Ancient literature is simpler than later literatures, and that for this reason. The literature of an age or country is the expression of its social and political conditions, of its thoughts and its emotions. And generally, the conditions of ancient life were simpler. The currents of thought may be deeper, but they are not numerous; neither are the emotions various and contradictory. Parallel currents run on without mixing their waters, or without interfering with the course of each other. Not so with a subsequent age, especially if it is an age of expansion. *Œdipus* typifies an ancient character; *Lear*, a modern one. The simplicity of ancient Bengali literature is ascribable to the simplicity of the environments amid which it was born. After the sudden expansion and complex evolution of society since English supremacy, there was every reason for the literature to be complex. But this social influence has been strengthened by the influence of English education. The study of English literature, which is one of the most complex literatures in the world, prepared the Bengali mind for the conception and expression of those complex thoughts and emotions which could not have existed in a former age. Various as human nature must be the art which expresses it. A memorable passage in *Jogesh*, a very recent work, very aptly exemplifies this. What depth of despair, of remorse, of love, of infinite pity, is expressed in that piercing shriek of *Mandakini*,—"চিঁতা যে নিবিল, নাথ!"

In the foregoing pages an attempt has been made to describe, in the briefest outline, some of the principal changes in the literature of Bengal brought about by what may be called the English revolution. It cannot be maintained with truth that the tendency of these changes has been always beneficial. They have partially denationalized our literature. As we depend upon Manchester for our clothing, and upon Sheffield for our cutlery, so we depend upon Byron and Shelley for our poetical inspiration, and upon Macaulay for the rounding off of our prose periods. We have not as yet been able to assimilate and make our own the various influences of Western civilization. Eastern and Western thoughts have been

dovetailed into one another, but not blended and fused into a harmonious whole. The peeping out of a jewel of Western thought, awkwardly set on a groundwork of native ideas, is as unpleasant as on the stage the audible promptings of a prompter would be. Our literature has been made to advance by forced marches; instead of developing from within, it has gathered accretions from without. It resembles a hot-house plant; the garden of roses of Sir W. Siemens, made to bloom into precocious and premature beauty by the keener influence of the electric light. The familiar conversation of educated Young Bengal is parallel in its structure to the literature of Young Bengal. Both are hybrid. We think, as we talk, in English-Bengali and Bengali-English. Not only England, but the whole of Europe, through England, has influenced us. Our literature is piebald with patches of magnificent hue, torn from the gorgeous robes of Dante and Petrarch, of Goethe and Hugo, of Milton and Shelley. We would have none of the Heaven and Hell of Vedavyás, but those of the author of the *Paradise Lost*, and the author of the *Divine Comedy*. How have we sometimes longed to fly from the august presence, in our literature of foreign geniuses, to the native-born poetry of *Kabikankan*, the most national of our poets! From the overwrought grandeur and involved beauty of contemporary poetry, to the simple charms of our old homely verses, to the unbooked freshness, the simplicity, the straightforwardness of expression! From the grand pictures of *Britra* and *Meghnád* to *Káliketu* and *Fullará*! However that may be, the career of Bengali literature, under the auspices of England, has fairly begun. The life which was crushed out of it between the serene contempt of the Sanskritists who despised it as *bhāshá*, and the haughty neglect of the old collegians who hated it as *native*, has now returned to it. It has gathered all, or nearly all, the elements requisite for a healthy and vigorous development, and it now remains for it to harmonize and combine them. We, perhaps, living in the blaze of contemporary events, are blind to many of its shortcomings, but our posterity will be able to form a better judgment. And, possibly, two centuries later, the nineteenth century Bengali literature will be relegated to its proper place, the transition stage between a national Bengali literature and a Bengali literature, still national, but richer, fuller, more powerful. •

BARADĀ C. MITRA.

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## ART. VIII.—ECONOMIC REFORM IN RURAL INDIA.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### *A Better Market.*

#### (SECTION III).—OUTLINE OF A METHOD FOR APPLYING THE REMEDY INDICATED.

*(Continued from the "Calcutta Review," April 1885.)*

"At this juncture . . . it pleased God, in mercy to a suffering people, to inspire the King of Holland with confidence in apparently, the wildest schemer of his realm. . . . His scheme resolved itself into making the crown cottiers plant such portions of the crown lands as were not required to grow rice for their own subsistence, with the colonial products in demand in Europe, and best suited to the soil."

"Under this new system . . . the villagers soon relieved themselves from the grip of the Chinese money-lenders."

"The one branch of the" (Java) "culture system in full operation in India,—the opium culture, —is the happiest feature in our revenue sheet."—

*Java, or How to Manage a Colony*, by J. W. B. Money.—

"The" (opium) "system may be regarded as the most successful and effective one by which, in India, the State comes to the aid of the agriculturist."—

*Mr. T. W. Hollierness.*

"The demand for jute in Europe has contributed more than any administrative measure to raise the standard of comfort throughout Eastern Bengal."

*Hon'ble W. W. Hunter.*

HAVING now shown grounds for believing that it is in the power of the Government of India to relieve, to a considerable extent, its ryots and itself from the grievous burdens of loss by exchange and loss by depreciation of the value of produce, I will try to outline a scheme for applying the remedy which I propose, and to show how and why its adoption would tend to remove the obstacles to the ryot's access to the markets of Europe.

Here, as in the other reforms suggested in these chapters, it is necessary that any criticism which they may receive should carefully distinguish between the soundness or unsoundness of the principles advanced, and the soundness or unsoundness of the detailed proposals for carrying them into action. Such details cannot be satisfactorily worked out except by local experts closely acquainted with the special conditions of each separate province, division, and district. That the principles put forward are in the main sound, I have a confident belief. As to the correctness of the particular methods suggested for applying them, I feel extreme diffidence, being too fully conscious of the extraordinary variations between districts of the same province, even of the same division, to underrate the depth of the differences between provinces and presidencies.

An attempt was made in the third chapter to calculate, approximately, the probable amount of advances that would

be annually required by the ryots of Bengal, Madras, Bombay, the North-West Provinces, Punjab, and Oudh, if the economic reforms in respect of rent and land improvement, suggested in Chapters I. and II., were introduced. From the data collected in Chapter III., supplemented by various broad assumptions, the conclusion was reached that—

- (1), the amount annually required would be about nineteen million pounds sterling (£18,994,442) or, at 1s. 8d. to the rupee, Rs. 22,79,33,310, (the land revenue of the seven provinces being Rs. 20,28,21,270) ;
- (2), the rate of interest charged should be 9 per cent. ;
- (3), the advances would be repaid within six months for the spring crop (rabi), and within four months for the autumn crop (kharit) ;
- (4), the required capital should be found and distributed by the State ;
- (5), the system of Government advances to the Indian ryot to facilitate production is of considerable antiquity, is familiar both to the people and to the State, and is reverted to, to this day, whenever exceptional calamity attacks the agricultural classes ;
- (6), the chronic depression of these classes imperatively demands that this help should be given, not as the exception but as the rule, and that until it can be proved that the giving of this help is beyond the associated strength of the Government, the zamindars, and the leading ryots, the duty of performing it,—a duty belonging naturally and historically to the Government itself,—should not be given up, in the hope that it will be discharged by private enterprise ;
- (7), to such extent as the revenue establishments, working through the zamindars and leading ryots are unable to perform this work, it should be entrusted to a special agency, similar to that of the Opium Department.

Statistics were given of the working of the Opium Department in a typical district (Rae Bareli) as a proof of the extraordinarily cheap rate at which the Government can provide an efficient agency for supplementing the distribution of advances through land-owners, by direct dealings with the ryots where necessary. And I quoted, and again quote, the following extract from an unpublished note by the Under Secretary to the Government of India in the Revenue and Agricultural Department (Mr. T. W. Holderness), dated 4th March, 1882 :—" The (Opium) Department deals with bodies of cultivators represented by a headman whom they select themselves. The magnitude

of the transactions of the Opium Department, is shown by the fact that the sum advanced annually aggregates two hundred lakhs, or two millions sterling . . . . . In ordinary years advances for opium growing are recovered with hardly any loss, and *the system may be regarded as the most successful and effective one by which, in India, the State comes to the aid of the agriculturist.* Its leading principles are the recognition of joint responsibility, and the unremitting supervision exercised by the Opium Officers and their native subordinates over the borrowers."

The reform which I venture to suggest is such an application and extension of this system as would aim at gradually securing the following results :—

The annual distribution on suitable conditions of advances for the cultivation of the products best suited for the markets of Europe ;

on a scale large enough to yield these special products to a total export value, on sale in the markets of Europe, of seventeen millions sterling (£17,000,000) a year ;

the employment of the agency of the zamindars and head ryots to the greatest possible extent ;

the association of the Government officers, the zamindars, and ryots in a combined effort to raise the cultivation of the selected staples to the special standards of excellence required by the European markets ; to place the produce grown in the best of these markets at the best time, and with the greatest possible economy at all stages of the joint transaction from start to finish ; and to secure to each of these three partners in the joint enterprise their fair share in the total profits.

The scheme appeals to the self-interest of each of the parties directly affected by it. It does not aim at enriching the ryot at the expense of the zamindar, or the zamindar at the expense of the ryot, or the State at the expense of both.

It rests on the simple, obvious truth that the income of all three is derived from the same source, the grain heap ; that it is for the advantage of all three that so much of the grain heap as goes into the market should go into the best market that can be reached, and that for attaining this joint object a joint effort has to be made.

As experiment alone can show how far such a scheme is practicable, that is, how far the proved success of the opium system can be extended, (freed from the monopoly and other drawbacks of that system) to other staples, the questions present themselves :—which of the leading staples of the Indian export trade offers the most suitable field for the experiment ? At what portion of the area on which it is grown ? Where shall we find the most promising conditions

as to minimum of risk of failure and maximum of probable useful result if the experiment is successful?

I find the answer to these questions in the following extracts, and in those already given in the first section of this chapter :

"That for the best of these Indian wheats, (the fine soft white), on the day they were valued in Mark Lane market, a price was offered as high as that for American Winters, New Zealand, or English . . . . . proves that the great value of the Indian wheat is becoming recognised here,—a knowledge that will ere long extend to all our markets . . . . . The character and general excellence of the Indian wheats are improving with the deliveries of each successive season . . . . *there is no doubt an outlet in this country and the European continent for unlimited quantities at prices that shall prove remunerative to all parties concerned, either in their growth, transportation, or conversion into flour and bread.*" (Report on Indian Wheats by Messrs. McDougall Brothers of London, December 1882).

"It appears that the soft white wheat which commands the highest price in the English markets, is grown to great perfection in Northern India, Rajputana, and Guzerat, and is commonly known under the names of *daudi* or *daudkhani*. It prefers a rich loam soil, well manured and irrigated, and a moderately severe winter. Soft red wheat ranks next in order of value in the European markets . . . . . The former is on a par with English wheat and the best Colonial wheats. The soft red wheats are 4s. or 5s. the quarter less valuable. The information . . . . . places the home of the former in the Punjab and the Meerut Division of the North-West Provinces, and of the latter in the Central Provinces . . . . . The area under wheat in British India is about 20 million acres, and the yield between 5½ and 6 million tons." (Government of India Resolution, Revenue and Agricultural Department, 1884). "I know no valid reason why India should not in time supply the whole of what is called the foreign or imported wheat into England, which amounts annually to about 56 million cwts., worth thirty-one millions sterling." (President, Agricultural and Horticultural Society of India, Proceedings, July 1883). The Government of India Resolution on the Indian wheat crop of 1884-85 states, that in 1883-84 India exported to the United Kingdom and to Europe 1,047,824 tons, and in 1884-85, 792,714 tons. "Oudh and Meerut" (the Meerut Division) "which form only a third of the total area of the (North-West) Provinces, contribute no less than 57 per cent. of the area under the best form of wheat production" (in the N. W. P.). "The cultivation in both is exceptionally good and careful." (Minute on the Wheat Trade of the N. W. P. and

Oudh, by Mr. W. C. Benett, Director, Department of Agriculture and Commerce, 1884, para. 10). "The main (N. W. P.) granaries for export purposes are Oudh and Meerut; while Agra, Benares and Allahabad are relatively of no importance as yet as wheat-producers for export." (*Ib.* para. 16).

These extracts, and the information given in the Yellow Pamphlet, "Punjab Wheat," the Home Department Selections about wheat production, and Mr. W. C. Benett's Minute on the Wheat Trade of the N. W. P. and Oudh, lead me to propose wheat as, at present, the most suitable staple for the experiment, and the best and most accessible wheat lands of the Meerut Division and of Oudh as specially suitable localities. Whatever locality is chosen to begin with, the scale of operations in the selected area should strictly correspond to the proportion subsisting between that area and the total area on which operations would have to be conducted hereafter, in order to produce the full benefits aimed at.

Let it be supposed, then, that the proper special product for the Meerut Division is wheat, and that the experiment is to be tried in a district of that division, on a scale large enough to correspond with what would be required from that district if the scheme were in full operation all over British India, and each district had to furnish its due quota of the seventeen millions worth of produce for State export.

On this supposition, what are the requirements as to area of cultivation, amount of advances, and special agency?

First, as to *area of cultivation*.

As noted in the table already given in Chapter III., the total land revenue of the seven provinces is Rs. 20,28,21,270. Of this amount the North-West Provinces contribute Rs. 4,24,67,440, or 21 (20·93) per cent. Taking this proportion as determining the share of the whole Imperial remittance to be borne by these provinces, the share of the North-West Provinces would be 21 per cent. of the £17,000,000, or £3,570,000. Similarly, the land revenue of the Meerut Division being (nearly) 19 per cent. of the whole land revenue of the N. W. P., the share of the Meerut Division in the £17,000,000 would be 19 per cent. of £3,570,000 or £678,300. "The price of wheat in the English market is subject," says the Director of Agriculture, N. W. P. (Mr. W. C. Benett) "to considerable fluctuation: it would not be unsafe to take it at a general average of 40s. per quarter."—(Report, dated 25th July, 1884, published in N. W. P. Gazette of 11th October, 1884, para. 23). Assuming this average value in London, for the imperial quarter of 496 lbs., the £678,300 to be remitted by the Meerut Division represents a remittance of 339,150 imperial quarters of wheat, or 168,218,400 lbs. The same authority says (para. 5)—"The

harvests reaped in the canal-irrigated tracts of Meerut and round the wells of Oudh are hardly, if at all, inferior in quantity to good crops in England, where the average on all classes of soil is 28 bushels. In assuming 22 bushels as the average produce per acre on irrigated lands in these provinces, I feel that I am well within the mark."

The "fine soft white" Indian wheat, whose home is in the Punjab and in the Meerut Division, weighed, in Messrs. McDougall Brothers' experiments, 64 lbs. per bushel. Taking the yield of the irrigated and manured wheat lands of the Meerut Division at 22 bushels per acre, and the bushel at only 60 lbs., the average outturn per acre on this class of land will be 1,320 lbs. Deducting from this yield 120 lbs., which, according to Mr. Duthie and Mr. Fuller (*Field and Garden Crops*, N. W. P. & Oudh, I., p. 4), is the average amount of seed per acre, the net exportable yield per acre is 1,200 lbs. At this rate the required area in the Meerut Division will be 140,182 acres. Omitting the Dehra Dún District as exceptionally small, and otherwise unsuited for the experiment, and distributing this area over the other five districts of the division, the required area, in whichever of them might be chosen, would be 28,036 acres. The present irrigated wheat area of these five districts is 7,29,071 acres, or an average per district of 1,45,814 acres. Their total cultivated area is 44,22,209 acres, being an average of 8,84,442 acres per district. The required area, then, in any of these five districts, would be less than a thirtieth part of the whole cultivated area, and less than a fifth part of the irrigated wheat area.

This fact seems to warrant the expectation that the required area could be found in one-fourth (or a smaller number) of the villages of the division, that is, in 2,155 (or fewer) villages out of the total number of 8,661, being an average of 433 villages (or less) per district. Those villages would be chosen which, other conditions being equal, lie nearest to railway stations. In the Meerut Division there are twenty-two stations on the main line in a railway length of about 202 miles. None of the five districts has less than four stations. Of these, in the selected district, three would be chosen as centres of circles with a radius of 10 or 12 miles. Within this radius the required area should be sought for. It would average in each of the three

circles  $\frac{28,036}{3} \Rightarrow 9,345$  acres, lying in  $\frac{433}{3} = 144\frac{1}{3}$  villages. These villages should be divided into not less than four subsidiary

groups, at the rate of about  $\frac{144}{4} = 36$  villages per group, and

an average area of operation of  $\frac{9,345}{4} = 2,336$  acres. The



railway station would be the centre of one of these groups, and accessible and important villages would be chosen as the centres of the other groups. The number of cultivators to be dealt with may be taken, roughly, at one for each acre of the required area, or an average of 28,036 per district, 9,345 per circle, and 2,336 per sub-circle. As in the case of opium, these cultivators would be dealt with through head-men (Lambardars) chosen by themselves. The number of head-men may be put at one to every twenty-seven cultivators,—(a proportion actually obtaining among the opium cultivators of Rae Bareilly, as mentioned in Chapter III.,—or 1,038 per district, 346 per circle, and 87 per sub-circle)

*Amount of advances.*—For the present purpose of giving an outline of the proposed scheme, it is not of much importance to define at all rigidly the proportion of advance to crop. The following considerations lead me to believe that advances at the rate of Rs. 10 per acre would be liberal and adequate. This rate slightly exceeds the Rae Bareilly opium exemplar in Chapter III. The advances in that case amounted to Rs. 1,83,330 on an area of 19,263 acres, or Rs. 9-8-3 per acre, and represented 17-8 per cent. of the total price (including price advanced) paid by Government to the cultivators.

At the assumed outturn of 22 bushels (1,320 lbs.) per acre, and valuing this at 20 *sirs* the rupee, or Rs. 2 a maund, the value of the wheat crop per acre would be Rs. 32 and a fraction, and the advance would represent 31½ per cent. of the value.

The best and most recent estimates of the cost of growing an acre of wheat in the North-West Provinces put the items which have to be paid in cash at Rs. 12-8-0. "The remainder are contributed in the case of at least nine-tenths of our cultivators almost entirely by the tenant himself, his family, and his oxen." (Director's Report, dated 25th July, 1884, and Field and Garden Crops, N. W. P. & Oudh, I., p. 6). The items payable in cash are cost of seed (estimated at Rs. 3), canal dues (Rs. 1-8-0), and rent (Rs. 8-0-0.) As the rent and canal dues do not fall due till after harvest, the great value of advances of Rs. 10 per acre at low interest is manifest.

The amount to be advanced will be, at this rate, in the selected district, Rs. 10 × 28,036, or Rs. 2,80,360.

The question of *agency* divides itself into two branches: the agency required for working the advances, getting the required area sown, and the produce delivered, and the additional agency required for disposing of the produce acquired in the best market.

The following table compares, under the heads already worked out, the work to be done in the selected district with the

work actually done by the Opium Officer of Rae Bareli in 1881-82 (already detailed in Chapter III.) :—

Items of comparison.	OPIMUM.	WHEAT.
	Actuals, Rae Bareli, 1881-82.	Estimates (for any selected district of the Meerut Division.)
Area of operation, in acres ...	19,263.	28,036.
Amount of advances, in rupees ...	Rs. 1,83,330 = Rs. 9 8 3 per acre.	Rs. 2,80,360 = Rs. 10 per acre.
Number of cultivators dealt with ...	42,635	28,036
Number of representatives (Lambardars)...	1,557	1,038
Number of villages (mouzahs) operated in...	1,405	433
Weight of produce acquired (in maunds and tons) ...	5,161 mds. = 189 tons.	4,51,311 mds. = 16,521 tons.
Price of produce payable to the cultivators in addition to advance (in Rupees) ...	Rs. 8,45,085	Rs. 6.22.262 (at Rs. 2 a md.=20 sirs per rupee.)
Percentage of advances to total price ...	17·8	31·06

The area operated on will, it will be seen, be larger, but much more compact than in the case of opium. The amount advanced is also larger, but the number of recipients and their representatives is likely to be much smaller. The weight of produce to be acquired (which represents, in the Table, the gross outturn, including the portion to be reserved for seed) is of course immensely larger, the price of wheat at 20 *sirs* the rupee being a one-hundredth part of the price of opium (as paid to the cultivators) at Rs. 5 the *sir*. This enormous difference in the relation of bulk to value will necessitate special arrangements for cartage, on a scale and of a kind wholly different to those of the Opium Department. This fact constitutes the principal difference between the two systems, on the side of increased difficulty. On the other hand throughout the greater part of the transactions, the balance of ease and simplicity will be on the side of wheat. None of the complications caused by the Government monopoly of opium and

by the wide difference between its selling (monopoly) price, and the price paid to the cultivators, will exist in the case of the wheat. No precautions will be necessary against illicit cultivation or smuggling. No elaborate testing with chemical apparatus and the microscope will be wanted, as in the case of opium. There will be no process of manufacture, since the raw product will be exported. In support of these assertions, ample proof will be found in the Rules for the guidance of Officers in the Opium Department, published at the Bengal Secretariat Press, and in the Ghazipur Volume (XIII, Part II.) of the N. W. Provinces Gazetteer, 1884, where an interesting account is given of the rise and development of the Opium Department, the cultivation of the plant, and delivery of the drug (pages 23 to 29); the receipt, classification, and storage of the opium at the Ghazipur factory; its preparation for the Indian and China markets, (pages 37 to 78); and the system by which the cultivators are paid (page 79).

There are, I think, good grounds for believing, after a comparison of the work to be done with that done by the Opium Officers, that as regards all processes connected with the distribution and collection of the advances, and with getting the required area sown and the produce delivered, an additional district establishment, organized on the scale of a district opium establishment, would suffice. As noted in Chapter III., one of these opium establishments consisted (in Rae Bareilly) of one European officer, two gomasthas, seven moharirs, thirty-four zilladars, eight barkandazes and one orderly. Salaries and travelling allowances amounted to Rs. 9,710. Measurement charges, stationery and miscellaneous expenses came to Rs. 1,130 more = total Rs. 10,840.

Commission to 'Lambardars' cost Rs. 5,142, or about Re. 1 per maund of opium delivered, or 8 annas per cent. of the price paid for it to the cultivators. In the case of wheat a similar allowance would amount (in the selected district) to Rs. 4,513. Weighment and transit charges for opium came, at Rae Bareilly, to Rs. 5,107, but the immense disparity between wheat and opium as regards ratio of bulk to value, makes this item useless for the present estimate. Moreover, such charges, in the case of wheat, would be debited to the export account, and met from the price ultimately realized, whereas the charges hitherto noticed would be debited to the advances account, and met from the interest realized.

As they amount to (Rs. 10,840 + Rs. 4,513 =) Rs. 15,353, a charge of  $6\frac{1}{4}$  per cent. interest (or one anna in the rupee) on the amount advanced (Rs. 2,80,360), or Rs. 17,522, would cover them and leave a margin of Rs. 2,169.

If the proposed establishment accomplished nothing more.

than assisting the supply of agricultural capital to this extent, and at this cost to the cultivators, it would, in my opinion, give them substantial relief.

The further great advantages which seem to be attainable by sensible organization on this basis make it, I submit, inexcusable not to attempt this, or some similar enterprise in the interests not only of the State, the zamindar, and the cultivator, but of the Indian trade with Europe.

To estimate the extent to which the agency already proposed (to be paid for from the interest on the advances) will have to be supplemented by additional agency (to be paid for out of the price ultimately realized for the acquired products), it is necessary to review the operations in which State action is proposed, and to consider how far they seem to be within or beyond the capacity of the agency suggested above.

These operations fall under three heads—(I), work before harvest; (II), work after harvest, from the threshing floor to the State granary; (III), export business.

- 1, *The work before harvest* would consist in—(1) Negotiating with the required number of cultivators for cultivating the required area on the proposed terms;
- 2, Executing suitable agreements, as in the case of opium, with their representatives (lambardars);
- 3, Supplying them, on credit, with the best seed procurable, of the kind selected;
- 4, Disbursing the advances at suitable time, as in the case of opium;
- 5, Ensuring that the area stipulated in the agreements is really sown.

Of these five operations, the first, second, fourth, and fifth correspond to closely similar branches of work done by the Opium officers, and seem to be fully within the capacity of a district establishment of the proposed scale. The third requires separate notice.

*Supplying on credit unmixed and carefully selected seed.*—“The amount of seed used per acre varies,” say Mr. Duthie and Mr. Fuller, “from 100 to 140 lbs.” (*Field and Garden Crops*, N.-W. P. and Oudh, I., p. 4). Taking the mean, 120 lbs. per acre, the amount of seed-grain to be acquired and distributed will be one-eleventh of the gross out-turn, at 1,320 lbs. per acre, or in all (see Table at page 353)  $\frac{16,521}{11} = 1,502$  maunds, or  $\frac{16,521}{11} = 1,502$  tons.

The average amount to be distributed in each of the 433 villages would be nearly 95 maunds, or 3.47 tons.

For the first season of the experiment special arrangements

would be necessary, such as ascertaining the most accessible points, at which thoroughly good grain of the required kind could be procured, purchasing the necessary amount as soon as possible after the harvest preceding the season of experiment, and carefully storing it at each centre of distribution.

In subsequent years the required amount would be obtained by selecting it out of the highest grade of wheat delivered, and storing it for the seven months between harvest and seed-time.

The work, then, of the Wheat officer would consist, under this head, of:—(1) collecting at harvest time in each of his three circles about  $\frac{41,028}{3} = 13,676$  maunds, or  $\frac{1,502}{3} = 501$  tons of the best soft white wheat procurable, about a fourth of this quantity, or 3,419 maunds, (125 tons) being collected in each sub-circle; (2) storing it for about seven months; (3) distributing at seed-time this same quantity of seed-grain, 3,419 maunds, in each of the twelve sub-circles to about 2,336 cultivators, represented by about 87 'Iambardars.'

With or without the active co-operation of the zamindars, this task does not seem to present any difficulty.

II. *Work after harvest, from the threshing floor to the State granary*, would embrace the following operations:—

- (1) Action to secure cleaner threshing and more thorough winnowing;
- (2) Taking delivery of the crop;
- (3) Bagging and labelling;
- (4) Protection of the produce purchased till it is carted away;
- (5) Transport from the threshing floor to the circle-dépôt;
- (6) Final cleaning, grading, and weighing;
- (7) Preliminary settlement of cultivator's accounts;
- (8) Selecting and storing seed for the next season.

*Action "to secure cleaner threshing and more thorough winnowing."* The necessity for better cleaning was noticed in section I of this chapter. As long ago as 1879, Dr. Forbes Watson suggested that the causes of the inferior quality of Indian shipments (of wheat) might be easily removed, by the introduction of some simple screening and winnowing machines. As remarked in the Punjab Government Resolution of 19th March, 1885, (para. 5) "the chief economical drawback is the "dirty condition in which the grain is usually purchased, and the "first thing is to obtain, if possible, a clean wheat for export, "unmixed with dirt and other inferior grain . . . . . The agriculturist has, at present little or no interest in turning out a "clean sack of wheat, as the middleman pays him no more "for the cleaned article than is paid for uncleared wheat. "But this state of things obtains to a marked degree only where

*"the cultivator is deeply in the debt of the middleman . . . . ."*

"It is admitted on all hands that at present the cost of threshing and winnowing machines is prohibitive to the small holder, but it has been suggested that it would perhaps not be beyond his means to thresh his wheat on a wood, canvas, or matting floor, and that a common fan would be far more efficacious than winnowing the grain by exposing it to the action of the wind."

In this matter of cleaning, the Punjab Government thinks that all that can be done is to point out to the people that in the long run their interests will be found identical with those of the buyer. This view is undoubtedly correct as long as Government action is confined to its present groove, admitting only of such desultory and unsystematic injunctions as overworked officials can issue. As long as things remain in this groove, so long will the effect of such Government action be infinitesimal. But under the system which I propose the position would be widely different. The influence of the Government would make itself felt, not by word but by deed; not through a district officer distracted by a multiplicity of other business, but through a special officer whose sole business would be to gain the confidence of thousands of cultivators, and to convince them of the reality of the joint interest between themselves and the Government in the business of growing the best possible wheat, and getting the best possible price for it. The extraordinary rapidity with which the Bihia cane-mill is displacing the country *kollu* in the Upper Duab, has demonstrated the readiness of the ryot to adopt a real improvement, suited to his work, his habits, and his pocket. It would not be difficult for the Directors of the Provincial Agricultural Departments to arrange with the local Officers for the peripatetic exhibition of suitable hand-threshers and winnowers, and to organize their use on hire at the lowest rates that would cover wear and tear, interest on capital sunk, and transport from place to place, the labour of working them being provided by the hirers. It is not easy to believe that, in one way or another, it would not be within the power of the Directors and local Officers to secure the gradual adoption of improved appliances of the kind under notice, by the cultivators negotiated with.

*In taking delivery, bagging, labelling, and protecting the produce purchased till it is carted away*, a sufficient number of strong sacks and stout labels would be required: the sacks to hold about three maunds (four bushels), and to be so made as to be easily closed, sealed, and labelled. The labels to be printed in Urdu and English with lines headed 'name of village,' 'zilladar,' 'lambardar,' and 'cultivator.' The zillahdar of

each sub-circle would distribute the sacks at harvest and would supervise the work of bagging the grain, and closing, sealing, and labelling the sacks as soon as possible after winnowing. It would also be his business to see that each sack contained full weight; to give each cultivator a receipt for the number of sacks and weight of grain delivered by him; and to impress on the cultivators and their 'lambardar,' the necessity of carefully watching and protecting the village consignment until its removal to the circle depôt.

*Transport from the threshing floor to the circle-depôt.* In the agreements executed by the ryots dealt with, it would have been specified for each cultivator whether, after bagging, labelling, and sealing, he would make his own arrangements for conveying his sacks to the circle-depôt, or would leave this to be done by the Wheat officer at his expense. With the information furnished by the agreements, and by measurement of the area sown, and observation of the out-turn, the Wheat officer would know before harvest what amount of carriage he had to provide in each circle and sub-circle. Probably at least half of the ryots concerned would find it cheaper to make their own transport arrangements. On this supposition, this part of the Wheat officer's business would be to arrange for carrying about 2,25,655 maunds (8,260 tons) from the various threshing-floors to the circle-depôts, for distances ranging from one to twelve miles. As it would be to the interest of all the cultivators concerned in this part of the business to assist the Wheat officer in carrying their consignments at the lowest possible rates, he should have no difficulty in arranging for very cheap carriage. A cultivator conveying his own sacks to the circle-depôt would, of course, obtain his receipt there, and not at the threshing-floor.

*Final cleaning, grading, and weighing.* At each circle-depôt it would be necessary to set up machinery of the best and most suitable description for cleaning the grain. After the necessary interval for shrinkage, each cultivator's sacks would be separately opened, cleaned, graded, and weighed, and the net out-turn of clean grain of each grade registered. The grading would be much simpler than ordinary grading, since all the wheat, excepting such inferior kinds as might be fudged in by the grower, would be of one particular kind throughout the circle, and grown from selected seed of that kind. It would be necessary for the Director of the Agricultural Department of the province to ascertain the number and nature of grades (of the particular kind of wheat chosen) which are recognised in the trade at the ports of shipment and delivery, and to furnish the Wheat officer with the season's samples of each of these grades. And it would be a part of the

necessary qualification of the Wheat officer to be able readily and accurately to discriminate the qualities of grain, and to assign the true grade by comparison with the samples. •

*Preliminary settlement of the cultivator's account.* This would consist in ascertaining, on a fair and favourable date, the true market value of each grade at the circle-depôt alongside of the railway waggons; in crediting the cultivator's account with this price for the amount of cleaned grain received from him; and in deducting cost of carriage to the depôt (if carried by the Wheat officer) and the charges for preliminary and final cleaning, and for bagging, weighing, and labelling. From the net amount found due would then be deducted the amount of the advance taken, with the interest due upon it, and such portion (if any) of the price as the cultivator might wish to hand over to the landlord as rent, and the landlord might wish to be credited to his land revenue account. The balance would be paid to the cultivator, either through his 'lambardar,' as in the case of opium, or direct; and a certificate would be given to him stating that, if the Government should decide to sell his wheat in Europe instead of at the depôt, he would be entitled to receive, on or before a date to be specified, an additional payment representing the net profit (if any) realised by selling in Europe instead of at the depôt railway station, after valuing the European price at an exchange of 1s. 10½d. to the rupee.

*Selecting and storing seed for the next season.* The seed for the next season would be selected out of the highest grade delivered. The quantity required would be about one-eleventh of the whole consignment, with an average out-turn of twenty-two bushels (of 60 lbs.) to the acre. The question of storage should present no difficulty. It is a matter that natives thoroughly understand, and in which the best of their methods may be safely followed till anything cheaper and better is devised.

Throughout this second division of the work to be done there can, I think, be no doubt that the balance of ease and simplicity would be on the side of wheat, as compared with opium. The means of testing this opinion are to be found in Mr. Augustus Turnbull's note on the Benares system of cultivating, examining, and weighing opium, which forms Appendix E of the Rules for the Guidance of Officers in the Opium Department.

(III) *Export business*, from the circle-depôt to the wharf in London or elsewhere, would consist of—

(1) The adoption along the whole line of rail and steamer transport, from the circle-depôt to the port of delivery, of such of the American appliances and arrangements for economising time and labour as are suitable and practicable;



(2) Calculation of the incidence per maund of the consignment of all charges for freight and transport, from the depôt to the port of delivery, and debit of these charges to the cultivator's further (export) account ;

(3) Sale of the consignment at the port of delivery by a suitable agent, on behalf of the Secretary of State ;

(4) Intimation by telegram of the total price obtained for each grade ; the deductions for handling, brokerage, &c., and the net amount realised ;

(5) Final adjustment of the cultivator's account by (a) working out, at an exchange of 1s. 10 $\frac{5}{8}$ d. to the rupee, the equivalent, in rupees, of the net price realised for his consignment ; (b) deducting the amount already paid to him, and the amounts disbursed for freight and transport ; and (c) paying to him the balance.

Of these operations, all except the first, are simple and more or less mechanical. The second and fifth would be a part of the Wheat officer's business. As regards the first, reference has been made in the earlier part of this chapter [section (1) sub-sections (3) and (4.)] to the loss by breaks of gauge and to the superior organisation of the American wheat trade in respect of development of railways, low railway rates, and the use of elevators. I now quote some further illustrations of the superiority of the American system in the very important matters of supplementing the want of cart-roads from villages lying on the line, but between stations ; minimising the mischief of breaks of gauge ; shipment in bulk ; and through booking.

"On American lines, in the middle of a vast prairie tract, you perceive a small siding, branching out from the main line, enough for half a dozen waggons to stand on. This siding is for the farmers of the locality. They intimate to the nearest depôt their wants ; trucks are sent ; the farmers load ; and the train stops and picks up the waggons, and the work is done. Want of cart-roads is thus provided for, and the railway is, so to speak, brought to the producers' own fields." (Letters on "Punjab Railways" by "T." No. II. *Civil and Military Gazette*, 6th August 1885).

In America "waggons of different gauges can be transferred from a narrow to a broad gauge line. The waggons are fitted on to trucks with wheels of the gauge of the line. When a break of gauge occurs, a train is put near a hydraulic lifting crane ; the fastenings of the waggons' and trucks are undone ; the crane lifts the waggons ; places them on a truck with wheels of the required gauge, and the transfer is complete. No unloading of bags, waste of labour, and other disadvantages of breaking bulk ; but as the waggon is loaded and secured, so it goes on to its destination."—(*Ibid*).

"There are," says Mr. Lionel Ashburner, "a variety of ways in which the traffic might be cheapened. For instance, carrying grain in bulk. Most of the American grain from Chicago is carried in bulk, and in India it has to be bagged. That is a great expense . . . . . There would be less waste and less stealage . . . The break of gauge might be got over in this way very easily. The elevators would lift the grain from one carriage into another only a few feet distant, and there are many other advantages," (Select Committee, 1884. Evidence, p. 413). By shipment in bulk not only is the wear and tear of the bags saved, and the labour of filling and unfilling them, but the cost of carrying them, no inconsiderable item in view of the keen competition, is also got rid of. Then there is the cheapness and rapidity of machine handling of wheat in bulk as compared with the cost of moving it in sacks by coolie labour, an economy to be realized at the circle depôt, and at the ports of shipment and delivery.

The advantages of through booking are thus described by Mr. J. H. Norman :—"By this" (through booking) "is meant the granting of a bill of lading at any station on a railway, and engaging to convey the goods therein specified to the destination beyond sea, and the provision to receive payment of rail and ocean freight at the point of discharge. This system is common in America, and is recognised as necessary for India, but the efforts of Sir Wm. Andrew, the Chairman of the Scinde, Punjab and Delhi Railway to introduce it there, have not yet succeeded. The delay, however, it is expected, will only be short now, as the authorities at the India Office are in favour of the measure, and with their support all impediments will be overcome. One result of this would be to throw back the final market in wheat for export to the producing centre, and another to encourage the producer, or small trader in the province, to become shippers, as they would only have to lay out of the first cost of the staple until the return can be made ; all other charges, including land and sea freight being payable at the port of discharge." (*Competitive Supply of Wheat to Europe by India and America. Chamber of Commerce Journal*, September, 1884, p. 242).

An outline has now been given of the work to be done and the scale required in a single district, to furnish its quota of the proposed State export of seventeen millions worth of produce.

The following questions remain for consideration. Does the scheme involve risk of loss ? Does it involve improper interference with private enterprise ? Would it tend, if adopted, to remove the obstacles that block the ryots' access to the better market ?

The points at which loss could be incurred seem to be these :—(Before harvest) by careless storing of seed-grain, and by fraud in the distribution of it or of the money portion of the advances : (after harvest) by short delivery, or by inadequate protection at the threshing floor, during transport to the depôt, or at the depôt : (export branch) by attempting sale in Europe instead of at the depôt when the market does not admit of profitable export.

The extraordinary success of the Opium Department in avoiding loss in much more complicated operations, with a far more delicate product, presenting much greater temptations to fraud, warrants the expectation of at least equal success in the case of wheat or such other products as may be selected for the system proposed. This statement may be tested by a reference to pp. 73—79 of the N. W. P. Gazetteer, Vol. XIII, where the whole work of the Ghazipur factory in preparing opium for the China market is minutely described. Some of the details may be mentioned in support of my argument, that what is safely and successfully done with opium can be safely and successfully done with wheat, or other selected product. From ten to fifteen thousand maunds of poppy-flower leaves (made from the petals) are annually used for making the outer covering of the opium cakes. These leaves have to be checked, weighed, examined leaf by leaf, arranged in three classes, and stacked on wooden racks in large godowns. They have to be constantly taken down and re-stacked to prevent damage from moisture and grubs. For packing the opium cakes, from twenty to thirty thousand maunds of 'poppy trash,' the coarsely broken leaves of the poppy plant, are annually purchased from the cultivators, appraised for quality, and stored. This 'trash' being liable when damp to spontaneous combustion, a staff of men has to be told off to examine all the godowns after every shower of rain. Then it has to be thoroughly broken, pounded, and sifted by passing it through sieves, and finally through a thermantidote. This work alone employs between three and four hundred women daily, for about four months of the year. When the new opium comes in from the opium districts, besides the examination already made by the local officers, it has to be re-weighed, classified for consistency first by touch and then by steam tables, and tested with iodine to ascertain the presence or absence of starch. It has then to be worked up into cakes of uniform size, and of a uniform consistence of 70°—"not a simple matter, as the amount of moisture in the air and the direction of the wind have to be taken into account." Three hundred men are employed on this work, and make up about twenty thousand opium cakes a day. The next day these cakes are put away on racks

in large godowns built for the purpose, each godown holding from one to two hundred thousand cakes. A large staff of men and boys is kept up to take down the cakes, constantly rub them lightly with the hand and with a little trash, expose another surface of the cake, and put them up again. A third of the total number of cakes are taken down and replaced daily. The object of this turning is to allow the shell of the cake to dry evenly throughout, and to prevent its being attacked by mildew, borers, or white ants, and it is continued until the cakes are firm enough to admit of being packed in boxes for the China market, which is usually about the beginning of November. "About the middle of August the cakes are all taken in hand again, at the rate of 20,000 a day, and a finishing touch is given them." Lastly they have to be most carefully packed in chests, containing forty cakes each, with a separate compartment for each cake.

The confidence of the market in the result of this elaborate care is shown by the following circumstance :—"The merchants are permitted at the monthly sales to open any of the chests and to cut the cakes, and to examine them in such numbers as they deem fit. In selling the produce of season 1868-69, by twelve monthly sales, only two cakes were cut in the year out of 8,65,000 cakes, which were sold by auction." (Appendix D to Rules for the guidance of Officers in the Opium Department, 1875, para. 112).

These details seem to furnish a very practical answer to any objection that may be based on fear of loss from careless storage, fraud in distribution of seed, short delivery, or inadequate protection.

The question of risk of loss by exporting in an unfavourable state of the market is complicated by the following consideration. The state of the silver market might make it advantageous to remit in wheat at a time when the state of the wheat market would make it disadvantageous for the ordinary exporter to do so. This would occur whenever the net loss on the sale in Europe of wheat purchased in India is less than the net loss represented by the exchange of an equivalent value of silver for gold. There is a further complication in the fact, that there are at least three ways in which the project might be worked :—a Government transaction throughout, without co-operation from private enterprise; sale of the produce at the circle depôts, for bills payable in gold in Europe; or the middle course\* of inviting private enterprise to tender for the business of taking over the Government consignment at the depôt, and selling it to the best advantage, at a commission, in Europe. The risk would be greatest under the first, and least under the second of these methods. But, whichever plan is adopted, the data for forming a sound decision would be

neither intricate nor inaccessible. All that would be necessary would be to watch the course of trade with intelligence and attention, and, in particular, to construct, for reference, tables showing for every fluctuation in the exchange value of the rupee within certain limits, the price of wheat per imperial quarter in India and in Europe, at which a remittance in wheat on behalf of the Secretary of State would represent a smaller loss than a remittance in silver.

Here again it may, I think, be fairly said that the standard of efficiency necessary for success is not higher than the standard already achieved by the Opium Department in respect of its transactions with the China market, or by the Government Directors of the State Banks and Railways.

The question whether the project involves improper interference with private enterprise, is a very vital one. The extent of the interference depends on the scale of operations, and on the number of intermediaries displaced. The scale of business aimed at is a gradual development to the extent, ultimately, of a substitution of the direct barter of produce for gold, for the present system, to the value, annually, of about seventeen millions. The intermediaries whose business would be interfered with, fall mainly under the following classes, as already described in Section II of this Chapter:—(1) the petty village bannia, who receives the produce direct from the cultivator; (2) the larger dealer of the nearest mart or *ganj*; (3) the big merchant of great exporting centres, such as Delhi, Cawnpore, and Agra; (4) the actual shipper; and (5) the freight broker at the port of shipment.

Of these five classes the first and second would be interfered with by that portion of the scheme which consists in distributing and recovering the advances, and in collecting the produce at the circle depôts for sale either to class (3) or, when the market admits, for sale in Europe. I shall not waste time in going again over ground already travelled, to establish the right, or rather the obligation, of the Government, to bring some of the benefits of its own splendid credit to the relief of its suffering ryots, and to lend a helping hand towards their emancipation from their present thralldom to the usurer-corn-factor creditor. It will be time enough to return to this matter when any one seriously asserts that such interference is uncalled for or unjustifiable.

The question, then, narrows itself to the question of the justifiableness of the State's performing for itself, in respect of the annual remittances, the functions at present performed by classes (3), (4), and (5).

A clear and recent exposition of the accepted view as to the conditions under which the State may itself legitimately act

as a trader, is given in the following passage in Mr. T. H. Farrer's "The State in relation to Trade," (1883, page 97). In applying it to the present question, the obvious *a fortiori* inference in respect of a government that is no ordinary State, but the landlord-in-chief, in a population of which four-fifths are closely connected with agriculture, must not be lost sight of. "It is," says Mr. Farrer, "on the whole clear, that if it ever was a principle of English legislation that governing bodies are not to become makers or sellers of commodities, that principle must now be adopted with large reservations. Where profit can be made sufficient to tempt private capital to embark in the business, and where competition can be relied upon to prevent the evils of monopoly, it is as true as ever that the public is best served by keeping the trade in private hands; but where these conditions are not to be found, and where the matter is of such a kind that a public governing body can properly manage it, experience and analogy show that there is no *a priori* or absolute objection to the State, whether in the form of the Central Government, or of a local authority, acting as a trader itself."

Now, assuming this to be a correct statement of the accepted view, what is its verdict on the question under notice? The condition of the cultivator, of the trade in his produce, of the silver market, and of the finances of India, make it imperatively necessary that a direct exchange of produce for gold, on behalf of the State and the ryot, should, as far as possible, be substituted for the present system. This substitution can only be effected by retaining the joint interest of the State and the cultivator in the produce remitted up to the point at which it is exchanged for gold.

The particular business, therefore, to which the canon has to be applied, is the business of conveying the produce from the circle depôts to the ports of delivery in Europe, and there selling it for gold on behalf of the Government of India and the producers. If the correctness of the premises which have led up to this conclusion is questioned, the onus will be on the questioner of showing that, notwithstanding the new "permanent addition to the annual expenditure of from not less than 1½ million to two millions pounds;" "the heavy extraordinary expenditure of an entirely abnormal nature," which has to be incurred at once; and the imminent risk of the repeal of the Bland Act, the interests of the general tax-payer and of the producer do not demand that the direct exchange of produce for gold should be substituted for the present system, and that this business must be performed on behalf of those interests in the most economical way possible, either by the State itself or by private agency.

Here again it will be time enough to develop the demonstration already attempted on these points when the attack on them has been delivered. For the present, enough seems to have been said to establish the preliminary conclusion stated above, that the particular business to which Mr. Farrer's canon has to be applied, is the business of conveying the wheat (or other produce) from the circle depôts to Europe, and there selling it for gold on behalf of the Government of India and the cultivators who grew it.

In this view the conditions required for justifying the Government in itself taking up this business will be that : (1) due opportunity be given to private enterprise to undertake it ; (2) that private enterprise should decline to avail itself of the opportunity given ; and (3) that the business be of such a kind that the Government can properly manage it.

The third of these conditions seems to be satisfied by the highly successful working of the Opium Department in a closely analogous enterprise.

The first can be met without difficulty by consulting the Chamber of Commerce as to the terms which would be fair for both parties, and as to the most suitable time, place, and mode of offering them. Tenders would then be invited for agencies to receive at the circle depôts and sell to the best advantage in Europe, on behalf of Government, so many tons of wheat (or other produce) for a fixed number of years, (not less, I should say, than three) ; the rates of remuneration to be the subject of tender, the Government, however, not being bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

The great advantages, direct and indirect, of securing these agencies would create, in all probability, a brisk competition for them, and it seems likely that rates would be tendered by well-known and thoroughly reliable firms which the Government could well afford to accept. Even if at first this did not occur, its occurrence would probably be only a matter of time, during which the second of the three conditions would apply, and the Government would be free, without reproach, to conduct its sale and export business for itself.

The ultimate result would be, I have little doubt, the development of a wide-reaching system, analogous in many respects to the culture system of Java, but free from its defects. Instead of a Netherlands Trading Society ("Nederlandsche Handel Maatschappij") permanently monopolising the whole of the State agency for exporting the produce of the Crown lands, (and for buying and importing all Government supplies), there would be numerous separate agencies, representing separate interests, in the different parts of India, with due and full opportunity for open competition for them at suitable

intervals. These agencies would have nothing to do with the purchase and import of Government supplies. They would not, as in the case, originally, of the Dutch Company, supply the capital (at interest guaranteed by the State) for working the advances. There would be no exclusive employment, as in Java, of Dutch ships to carry the produce to Europe; no fixed rates of freight; no gratuitous labour rents, or State right to forced labour; no compulsory planting of large areas with the selected products; no keeping down of the price paid to the producers.

On the other hand the establishment of these agencies would probably lead the way to the gradual undertaking, by private enterprise, under suitable regulation and inspection by Government officers, of a great deal of the State business of distributing and recovering the advances, promoting the cultivation of the selected products, taking delivery, and the rest of the connected business, and thus gradually laying the foundation of a sound system of agricultural banks, worked mainly by private agency, but assisted with Government capital, and subject to Government supervision,—the only kind of agricultural bank, I venture to think, which is likely to meet the wants of the Indian ryot.

It is due to the author, Mr. J. B. Money, of that most interesting work "Java; or How to manage a Colony," to state here that as long ago as 1861 he strongly recommended the application to India of the Java culture system without its objectionable features. When, in June 1876, in my "Corn in Egypt" papers in the *Pioneer*, I first proposed a State remittance in produce to reduce the loss by exchange, I had not seen or heard of Mr. Money's book. I reached my conclusion by analysing the parallel mischiefs of ryot loss by the periodical depreciation of the price of produce when exchanged for silver, and State loss by the exchange of silver for gold, and noticing the mischievous part played by silver in both transactions, at a time when the produce itself was being exported at a profit. Not long afterwards, (I am unable to give the date), I came across a quotation in some newspaper, of the following suggestive paragraph in the *Spectator*. "Is it a certainty that bills must be drawn on India at all? Has the possibility of monthly remittances to London in wheat, saltpetre, tea, and bar gold from Australia ever been thoroughly examined? We name, of course, articles the sale of which by auction, at a price, is a certainty. It is quite possible that this side of the subject has been thoroughly looked into, and that the Dutch Colonial Office have been consulted as to their methods;—they used always to remit in produce;—but it is also quite possible that the Council has accepted the present system as if it were



a law of nature and immutable." The perusal of this passage made me anxious for information about the Dutch system. The brief account of it in the "Statesman's Year Book," and the list of works about Java there given, led me to enquire for Mr. Money's book. But I could not come across a copy till I found one in the Thomason College Library at Rurki in February 1883. The book has long been out of print and is extremely rare. I quote the following extracts from it both for their value as tending to support my scheme, and in justice to the author of closely analogous proposals.

Writing in 1861, Mr. Money says:—"A quarter of a century ago Java was, and had been for many years, in "a condition similar to the present chronic state of India. "Poverty, crime, and dissatisfaction among the natives, "failing means and general discontent among the Europeans, "a large debt and yearly deficit in the income of the "country, both trade and revenue at the same low figure per "head of the population, and absence of good feeling between "European and Native, existed in Java till 1832, as they now "exist in India. A new system was then inaugurated which "in twenty-five years quadrupled the revenue, paid off the "debt, changed the yearly deficit to a large yearly surplus, "trebled the trade, improved the administration, diminished "crime and litigation, gave peace, security, and affluence "to the people, combined the interests of European and "Native, and, more wonderful still, nearly doubled an Oriental "population, and gave contentment with the rule of their "foreign conquerors to ten millions of a conquered Mussulman "race. The only English aim it did not attain was, what the "Dutch had no wish to secure, the religious and intellectual "elevation of the Native. But those benefits were all "obtained by means not only compatible with that object, "but which have involuntarily operated in that direction, and "have so far produced a firmer and more natural basis for "future improvement than is shown by any of the results of "our educational and Missionary efforts in India. These are "the great desiderata of India, the conditions of continued "English rule, and of increasing light and civilization to the "people. A knowledge of the means by which these ends "were attained in Java cannot but be useful to English states- "men, whatever may be thought of the application of similar "processes to India. These benefits are due to the culture "system, established by General Van den Bosch in 1832 . . . . . "Those who are best acquainted with the results of the "culture system in Java have called its author the Master "of Statesmen." (*Java : or How to manage a Colony*. Preface pp. viii, ix, xi). "The cordiality and kindness of European

"and Native intercourse seemed to me so important, that I took pains to ascertain its origin. I was told that, in its present universality and genuineness, it dated from the culture system, which, by giving the European and Native common interests, mutually dependent on each other, had brought them more together, and made each better acquainted with, and more tolerant of, each other." (*Ib.* II, 229).

"The Java culture system seems to offer suggestions for increasing the Government revenue from the ryotwarree districts, and at the same time for raising the poverty-stricken cottier to comparative affluence by a merely different adjustment of the relations of landlord and tenant in the East. By merely legalizing and exercising the Indian landlord's old custom and claim of right to direct his tenant's cultivation, so long as the rent is adjusted accordingly, and by either lowering the rent or facilitating its payment by large wages to every individual peasant or village, a portion of whose land shall be devoted under the culture system to the production of more valuable crops, the complaint of excessive Government rent would be abolished, the finances of both Government and the people in the ryotwarree districts would be improved, and Englishmen at home and in India would be equally benefited by the increased value and variety of the products of the soil" (*Ib.* II, p. 280). "The main elements of any great and speedy increase of prosperity" (in India) "must be sought in better and wider cultivation. *The one branch of the culture system in full operation in India,—the opium culture,—is the happiest feature in our revenue sheet.* The objections to opium as a deleterious drug would not apply to other harmless and more useful products of the soil, and the full success of the Government opium culture in raising a revenue without the slightest pressure on the people, ought surely to more than counterbalance any theoretical objections to its growth as a Government monopoly, while the culture system may be applied to other products without necessarily incurring even this reproach. It will also be remarked that the gratuitous labour rent, and the right to forced labour existing in Java, have nothing to do with the culture system which exists and flourishes independently of and beside those features of Javanese tenure. The one-seventh of labour is employed on the roads and public works; neither contractor nor planter can require forced labour from the peasants; and every hour's toil for the culture is paid, and, largely paid, to the peasant. At the same time the chief advantages of the culture system are independent of the objectionable export to Europe by Government. Whether Government is repaid in kind, and sells the produce by auction at the capital for

"export, as it does at present with opium, or whether the contractor himself sells it at the capital and repays Government in cash, is immaterial to the success of the system. The merchant, in either case, would buy it for export as freely as any private produce, and the result, both to Indian and English trade, would be largely increased exports from India, with a corresponding return in imports. The Government of India might thus derive from the culture system the same indirect advantages as in Java, and a large part, though not the whole, of the same direct advantages, without infringing either of the principles of free labour or free-trade." (*Ib.* II, p. 304).

The last question for consideration is whether the scheme, if introduced, will, besides tending to relieve the State from the burden of loss by exchange, tend also to relieve the ryot, generally, from the burden of low prices, by exercising a powerful effect in removing the five great obstacles that block his access to the better market.

It will not be denied that the scheme will have this effect on the ryots negotiated with, in respect of that portion of their produce which is operated on. To concede this it is only necessary to glance over the earlier part of this chapter, and to recall the nature of the five great obstacles, *viz.*:—the combination of the functions of money-lender and grain-dealer in one not disinterested person; defective communications; excessive freights and breaks of gauge; want of such special organisation as that of America; and the abnormal depreciation of the price of produce in the barter of grain for silver. But the area directly affected by the scheme will be, so far as is shown by the data furnished by the locality proposed for an experimental trial of it, only about one-thirtieth of the whole area of cultivation. How, it will be asked, will the effects of the scheme reach beyond the comparatively small number of ryots relieved by it, and benefit the great body of agricultural producers, so that, (as remarked in Section II), "things would be brought into a more wholesome groove than at present, and that conditions would be established from which great future benefits, financial, economic, and political, might be confidently expected?"

The effects of the scheme will extend in at least four different ways beyond the area occupied by the ryots specially negotiated with:—by gradual extension of the scheme itself, or suitable branches of it; by the application of its leading features to their own business, by private firms and persons interested in the Indian export trade; by its pioneering action in accelerating the adoption of appliances and arrangements, the want of which is seriously retarding the development of Indian trade with Europe; and by its reaction on the civil

administration of the country in the direction of bringing about a wider and more practical discharge of the State's duties as landlord-in-chief.

The question at this point of my demonstration is not whether the scheme is a practicable one, but whether, if it is carried into effect, and is found useful and practicable, these further results may be expected from it.

In estimating the probability of a considerable extension of the scheme itself, it is necessary to bear in mind that it consists of three separate branches ;—advances for cultivation ; co-operation with the cultivator to obtain for him the fair market price ; and temporary acquisition of the produce, partly to get for him the best possible price, and partly to reduce the State loss by exchange.

This latter object will be attained, and will cease to affect the question of extension, as soon as the scheme has developed to the point necessary for remedying the loss by exchange. The other objects will remain unattained as long as the ryot's indebtedness and helplessness continue to make State co-operation a necessity for cheapening his production and improving his market. Consequently, a heavy obligation will rest on the Government to develop, to the greatest possible extent, either by advances only, or by assistance in addition, in obtaining for the producer a fair price in India or elsewhere,—a form of co-operation which, *ex hypothesi*, will have been found useful and practicable. It need not be doubted that great efforts will be made to discharge this obligation whenever the adoption of the scheme leads to a general conviction of its efficacy.

Before this stage is reached, it seems probable that private enterprise will have adopted some of the leading features of the scheme as being mutually advantageous both to producer and consumer. The leaders of commercial thought already recognize the necessity of reform and of action in the same general direction of cheapening the supply of capital, abolishing intermediaries, and bringing producer and consumer into closer contact, as is aimed at in my proposals. The following passage from Mr. J. H. Norman's valuable pamphlet illustrates this :—"The tendency of the commerce of the age is, so to say, to establish contact between the producer and consumer, or, in other words, to abolish all intermediaries which raise the cost of an article to the consumer. There are serious obstacles in both countries" (India and America) "to progress on this line . . . . The peasant in India is always in debt to his mahajan or bania, whose charge for the loan of money, or gain in barter, is enormous. *The introduction of systems which would sweep away these injurious customs would*

*be a great boon to the producer and consumer. The foundation of well-managed banks, and the establishment of through booking, embracing land and sea, would do much to correct the evil in India.*" (Competitive Supply of Wheat, &c., 1884, p. 19). In another passage, already quoted, Mr. Norman says that one result of through booking would be "*to throw back the final market in wheat for export to the producing centre, and another, to encourage the producer and small trader, in the province, to become shippers.*" In such matters as improving communications, lowering freights, getting rid of breaks of gauge, and introducing American appliances and arrangements, the fullest sympathy and most active co-operation may be expected from private enterprise, and the best results may be looked for when the Government, by itself becoming an exporter, is led to look at these matters from the trade point of view.

Nor will private enterprise fail to exercise a very wide and wholesome effect on the other two great obstacles to the ryots' access to the better market. Efforts will be made in the interests of the consumer to assist the cultivator with cheap advances, corresponding to the efforts made by Government in the interests of the producer. It is not probable that such advances can be made as cheaply by private capitalists as by the Government, unless and until the expectation already expressed is realized,—that the introduction of the scheme will gradually lead to a system of agricultural banks, worked mainly by private agency, but assisted with Government capital, and subject to Government supervision. But whether such advances are made on the basis of Government or of private credit, they are likely to be made at much easier rates than those of the bania, since the borrower will be much less in the grip of the lender, and the lender will have a very special inducement—the extension of his export business—to advance on favourable terms. In the matter of price, too, the large exporter, dealing directly with the producer, may be expected to represent a much better market than is represented by the village dealer. The producer will meet him on a much simpler and fairer footing, and will be in a very much better position for securing a fair share of any rise in selling value.

Whatever may be the ultimate beneficial effects of such developments of private trade analogous to the proposed Government action, their extension will be greatly accelerated by the example and co-operation of the Government in its proposed capacity as pioneer, in introducing certain urgently wanted arrangements and appliances. Such action on the part of the Government in India is thoroughly in accordance with its traditions and practice. "As soon," says Dr. Hunter, "as the English nation began really to interest itself in India, it found that

the Government must there take on itself several functions, which in England may well be left to private enterprise. In a country where the Government is the sole great capitalist, railways, canals, docks, and commercial works of many sorts, had either to be initiated by the Government or to be left unattempted. The principle of *laissez faire* can, in fact, be safely applied only to self-governing nations." (*England's Work in India*, 1881, p. 130). When the Government is itself in the position of a large exporter it will necessarily realize its opportunities, and the need of making the most of them, much more widely than is otherwise possible. Till then its attitude is likely to be characterized by a somewhat leisurely and academic discussion of abstract principles rather than by a prompt and business-like grasping of concrete things to be done. To give a recent illustration:—In August 1883, Messrs. Reinhold Brothers of Cawnpore, proposed to the Government of the N. W. Provinces that a committee should be established at Cawnpore "to give certificates as to the class, quantity, and refraction of all wheat delivered at certain store-houses set apart for that purpose. Such certificates would," they said, "do away with any farther examination of the wheat at the port of shipping." The Director of Agriculture and Commerce, N. W. P. (Mr. W. C. Bennett), to whom the scheme was referred, found that the existing system "amounts to an *ad valorem* tax of two per cent. on the trade." "If," he remarked, "subsequent trade reports gave ground to the supposition that the export of wheat was being checked by the dishonest practices which prevailed at the port of shipment, it would seem unquestionably right that these provinces should take some such measure as has been recommended for their own protection." But the ultimate conclusion was:—"Finally, this is precisely the kind of thing which ought to be done by private agency, and Government should not interfere unless the Chambers of Commerce find that they are unable to insist on proper arrangements being made." In this view the Government of the N. W. P. concurred.

It does not seem to have been realized that Messrs. Reinhold Brothers were in a very much better position to pronounce on a trade question than the Government or the Director; that Government interference, as a rule so cordially disliked, is only invoked, as a sort of *Dens ex machina*, when the expedient cannot possibly be avoided; and that therefore the fact of the application created an exceedingly strong presumption in its favour. Nor does it seem to have been seen that in view of the critical position of the wheat trade, and of its enormous value to India, the existence of an admittedly bad system, admittedly amounting to an

*ad valorem* tax of two per cent. on the trade, was a danger of great magnitude calling for immediate remedial action. The existence of practical evils was recognized, and the possibility of the necessity of Government co-operation in removing them; but as far as action went, the conclusion reached was purely speculative. The only practical step taken was that of forwarding the papers for the information of the Chambers of Commerce of Bengal and Bombay, and publishing them in the *Allahabad Gazette*.

The conjecture is, perhaps, justified, that a different course might have been followed if a system of Government export, on however small a scale, had at the time been at work, giving the Director and his coadjutors, the district and wheat officers, practical personal knowledge of the points where the trade shoe pinches.

If, hereafter, America just beats India in the present keen struggle for supremacy in the wheat supply of Europe, it will not be a pleasant reflection for the Government of India that the scale, in all probability, might have been turned in favour of India, if, at a crisis of intense importance, the State landlord had more promptly and actively led the way in removing admitted obstacles and meeting admitted wants.

As I write, a letter in the *Pioneer* (8th August 1885) on "the Wheat Trade and its Railway defects," confirms the view that the Government is doing less than it should, and that private enterprise is disappointed at its apparent apathy. "One would naturally," says "Delta," "look to the Government" to adopt means "of at least redeeming its many and oft-repeated assurances to meet the trade in a fair and equitable manner. To judge by the trouble Government has of late years been taking to collect information and make suggestions, people begin to wonder and ask askance—Why is not more practical use made of this dearly-bought knowledge? the more so, considering that expensive departments have been specially created. But, if a few thousand rupees is required for the practical protection or improvement of the trade, such items fall usually under the retrenchment shears, and pass into the domain of penny wise and pound foolish policy." "Delta's" particular complaint relates to the ruinous effect on the wheat trade, caused by the absence of storage room at railway stations during a heavy monsoon. He remarks that this want has been commented on in the recent *Résolution* of the Punjab Government, and has "reason to believe that the same subject has occupied the Government of the N. W. P. also."

"But," he adds bitterly, "this is probably *all* that traders can expect." Of the Delhi station of the Rajputana-Malwa railway, "Delta" says that "the wheat is stacked on the open ground,

without even some old sleepers to keep the bags from contact with the wet soil. Tarpaulins there are none, consequently a shower of rain renders the wheat almost unfit for export and liable to heating on boardship, and that this involves a serious loss is obvious to all." The loss of a single Government consignment would, like Sydney Smith's bishop, promptly remedy this evil.

Lastly, the adoption of the scheme is likely to exercise a strongly beneficial effect, by re-acting on the civil administration, in the direction of bringing about a more thorough recognition of the duties and opportunities of the State as landlords in-chief. On this point much might be said, but it can be said more appropriately in the concluding chapter on Administrative Revision. Here I will only refer, without demonstration or comment, to such considerations as these:—the delight with which district officers, in all ranks, would exchange some of the present dead, unfruitful drudgery of endless writing about doing all sorts of things, for the actual strenuous doing of one real thing, clearly and directly beneficial both to the people and to the State; the sympathy evoked by a line of action parallel for once with the wants, the habits, the intelligence of the people, and with their ideas of State duty; the need of their counsel and co-operation, and consequent development of the Local Self-Government policy on a workable basis; the gradual education of the Government, through the experience of its officers, the representations of the people, and the results of the new work undertaken, to a clearer conception of India's wants and of its own obligations and opportunities, so that for the future it shall pitch its projects with a higher, truer aim: higher, with more earnest effort to scale the heights of a distant but not impossible ideal; truer, as going straighter to the real mark—a people's happiness; closer among the toiling arms and anxious hearts in yonder hamlet, nearer to the joys and sorrows of rural India.

ARTHUR HARRINGTON.

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## ART. IX.—“GRIT IN THE WHEELS.”

THE wheels of social life in India are somewhat roughly constructed, and being made of various different sorts of material, some of which are soft and pliant, while others are hard and unyielding, some smooth and polished, others coarse and rough, are apt to get out of order and drag along in a very labored and halting manner, sometimes even to stop altogether.

To some happily constituted individuals the art of oiling the wheels comes naturally, and under their kindly influence all roughnesses are smoothed over, all angles planed down, and the social car moves along right pleasantly. Happy is the station where the leader of its society is such a person.

In the largest stations, where there are so many Europeans that everyone finds his or her own level, and belongs to his own set, the friction is much less. Each set has its own members, and although society, as a whole, is composed of all kinds and descriptions of people, they revolve in their own particular circle, and that circle is large enough to admit of their avoiding those whose intimate acquaintance they may not desire. In ordinary Indian stations, where there are a limited number of residents it is different; there may be only half-a-dozen families who by their position are entitled to be received everywhere, and upon whom everyone calls as a matter of course. Amongst these there are generally some who, although their position entitles them to be received in society, are not at home in it, and who are, consequently, frequently offending against its laws, treading on the corns, and rubbing against the elbows of everyone else. In a large circle they could be quietly dropped; in a small one they may be dropped too, but not quietly. There are always busy-bodies who make it their business to find out why so-and-so was not asked to the Judge's dinner or Mrs. Collector's tennis-party, and who, failing to find out the real reason, are ready to invent half-a-dozen false ones.

It is very seldom that all the members of a small community are on an equal footing, or pull well together. There are generally some who, if society were divided into classes,—would not be able to claim a place in the first class; and a great deal of tact is required, on the part of the head of the station, to keep the different classes from clashing; when the very necessary gift of tact is conspicuous by its absence, the result is a total failure of all sociability. Mr. Polished Oak objects to his wife knowing the Common Deals. “They would not be admitted into society at Home, or at Simla,

why should they be here?" he argues. The Common Deals may be very worthy people, but are certainly not at home amongst the Polished Oaks, the Walnut Woods, the Teaks and the Sals, and Mr. Polished Oak is right in saying that they would not be admitted into society elsewhere.

The argument is a fair one—why should they be treated differently in Mangopore to what they would be in Calcutta or Bombay? Everyone has a right to keep their circle of acquaintances select if they wish to do so. Circumstances alter cases, however, and it is very rough on the Common Deals when the head of their station takes this view of the matter, especially if the other residents follow his example. Who are they to associate with? There may be no other people in Mangopore of their own class, and unless they are admitted to the society of those who are undoubtedly above them on the social ladder, they must lead a very solitary existence.

Will Mrs Polished Oak be injured by the occasional presence of the Common Deals in her drawing-room, or on her tennis ground? Or will Mr. and Mrs. Walnut Wood be any the worse for associating with people whose only fault may be that their parents did not belong to the class who pay the conventional twopence a week for their manners?

But again—is it not a mistake to raise them above their own station in life? This is just one of those points that must be controlled by circumstances, and where "tact" is so much required. A great deal must depend on the people themselves. If they are conceited and bumptious, it is certainly a mistake to raise them to a position from which they will be sure to fall through their own conceit; for they will receive all social kindnesses as a tribute to their personal worth, or as an acknowledgment of their fitness for the society to which they are invited, merely from a kindly desire to lessen the tedium of their solitary lives. Failing to appreciate their position, and to accept the kindnesses shown them, frankly for what they are worth, they become obtrusive and familiar, and their own clumsiness leads to their being dropped, at least by some of the little community. This causes bitterness and ill-feeling, and more grit gets into the wheels through people being taken up and then dropped than if they were left alone altogether.

On the other hand, if the Common Deals are merely unpolished, and neither conceited nor bumptious, it is uncharitable to exclude them from all social entertainments. There are many members of the Deal family in India, and the difficulty of assigning to them their right degree of courteous attention is a constantly recurring one. In one station, where the residents are liberal-minded and open-hearted, they are

received kindly, and if they are pleasant people, who give themselves no airs, they find everyone hospitable and cordial to them. They are invited to join in all station-gatherings as a matter of course, and are made to feel that they are not merely tolerated, but are welcome—although in Calcutta, Bombay or Simla the upper fraction of ten thousand would not be aware of their existence.

In the next station they go to the *Burra Sahib* is exclusive, and most of the other residents either follow his example, or are afraid of any innovations, and when Mr. Common Deal, innocently pursuing the usual course, calls all round the station, he is coldly received, and either his call is not returned at all, or it is merely returned, and no further notice is taken of him or his wife. In a large station they would find many to associate with, in a small one they are completely isolated.

There is another side to the question. It may be that the residents of Mangopore having found some of the Deal family very pleasant people, receive their successor with frank cordiality—and find themselves burdened with an acquaintance they would gladly dispense with, if they could do so without actual unkindness or rudeness. Rapid intimacies often lead to dust-storms, that seriously interfere with the smooth progress of the social car. Everyone is brought into such close contact in small stations, that when a mistake of this kind is made, it is not easily remedied, and the society is so mixed that it is not always easy to draw a hard-and-fast line as to who should and who should not be received in it.

Mr. Pitch Pine is a pleasant and gentlemanly man; he holds a good position, and is deservedly popular, being a thoroughly good-tempered, useful, member of society; he goes everywhere and is always a welcome guest. His wife, who has been in Europe for some years, rejoins him, and the Mangopore people are soon made painfully aware that she, and the young brother she has brought out with her, are of the family of the Common White Deals. Neither wife nor brother-in-law can be considered as additions to the station; they are rough and coarse-grained and yet how can their presence be ignored? Pitch Pine cannot be asked to dinner without his wife and the unmannerly young cub who has been installed in his house as one of the family. Their presence is neither welcomed nor desired, and yet how can Pitch Pine be invited to any social gathering without them? For a time they are endured for his sake, but before long his friends find themselves hurt by the sharp splinters that betray their low origin and want.

of polish, and they naturally draw back ; all intimacy ceases, and poor Pitch Pine gradually finds that people are not so friendly as formerly. He hears of little whist parties to which he was not asked, at houses where he used to be a welcome guest, of little dinners given by friends who never before left him out, and of private theatricals in which he—formerly the life and soul of such amusements—had no part.

A few of his friends will still stick to him, but it is not from pleasure. No one likes to be asked to meet "that horrid woman" and "the cub," and it is a difficult matter to make up a dinner to which they are invited, or to make it pass off pleasantly. Sometimes Mrs. Pitch Pine appears in a very magnificent pink satin dress, with dirty trimmings, and sometimes, when everyone else is in evening dress, in the same old lindsey woolsey gown she has worn all day. Her hopeful young brother gets tipsy before the gentlemen leave the table, and Pitch Pine has either to take him home, or to run the risk of his creating a disturbance.

Sometimes it is Mrs. Pitch Pine who is not merely presentable but very charming, and her husband, who is a piece of very Common Deal planking, servicable perhaps in his own department, and clever in his own way, but very objectionable. When he left his home to seek his fortune in India, he was a clever, bright young fellow, whose good looks and soft words had won the heart of a good and pretty girl, too young to be able to distinguish the true grain of the wood, and who willingly came out to marry him when he had a home for her. She found him probably as clever and as loving as ever, more clever even, but with the erratic cleverness of a brain soddened by drink ; more loving, but with the love of a man who *can* live without his wife, but not without his "pegs."

As surely as constant exposure to wet destroys all wood, so surely does constant indulgence in 'pegs' destroy a man. He descends in the social scale ; and although he may never be actually intoxicated, Mr. Pitch Pine is so often on the verge of being so, that he becomes a nuisance in the place where his wife is a general favorite.

"I would ask the Pitch Pines to dinner, she sings so well, and is such an addition to a dinner party, but he is so stupid and coarse, and gets so quarrelsome after dinner"—is a remark that is frequently made, and everyone waits until Pitch Pine is out of the station before asking them to dinner.

It is rather a curious fact that the gentlemanly Mr. Pitch Pine, who has a vulgar wife, fares worse than the pleasant Mrs. Pitch Pine who has the vulgar husband. Men are more

lenient to a disagreeable husband whose wife is agreeable than to a disagreeable wife whose husband is so ; and even women can endure a " horrid " man, with more patience than a " horrid " woman. They pity the poor husband from a distance, but they cannot help him, while the unfortunate wife can be helped in a thousand and one little womanly ways, and her friends will stick to her in spite of, even in defiance of, the rudeness they may meet with from her husband. How often is the remark heard that Pitch Pine or Common Deal would not be asked anywhere but for their wives,—that they are tolerated merely for their wives sake.

A few spiteful members of the Prickly Cane family are ready, of course, to state their belief that the agreeable wives are no better than the disagreeable husbands, and that if all were known, people would soon see who was to blame ; that for their part they did not wonder the poor men took too much, etc, etc. ; but their spiteful remarks are generally taken for what they are worth, and seldom do much harm, in fact, they only make their friends rally round them more staunchly. If a vulgar sister-in-law appears on the scene, a change comes over it ; a bad husband is a pardonable misfortune ; a vulgar female relative is death to all social popularity.

It is difficult to tolerate the presence of a vulgar or objectionable woman, even for the sake of pretty and good daughters, but a vulgar father is more easily managed, or ignored. If both the parents are objectionable the poor girls have a bad time of it, the want of refinement is an effectual spoke in the wheels of their own coach, as well as in those of all who try to befriend them. Very few people are charitable enough to try to make them run more smoothly, and still fewer succeed. Young men will naturally frequent their house, but that does not advance their prospects in general society, it rather increases their difficulty by making their lady friends hold themselves aloof from them. The few who persevere in trying to make their lives more enjoyable, find it extremely difficult to do so. They cannot always ask the daughters to join in the amusements of the station and exclude their parents, and it requires great tact to avoid giving offence and so increasing the difficulty by causing family squabbles between the parents and the daughters : the former are not always unselfish enough to be content for their children to join in amusements from which they are excluded.

A young girl may be unfortunate enough to have a brother who is far her inferior in refinement. It often happens that the girls of a family who have been brought up in India, are more refined than the boys. They will frequently be pretty,

modest, and retiring—at least for the first few years of their girlhood, while their brothers are rough and uncouth. This is probably the result of the difference in their training. The daughters of Anglo-Indians who do not send their children to Europe for their education, are generally educated in the hill schools and the convents. The training they receive in the convents from the nuns, tends to make them more gentle and refined in manner than their brothers—who have not, in the large boys' schools, the same gentle influence brought to bear upon them to counteract the bad effects of the injudicious treatment they receive from native servants during their childhood. Anglo-Indian children are, as a rule, a most unmanageable lot of young rebels; the boys in particular, being spoilt by the servants; and not having the same softening and refining influence that the girls have in their school life—they are generally more unpolished, and their presence in a station is rather a trial to every one, even to their own family, and necessitates the expenditure of a large amount of oil to very little purpose—they make the wheels jolt along very unpleasantly.

Another class of residents whose presence causes a considerable amount of friction are the "non-callers." Men who steadily avoid calling on anyone—or the "partial callers," who call on a favored few, and who consider the station people inhospitable and stuck-up, because they find themselves left out in the cold. Calling is no doubt a great nuisance, and a great deal of unnecessary fuss is made about it. To some men it is so great a trial to have to call on a lady, that they will do all they can to get out of it—a visit to the dentist would be a pleasure in comparison, and yet, when once the operation is over, they are quite at their ease, and even enjoy ladies' society. That dreadful first call is a stumbling-block to many a young man, who prefers to know, and be known, only to the few bachelors of his district rather than call upon the station ladies. It is not always shyness, or bashfulness that keeps them from doing their duty in this respect, but rebellion against the laws of society, and a failure to perceive that it is a duty; as well as a disinclination to wear collars, or a swallow tail coat.

Jungly habits grow very fast and are difficult to cure. Many men avoid all society but that of their own particular circle of bachelor friends, simply because they do not care to give up any of their jungly habits, and are afraid to carry them with them into the station, having a very exaggerated notion of the fastidiousness of the gentle sex. A few ladies here and there may refuse to receive a young Planter who calls upon her in riding breeches and gaiters, but the more sensible ones—before condemning the culprit—will find out the reason of his doing so.

He may have ridden in many miles and have no other clothes in the station. He may call out of hours, because having business at the cutcherry, he has been unable to get away in calling hours, and has to hurry back to his factory the next morning.

The lady who refuses to see a caller, unless she has particular reasons for doing so, and does not desire his acquaintance, does her lady friends an injustice. They all share the consequences, and are looked upon as almost equally guilty. The indignant caller goes off in a tiff, and in his wrath vows that he will never call again, or call on any of the other ladies in Mangopore. He unjustly denounces them all as stuck-up and punctilious, forgetting that women are not like sheep, and do not care much about the game of follow-my-leader, even when the teacher is the *Burra Mem Sahib*—Mrs. Polished Mahogany.

The conventional "Not at home" that is an accepted thing in Calcutta, is quite unsuitable to mofussil stations, and a good deal of grit is thrown on the wheels by its use. It should only be used in the mofussil when the lady of the house really intends to show her caller that she does not desire his acquaintance. If she is merely unable to receive him—and she should remember, before sending out a message to that effect, that he may have come some distance to see her, and may not have been able to choose his time for calling, and that he is well aware that she is at home—if after considering these reasons for receiving him she is unable to do so, she should tell the truth, and say she is not well enough, or is very busy. It is less galling to a visitor to be told that the lady upon whom he is calling is lying down and cannot see him, than to receive a curt "*Durwaza band*"\* from a not over-polite servant. It may be even a relief to him to be able to get through the painful ordeal so easily, and he feels no annoyance at being told that the lady cannot see him—whereas the bare *Durwaza band* conveys a meaning different to what it does in a place where a lady may have a dozen callers in a day, who merely leave their card upon her as a matter of course.

The non-callers look on the matter of calls in one light, those who ought to receive the call in another; if they would both consent to modify their opinions on the subject it would lead to a better understanding. The non-caller looks on a call as a piece of useless formality, and does not recognise the fact of its being the accepted mode of expressing a desire for the acquaintance of the person upon whom he calls. He meets the gentlemen residents and becomes, to a

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\* The door is shut.

certain extent, friendly with them, but he is not asked to their houses and does not know why. When he is enlightened on the subject, he is disgusted at what he considers their priggishness, and is hardened in his determination not to give in to it. The residents, on their part, regret that he does not give them a chance of shewing any hospitality to him, concluding that, as he does not call on them, he does not care about knowing them.

"If he wishes to be friendly, why does he not intimate it by coming to call on my wife? I cannot be very intimate with a man, or ask him to my house, when he does not care to know my wife"—is the not unreasonable view that Polished Mahogany, or Walnut Wood take of the matter, and they do not feel inclined to force themselves upon a man who allows such a simple thing as a call to stand in the way of his knowing them more intimately.

There are exceptions to every rule, and although it is, without doubt, a very necessary one, that calls should be made, it is not always wise to insist too strongly upon it, or to take offence because they are not made at the proper time. It takes some men many months to make up their mind to call on any of the station ladies; they rather pride themselves on not doing so, and flatter themselves that the ladies are all dying to know them—whereas the fact of their not doing so makes no difference to anyone, except in a social point of view.

The regulation call may be a bore, but it is not such an unnecessary demand as the non-callers seem to think. There must be some sign by which people can express their desire to form the acquaintance of their fellow-residents. When a new arrival makes his appearance in a station, and does not call on anyone, the natural conclusion is that he does not wish to know them. Supposing that to be really his reason for not calling, he would feel aggrieved if they did not take the hint and stay away. Sometimes a new arrival calls on some of the station people, and not on others; they may have mutual friends, and have met before, and so he thinks he may as well go and see them, and by so doing he shows them that he desires their acquaintance.

But what about those upon whom he does not care to take the trouble to call? They have good reason to believe that he does not desire their acquaintance, and they act accordingly. How are they to know that he has no other reason than simple disinclination to calling? and even supposing that they are aware that such is the case, why should they accept such a feeble excuse. If he really cared to know them he would not allow such a simple matter to stand in the way of his



doing so. If he has any more serious reason for not wishing to know certain members of the community, what a false position it would place them in, for them to ignore the only intimation he can give them of his wishes, and reverse the order of things by going to see him—"because," they say, "it is so absurd to allow a mere call, one way or the other, to stand in the way of our knowing him."

In some cases this unceremonious mode of settling the question may be successful, but in others it may be a great mistake, and the kindly intentioned callers lay themselves open to the charge of intrusiveness. If no notice is taken of their friendly advance they feel hurt and indignant, and when they find that the new-comer does not intend to know them, the amount of grit that gets into the wheels is astonishing. The whole station is affected by it. The Walnut Woods, the Sals, the Birdseye Maples, and the Moorghas are all very friendly and meet at each other's houses constantly, while, although they are not quite so intimate with the Pisars and Common Deals, they always ask them to join in station amusements, and to all station dinners. The new-comer, Mr. Ebony, ignores the existence, not only of the Common Deals and the Pisars, but of the Moorghas as well. The others are consequently placed in an awkward position. They do not care to slight those with whom they associated before the arrival of Ebony, and they cannot ask them to meet him; neither can they ignore Ebony's existence on all occasions: a number of small unpleasantnesses arise, and the peace of Mangopore is destroyed.

Ebony, in following his own inclinations, and declining to know the Common Deals and the Moorghas, simply because "he does not see why he should call upon people whom he does not want to know, and who would not be received in society elsewhere," meaning in any place where there really is such a thing, acts very selfishly. He does not consider how awkward it is for the rest of the residents. Where there are a good many of them it does not make so much difference, but where there are only a few, everyone is made uncomfortable, especially if Ebony is inclined to be friendly with those whom he considers worthy of his notice, for then he is constantly meeting those whom he considers beneath his notice, at the houses of their mutual acquaintances. It would do him no harm to be sufficiently courteous to remove all unpleasantness; for the sake of peace he should sacrifice his own prejudices.

Unless, indeed, he is not a true Ebony, but belongs to the numerous family of Veneers, in which case he may be afraid of coming in contact with anyone who might be a little too rough, and chip off some of his finely polished but very thin veneering.

It is a curious fact, that moral delinquencies are not often punished by social degradation in India. A polished sinner is rarely objected to, or given the cold shoulder; it is those who offend against social law that are excluded from Mrs. Mahogany's select-dinner parties, not those who offend against moral law. Women are less leniently treated in this respect than men are, and their indiscretions are severely commented upon. If they are foolish enough to take a moon-light walk with a gentleman friend, or to receive his visits too frequently, the whole station knows and talks of it. If they are unfortunate enough to have acquired a taste for strong waters, they are condemned unhesitatingly, and perhaps with reason, but a man may live anything but a good life, and be as hard a drinker as he likes, as long as he keeps up appearances and does not openly transgress against the laws of society. The careful husband or father may tell his wife or daughters that he does not care for them to be too intimate with Mr. Varnish, but he very rarely goes so far as to say that he has, by breaking the laws of morality, forfeited his right to be received into the society of refined and pure-minded women. As long as the varnish remains bright everything is condoned, and a new layer can be put on after each offence; but crystal cannot be varnished or painted, and a woman's reputation is like crystal, and must have no stains or scratches on it that need to be varnished over.

Low birth is not such an objection in India as it is in Europe. It is very injudicious to inquire into the antecedents of one's neighbours. Some very worthy people may not be able to say who their grandfather was, and some very unworthy ones may belong to the ancient family of Old Oak. Anglo-Indians must take people as they find them, and judge everyone on their own merits, for appearances are very deceptive.

How often is Mr. Veneer believed to be one of the real Mahoganyes or Walnut Woods? As a rule, it is not the real Mahoganyes who object to the Common Deals being admitted into station society; they have nothing to fear from them, it is the Veneers who raise their voice against their admission, fearing that they will find out, that there is a near relation of their own concealed under the shining coat of veneer.

Real Mahogany may be stiff and unsociable, he may even be unpolished, touchy, and cross-grained, or full of knots, but he is generally above such meannesses as boasting of his good birth, or objecting to the want of it in others. Some of the species may be anxious to prove that they belong to the old family, and are careful to trace their origin back to the Conquest—or the Deluge—because they are conscious that unless

they do so, no one would suspect that they were off-shoots of the real Mahoganys. Such phrases as "My Uncle, Lord Old Oak," or, "My Cousin, Lady Acorn," are apt to raise a smile on the faces of those for whose benefit the relationship is thus paraded.

It is not to be wondered at that such swells as the ninety-ninth cousin of the Earl of Old Oak, and Mr. Veneer, his humble imitator, should object to honor such inferior people as the Deals, Pines, Pisars and Moorghas, with even a formal call.

There is nothing that causes more petty squabbles than the apparently trifling matter of calls. Where there are a good many Europeans in the district, who occasionally visit the station, the evil—for it amounts to a social evil—is greatly increased. A non-caller comes into the station for a few days and puts up with a friend. He goes with that friend to one or two houses, to tennis or anything else that may be going on. He is well received, and finds everyone pleasant and agreeable, meeting, probably, a good many of the station people, who all are quite willing to welcome him amongst them. So far everything goes well; but acting on his idea, that calling is quite unnecessary, he does not take the trouble to follow up this good beginning and neglects, either purposely or through carelessness, to call on anyone. He is expected to do so, and if he leaves the station without doing it, those upon whom he ought to have called are left in doubt as to whether he wishes to continue the acquaintance so unceremoniously and pleasantly begun. If they are kindly disposed and sociable, they may pass over the omission several times, and receive him hospitably when they have the chance of doing so, but they cannot make any further advance, or invite him to meet the other residents—in fact, the acquaintance is merely a passing one, and if he persists in never going to see them, unless when specially invited, it is not likely to be anything more. When in the station, he will pass their house a dozen times without thinking it worth his while to pay them the compliment of a visit, but if they pass his factory, without going in, he is hurt and annoyed, and cannot imagine the reason. It never strikes him that he has given them no reason to suppose that he wishes to see them. As a matter of fact, he may be very glad to do so, and be pleased at their want of formality and stiffness, but they must run the risk of his not being so. Nothing is more unpleasant than a mistake of this kind, and few men will commit it twice.

Many outsiders—people who live in the district, but not in the station—will ask the station people to their factories, when they meet them at the houses of mutual friends, or at the races, etc., and receive them most hospitably and

cordially if they accept the invitation, but they will avoid returning the visit, and never go to see them when in the station, even if they have plenty of time and opportunity for so doing.

"Old Bolus passed up our way the other day, with his wife," Tea-bush will remark, "they camped for the night within a mile of my bungalow, but they never came in, and I did not know it until they were gone; last year they put up with me when he came his rounds. I wonder what's up that they did not come again?"

"Did you ever go and see them when you were in the station?" a friend asks.

"No, I hate calling, it is such a nuisance, and the station people are so stuck-up, I like to keep out of their way."

"Then you are unreasonable to expect them to come to your place again."

Non-callers knowingly, and of their own free will, take up their own position in a district; they elect to call upon no one, and it is entirely their own fault if no one calls upon them; but they always indulge in the belief that it is because the station people are "stuck-up;" they condemn them without a trial, and sometimes boast of not knowing any of them, as if it was something to be proud of. Sometimes the accusation of being stuck-up is true, but not always, and it is unjust to condemn the many innocent with the few guilty, even as it is unjust to include all planters in that exceedingly objectionable phrase—"the Brutal Planter," because a very few of their number have, on rare occasions, been convicted of ill-using their coolies.

Of the chronic feud that exists in some districts between officials and non-officials it is useless to speak; no amount of oil will make the wheels run smoothly; they must be taken to pieces and re-constructed on a different plan, and all the accumulated grit of years washed away. A few turbulent spirits amongst the latter, who preach a doctrine of rebellion against the established laws, because, perhaps, they have themselves felt the finger of the law press upon a sore spot, and who, despising the advice of their more law-abiding brethren, take pleasure in being in a constant state of opposition to the officials who have to administer justice to everyone alike, whether European or Native; a few such turbulent spirits, and an unpopular Magistrate or District Officer, and nothing more is wanted to disturb the peace of the district and make it an unpleasant one for both officials and non-officials.

A fair amount of tact will prevent, but cannot cure, this disagreeable state of affairs; every new officer that is appointed

inherits the hostility that was shown to his predecessors, and hands it on to his successor.

The possession of the invaluable gift of tact is far more necessary to social success than money, all powerful as the rupee undoubtedly is ; tact, kind-heartedness and good temper, combine to make the oil that has to be used so lavishly on the creaking, groaning wheels of a mixed society. The man who being in charge of a large district, where there were a number of Europeans, gave his servant a beating, and then went to his cutcherry and fined himself for so doing, was not only a humorous character, but must have had great tact ; he as much as said : " See I am as liable to lose my temper as anyone else, but I must pay for it, and so must you." Perhaps it was this same man who, having occasion to fine a friend for the same offence, remarked that he should fine anyone else Rs. 5, but being a personal friend he fined him Rs. 25.

If the head of the station is a man of tact, he can generally—unless under the adverse circumstance of inherited antagonism—draw the rest of the residents together, especially if his wife is similarly blessed. Under their kindly influence, all the small squabbles that had been magnified from molehills to mountains, shrink into oblivion, and peace and cordiality reign supreme amongst the sensible portion of the community at least. There are generally some weak-minded and touchy persons who will take offence and squabble about trifles ; they are like many other things, necessary evils, and must be endured, they can never be cured ; they defy the good influence of the kindest-hearted and most judicious of peace-makers, and are wonderfully clever in discovering insults and slights in the simplest acts of others. The members of the Pissar and Moorgha families, and even some of the younger branches of the Sals and Teaks, are painfully thin-skinned, and imagine there is an insult or a slight concealed in the most harmless actions.

This curious faculty of seeing what does not exist, is not confined to the weaker sex and when men squabble and fall out about nothing at all, it is doubly absurd. The fact of being addressed as " Dear A.," instead of " My dear A.," or receiving a note, written perhaps in a hurry and without much thought, except for the main object of the note—and signed in pure forgetfulness, " Yours truly," or " Yours faithfully," is considered as a studied insult, and resented as such, without any inquiry as to whether it was meant or not. Some years ago an officiating deputy commissioner, who was certainly somewhat junior to the general who had the command of the troops in his district, received a letter from that officer in

which he was addressed as "My dear Mahogany;" in answering the letters he naturally commenced in the same style—"My dear Peepul,"—whereupon the General wrote him a long epistle, pointing out to him that although he—the General—addressed him as "My dear Mahogany," "it was not respectful of him to address anyone of the superior rank of a General in the same way, and requested that he would in future treat him with the respect due to his rank, &c., &c." The deputy commissioner did not appreciate the difference between his rank and the General's as he ought to have done, and laughed as he consigned the letter to his waste-paper basket. Having occasion to write again to the General shortly afterwards, he did not hesitate to begin as before, "My dear Peepul." The General's wrath was great, a grand quarrel ensued, the General and his wife cut the D. C.—(The D. C. survived it) and the station was divided into two parties; half of the station people considering the General an old prig, and the other half abusing the D. C. as an impertinent young one—while the embers of the old feud between the military and the civil authorities blazed up again and raised such a cloud of dust and dirt, that the social car was unable to move at all, and there was a dead block in the station.

On another occasion, a party of young bachelors were giving a dinner, and the boat that should have brought their beer had not arrived up to the very morning of the day on which the dinner was to come off. A very thin-skinned and touchy man of the family of Pisars—who was not one of the dinner-giving bachelors—had charge of the boat that brought up the station stores. In the evening news was brought to the bachelors that the expected boat had arrived, and one of them wrote off to T. T. Pisar, in a great hurry, to the following effect—"My dear Pisar."

"I hear the boat is in, can you let us have the beer sharp?"

"Yours truly,"  
O. O."

T. T. Pisar was furious: "Did Mr. Old Oak doubt his word: he had told him that very morning that the boat was not in—did he think that he wanted to keep his beer. What did he mean writing to him and signing himself "Yours truly" as he would to any tradesman, &c., &c."

O. O. was cut, of course, and the indignant Pisar never forgot the fancied insult, and refused, years afterwards, to let his wife know O. O.'s wife.

The quality of the paper used for notes should be carefully considered. Mrs. Peepul notices that Mrs. Walnut Wood writes to her on different paper to that which she uses when

writing to Mrs. Teakwood, and concludes that Mrs. Walnut Wood thinks any paper is good enough for her. A childless couple, through some mistake on the part of a shopkeeper, receives some baby shoes by post, and this is construed into a practical joke, and every member of the community is, in turn, suspected of being the perpetrators. Mrs. Walnut Wood did not shake hands with Mr. Pisar at tennis, and he immediately racks his brain for a reason, but never thinks of the right one, *viz.*, that to shake hands every evening of the week with everyone in the station is absurd, as well as unpleasant, in the hot weather. A. drives a restive horse, and has some trouble in holding him in; when he meets B. and his wife on the road, he nods to them as he drives rapidly past, but has no hand to spare to lift his hat. B. thinks the rudeness intentional, and without mentioning the matter to A., who could of course explain it, sulks in silence over it, or mentions it to other people, giving his own idea of A.'s behaviour. A mischief-maker is rarely wanting who repeats to A. all that B. says, and a row ensues as the actual truth is never repeated. A. carelessly remarked one day, when the interesting subject of champagne was being discussed, that he thought a certain brand was abominable trash. C. immediately jumped to the conclusion that A. intended to annoy him by his remark, as that brand of champagne was what A. had drank at his house only a few nights before. A. had taken no notice of it at the time, and had not the slightest intention of offending C. Now why should B.'s first thought be that the rudeness was intentional: is it something in the air of India that leads people to jump to the conclusion that everyone wants to insult or annoy them, that they should always be on the look-out for it? When a lady has a large supply of milk from her own cows, she often sends some of it to her neighbours, or some good home-made butter or new-laid eggs; these little gifts are received frankly and thankfully by some, but others find a sour taste in the milk, and a rancid flavor in the butter, because they object to be under any obligation to the kind-hearted donor, being particularly sensitive and thin-skinned and not being blessed with the art of receiving graciously. It is certainly more easy to give than to receive in some cases, and it requires tact on both sides when the gift is one that is not usually offered. If the receivers were to consider the kind motive more, and the awkwardness of the giver or the gift less, they would find less difficulty in accepting it, and not be so inclined to quarrel with either the giver or the gift—even though the latter may be one that they would gladly refuse.

A fruitful cause of quarrels may be found in the misrepresentations and mistakes of the native servants. Many serious

quarrels arise from the receipt of impertinent messages, or that were understood to be such, that were never sent. It is not safe to believe anything that a native messenger says, or to send even the simplest message by one. The most polite request for the loan of a newspaper, or a book, gets transformed into a curt demand for the article required; the return message, being just as polite an apology for not being able to lend it just then, reaches its destination in the form of a flat refusal. Servants are quick to notice any break in the friendly intercourse between their employers, and do their best to widen the breach by the most malicious and amazing mistakes, and by any amount of tale-bearing and untruth. Ebony wants a few plantain leaves, and his servants immediately go into Common Deal's compound, and either cut a lot of leaves from his plantain trees, and when questioned as to why they do so, say that "Ebony Sahib told them to;" or they go to Common Deal's Bungalow, and send in a message, which he supposes to come from Ebony himself, and which may be intended to be polite or otherwise, but which reaches him through one of his own servants as a simple demand for the plantain leaves, "Ebony Sahib wants some plantain leaves." From a friend: no notice would be taken of it, from an enemy, it is an extra piece of grit in the wheels.

Mahogany's Khansamah tries to entice away Rosewood's cook. Whereupon Rosewood is wrath, and tells everyone of it, complaining loudly of Mahogany's conduct. A few words of good-tempered explanation would set these matters to rights, but the servants are shrewd enough to know when their masters are inclined to quarrel about trifles, and also that even if they tried to find out whose servant was in fault, they could not.

It is a doubtful experiment for two families to try to live together; even bachelors frequently find it difficult to manage with two sets of servants, however much they may try to ignore all the petty quarrels that are sure to take place. Each man's servants lay the blame of everything that goes wrong on the other man's servants, and each set of servants are perfectly respectful to their own employers, but are often impertinent to the other man. Ladies are particularly subject to annoyance from servants at all times, and when they are living with other ladies, it is much worse than when they are living in their own house. The native ayahs take a fiendish delight in quarrelling with the other servants, and then appealing to their mistresses. If once their complaints are listened to, all chance of keeping the peace is over: each lady takes her own servant's part, and day after day something occurs to vex and annoy them, and to create a quarrel. If the complaints are not listened to, the



women and the men servants also, worry their employers in a thousand little indescribable ways.

Book Clubs and Mutton Clubs, also, are fruitful sources of trouble. The manager of a Mutton Club must make up his mind to admit no quarrelsome members, and to put up with no interference, or his life will be made a burden to him. Each member has a different idea of how the sheep ought to be fed, what they should cost, etc., and some members are never satisfied. The lady who refused to admit any but bachelors into her Mutton Club, had very good reasons for so doing. As a rule, bachelors do not care to write to the manager—especially to a lady manager—and ask why he did not get the sheep's head a fortnight before, or if the sheep have no necks or livers, or to complain that his mutton reaches him in a semi-decomposed state; but a married member, who belongs to the tribe of petty-squabblers, will make his wife write and ask these absurd questions, and will never believe that the head found its way into his servant's food; that the neck and liver provided his khansamah with some dainty dishes, that never found their way out of the cook-house, or that mutton that is killed at 4 A.M. in the hot season, will not keep good if it is not taken out of a hot cook-house until 3 P.M., and is then carried several miles in the blazing sun on the end of a stick, with only a dirty duster round it. If there are any complaints to be made, and the untrustworthiness of the servants make it necessary for enquiries to be made occasionally, the manager should insist upon being told at once; it is impossible to trace a sheep's head that is a fortnight old. The manager who received that special complaint got rid of the troublesome member as soon as possible. After going through all the trouble of buying, feeding, killing, and distributing the sheep, the manager must not be surprised if he finds himself treated by some of his members, as if he was a bazar butcher, and was trying to make a profit out of the club, unless he is wise enough to keep all the family of petty-squabblers out of his club.

Tennis, and all Station Clubs, must be managed with a good deal of decision, tact, and good temper, or they will be social failures. Very few of them can boast of having no touchy members; the grit has constantly to be brushed away, and a continual supply of oil applied. When it is considered what a variety of materials have to be worked into the social car; what an *omnium gatherum* of antagonistical natures are brought in contact with each other; it is not to be wondered at that the result is not always very brilliant or successful.

A little of the Christian charity that is such a rarity—charity not of deeds only, but of words and thoughts, and a



determination to put the best and not the worst construction on the doings and sayings of others,—smooth off many of the rough edges, tone down what at first appear to be most glaring offences, and make the wheels revolve smoothly and easily ; they act, in fact, as "grit catchers," and allow the dirt, mud, and sand that is thrown on the wheels, to fall harmlessly to the ground, instead of penetrating to every portion of the machinery and clogging the wheels of that curiously constructed car—Indian social life.

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## ART. X.—THE CONGO FREE STATE.

**M**R. STANLEY has now finished his campaign in England, in favor of the Congo Free State, and he has recently crossed over to America, in the hope of obtaining funds for the construction of railways, to aid in opening up Central Africa from the station settlements established on and near the Congo River. During the few months passed in the United Kingdom, Mr. Stanley has shewn the most extraordinary energy; holding meetings all over the country, and speaking successively before the Royal Geographical Society in London; the manufacturers of Lancashire and Yorkshire at Manchester; before the shipowners at Liverpool, and Glasgow, and before several Chambers of Commerce in different parts of the Kingdom. His industry has been indefatigable. Besides finding time for all his meetings and speeches he has, in his leisure moments, written a detailed account of his work on the Congo, of the difficulties and dangers his expedition had to encounter, and he is now able to give a very promising picture of success achieved and obstacles overcome.

His book is dedicated, as indeed it ought to be, to "His Majesty Leopold II, the generous monarch who so nobly conceived, ably conducted, and munificently sustained, the enterprise which has obtained the recognition of all the great powers of the world, and has ended in the establishment of the Congo State," and also to those gentlemen who assisted by their zealous services, talents and sympathy, to realise the unique project of forming a Free Commercial State in Equatorial Africa.

A summary of what has been done up to date, based generally on Mr. Stanley's book and other Congo publications, may not be without interest for our readers at the present time.

Public attention has, within the last few months, been attracted to the Western Coast of Africa by a variety of circumstances. The action of continental nations in annexing Namaqualand and Angra Pequena, led to much comment, and the Berlin Conference was watched, by all interested in British trade and commerce, with much anxiety. During the sitting of the Congress, and until the publication of the result of their debates in the "General Act" of February last, no one knew what surprises might be in store for England or what intrigues this or that state might unfold against British interests on the Congo and Niger rivers.

The Conference, however, ended far more satisfactorily than many people had expected. No attempt was made to interfere with British supremacy on the Niger; our rights were respected all along the western coast, and the Congo Free

State obtained all it could wish for in the acquisition of the northern bank of the Congo River. Portugal still retains the southern side of the mouth of the river, but the other has been conceded to the Free State, which thus obtains the wished-for access to the sea. This State, which has been founded by the munificence and generosity of King Leopold, and by the courage and industry of Mr. Stanley, must now be regarded as a separate kingdom, and as such, entitled to treat on equal terms with foreign nations whose traders wish to make use of the facilities it offers for the development of trade and commerce in Central Africa.

The English Government has been among the first to recognise the rights of the newly-founded African State, and in a Convention made between Her Majesty the Queen and the King of the Belgians, who has also been styled "Sovereign of the Congo," a number of regulations are laid down which offer considerable attractions to British trade, and some inducements to British settlers to try their luck on the Congo River.

The "International Association of the Congo" undertakes not to levy any duty, import or transit, on articles or merchandise imported by British subjects into any territories which are at present, or may hereafter come, under its Government. British subjects are at all times to have the right of sojourning and establishing themselves in the territories, or in any part of the dominions of the Association. They are to enjoy, wherever they may settle, the same protection which is accorded to the subjects or citizens of the most favored nation in all matters which regard their persons, their property, the free exercise of their religion, and the rights of navigation, commerce and industry. They are, besides, to enjoy the right of buying, of selling, of hiring lands, buildings, mines and forests, and of founding houses of business and of carrying on commerce and coasting trade under the British flag. The Association, moreover, engages itself not to accord any advantages whatsoever to the subjects of any other nation without the same advantages being at the same time extended to British subjects.

And even these do not complete the list of the inducements which King Leopold has been willing to grant in order to foster and encourage British trade in his new kingdom. It is enacted, in the Convention, published in May last as a Parliamentary paper, that every English Consul or Consular officer, who shall be duly authorized by Her Britannic Majesty's Government, may hold a Consular Court for the district assigned to him, and shall exercise sole and exclusive jurisdiction over the persons and property of British subjects in accordance with British law. This jurisdiction, of course, will apply

only to British subjects; if any foreigner or member of the Free State has cause of complaint against an English subject the British Consul shall endeavour to arrange the dispute amicably, and if he cannot succeed in doing so, he will request the assistance of the authorities of the Association who will examine into the merits of the case and decide it equitably.

These privileges amount to the right to trade freely, without let or hindrance, all over the country ruled or leased to the Free State; and, moreover, every Englishman will have the, to him, most valuable advantage of being under the jurisdiction of a Consul or of a Consular Agent of his own nation. There can be little doubt that it has been the hope of King Leopold, in giving British subjects, in his new kingdom, such very favorable laws, to do all in his power to stimulate British trade and enterprise. That these will thrive in the regions bordering on the Congo there is every reason to hope, though the first steps must, of course, be, to a great extent, tentative, and possibly on a small scale. Still, as the population of the Upper Congo territory is reported as dense, there is every reason to hope that this trade will, in a short time, assume large dimensions. Its development will, to a very great extent, depend on the energy the Free State shows in opening out new stations and extending as much and as far as possible their friendly relations with the native tribes; and if the progress they have already made in the few years they have been at work may be taken as any criterion of what their success will be in the next quarter-of-a-century, there is undoubtedly a very brilliant future before the new Congo Free State.

It may be remembered that it was only in 1876 that the expedition, despatched by the London *Daily Telegraph* and by the *New York Herald*, to complete, if possible, Livingstone's explorations, arrived at the source of the Congo river, and shortly afterwards set out on its mission of following that river to the sea. After a long, wearisome and dangerous journey of 281 days, the expedition, having traversed a distance of 1,660 miles by water, and a perilous land-journey of 140 miles, at length reached the Atlantic Ocean, and it was proved that the Chambezi and Qualaba rivers, celebrated through the length and breadth of Equatorial Africa, were one with the Congo, whose embouchure had been discovered by the Portuguese some four centuries before. Mr. Stanley, who had the honor of leading that expedition, which first succeeded in demonstrating to the world that it was possible to open out and develop the resources of Central Africa by means of her great waterway, the Congo, returned to Europe in the early part of 1878. As he descended from the mail railway-carriage at Marseilles,

he was met by two Commissioners from His Majesty the King of the Belgians, who shortly afterwards informed him that King Leopold intended to undertake to do something substantial for Africa, and that he expected Stanley to assist him.

Any one who had not gone through the same trials can hardly understand Stanley's feelings as the proposition was put before him. He had only just returned from Africa. In that country, though his expedition had finally been crowned with success, he had gone through unheard of privations, through much suffering, and through actual want. He had spent years in toil and in danger, amid a barbarous people, and was then but slowly recovering from the famine and fatigue endured on his long journey. And here are the two Commissioners from King Leopold asking him to return to that country, again to live among the savages of Central Africa, and again brave the perils and privations from which he had but then escaped. His first impulse was to refuse. While approving of the great and good work which the King wished to carry out he could not yet bring himself to face the idea of returning to a place where he had suffered so much. "I am," he said, "so sick and weary that I cannot think with patience of any suggestion that I should personally conduct the expedition. Six months hence, perhaps, I should view things differently; but at present, I cannot think of anything more than a long rest and sleep." Six months, however, effected a great change in his feelings, for in August of that year, 1878, we find him hastening from Switzerland to Paris to meet one of the Commissioners, and eagerly discussing the prospects of future work on the Congo. It was at this meeting that the first expedition up the river was decided on. Up to this time King Leopold's intentions had been vague. He wished to do something substantial for the unopened regions of Central Africa, but what that something was to be he had not settled. It was at a meeting in the Royal Palace at Brussels that the object and scope of the mission were finally determined. It was then resolved that a fund should be subscribed to equip an expedition to explore the river, and to obtain accurate information as to the natives, the duties or taxes they might levy on European merchandise, and what they could give in return for the products of European manufactures. The subscribers to the fund assumed the name and title of "Comité d'Etudes du Haut Congo," and a portion of the capital, amounting to £20,000, was then and there subscribed for immediate use. This "Comité d'Etudes" eventually developed into the African International Association, (from which England alone, of all the great powers, absented herself through the fear of being trammelled with engagements of an International

character) whose avowed object was the exploration of Central Africa and the suppression of the slave trade.

In the early part of 1879 Stanley departed in the good Steamer *Albion* for Zanzibar. There he was able to collect sixty-eight of the Zanzibaris who had accompanied him in his former exploration, and finally, in May, he set sail for the river Congo by way of the Red Sea and Mediterranean. At Gibraltar he received his final instructions, relating to obtaining concessions of land from the Congo chiefs, the establishment of stations and settlements, to be occupied by colored men, under the superintendence of Europeans, and the development and extension of these by means of roads and highways.

A day before reaching their destination the water of the sea changed in color from blue to a muddy-green, weeds and forest débris were seen floating on the waves around the ship, and every thing pointed to the neighbourhood of a mighty river. On the 14th of August they eventually gained sight of land. At first sight it accorded little with what their ideas of tropical luxuriance had led them to expect. Shortly afterwards the pilot came on board, and his arrival affords Mr. Stanley the first of many opportunities of saying a good word for the Congo climate: "A boat brings towards us the pilot, the very sight of whose size and build is inspiring. He tells us he has been living on that low, spit-like projection of sand and guiding the shipping in and out of the harbor of Banana for the past ten years. He stands before us a splendid specimen of robust and healthy manhood, over six feet in height and sixteen stone in weight, with clothes so well-fitted and clean that they would have graced the Boulevards of Nice. Let intending settlers on the Congo note this and similar facts, for possibly, by due reflection, they may learn something of how to live in a tropic climate." So writes Stanley, but he is an enthusiast on all subjects relating to his dearly-loved river, and the saddest part of his book is that which tells of the sufferings, of the bad health, and of the fatal illnesses of too many of his followers. The Congo District cannot be called healthy; there are regions in it that are, but to reach them the traveller has to pass through great spaces where, as Stanley graphically says, "the slightest indiscretion (such as a single *petit verre*), the least unusual or spasmodic industry, may, in one short hour, prove fatal."

The expedition, however, did not suffer from fever or any of the other prevalent diseases at Banana, and they succeeded in unloading the *Albion* and in putting together their small flotilla of river steamers without any serious mishap. In a few days, all preparations having been completed, and after having said a last farewell to the Dutch merchants and others who had lent

them a helping hand, they steamed away between the deeply forested banks of the Congo for the seat of their enterprise on the Upper River. Boma, the principal emporium of trade on the Lower Congo, is soon reached. It consists of a number of factories, stores, sheds and workshops, belonging to the various European companies who have sent their agents to establish trading stations at every available and suitable point on both banks of the river. These companies have many factories up and down the river, which are kept supplied with goods for trade and barter from Banana, their central dépôt.

From Boma, the view, looking up or down the stream, is not cheering. Looking beyond the factories ranged along the banks, with their tall flagstaffs and white-washed residences, and the sombre thatched roofs of the stores and sheds, there is a range of hills lifting and falling away towards the north; an undulating line of hilly land is visible across the river, and between is the shining stream of living, quick, flowing water, sparkling and shining in the midday sun. But on its surface there is no sail; no boat is visible, there is no sign of human life or industry. The land is equally deserted. No village, no hut or native shed can be seen, not even a column of smoke mounts through the quiet air to show that man is near, and that this smiling country is populated. Some distance further up the river Stanley met with a place, Vivi, which seemed to him all that could be desired, in the way of position and salubrity, for the foundation of his first station. Being near a native village he would enjoy the great advantages of plentiful labor, and as the site chosen was on the side of a high hill, it would be, he hoped, well-drained and perfectly healthy for the men left in charge. An assembly of the native chiefs was convened to meet the white men, and to hear what they wanted. That they were amicably disposed from the outset the speech with which they greeted Stanley sufficiently shows:—"We, the big chiefs of Vivi, are glad to see the Mundelé (trader), if he has any wish to settle in our country, as Massala informs us, we shall welcome him and be great friends with him. Let him speak his mind freely." Stanley replied that he did not ask them for much; only for ground on which to build houses, to make gardens and fields, and the right to make roads through the country inland wherever he might wish. That day the Chiefs gave him no reply; after a little consultation among themselves, and after having received a quantity of gin, presumably to aid them in their deliberations, they retired to their huts to weigh and ponder the Mundelé's request. Punctually at the appointed time next morning, the Vivi Chiefs and their armed retinues appeared, all bedecked in the most fashionable of Congo costumes, consisting of old second-hand



military coats, and cottons of many gay and brilliant colors. The Conference began by the interpreter describing how the Chiefs had gone home the previous evening and consulted together for a very long time. At last they had arrived at the conclusion that the Mundelé should be given his choice of all their unoccupied land, and that he might also build houses, and, if he chose, make roads throughout their territory. The result of their deliberations was entirely favorable to the settlers, and it only remained to decide what was to be given in return for the gift of land, and for the various privileges accorded.

This at first sight might appear easy, but it was not. The natives of Vivi appear to have the same ideas regarding price, and the management of a bargain, in which a white man is concerned, as the metal-workers of Moradabad, or the jewellers of Chandni Chowk. Time to them counts for nothing; their sole object being to extort from the unfortunate buyer the highest possible price, and even this they would not value if it had not been obtained by the requisite amount of hard talking and by a display of volubility which would make the fortune of a native pleader and prove no disgrace to an Irish Parliamentary Obstructionist. Mr. Stanley soon discovered this pleasing trait in the African character, for it took him four hours of incessant talking to conclude the bargain for the small piece of land required for the foundation of a trading-station. He promised to pay £32 down in cloth and a monthly rental of £2; then, at last, the papers were signed, the land was really his, and the first European station had been established in Central Africa.

A road had now to be made from the bank of the river to the platform, on which it was proposed to erect the first house; the platform itself had to be levelled, and the stores and goods from the steam launches conveyed to the sheds and warehouses. This work was soon in full progress, for the natives came forward and were willing and eager to work for the Mundelé's wages, and the work they did was undertaken and carried out in earnest. By degrees the houses were erected, painted within and without; the roads on both sides of the hill were finished and the 600 tons of stores and miscellanea conveyed from the river and safely deposited in the station magazines. It must not, however, be thought that all this was accomplished easily and without difficulty. Stanley was constantly on the scene, drawing plans for the houses and gardens, surveying the roads, and urging on his work-people to renewed efforts by the promise of liberal *bakshish* if they finished within a certain time.

As soon as Vivi station was finally completed Stanley handed over charge to one of his European assistants, and set out to explore the country for a suitable wagon route past the Lower

Livingstone Cataracts. Immediately up the river from Vivi are the three rapids, Yellala, Inga and Isangila. It was of course impossible for the boats to hope to pass them on the river, so it was proposed to make a good road from Vivi to Isangila, along which the boats could be drawn on wagons; the river above Isangila being again navigable. As a first step it was necessary to obtain the permission and consent of the Isangila Chiefs, before any road could be undertaken through their country. They met in council, to hear the Mundéle's proposals, and as he simply asked for the right to make a roadway, and for the power to engage men from their tribe to work for him, they did not refuse his request, which, they had the sense to see, would ultimately benefit themselves.

And now Stanley commences the first really arduous task of his expedition. The distance from Vivi to Isangila is fifty-two miles, but the intervening country is a cruel one. Deep ravines intersect it; here are steep hills and mountains, there great tropical forests, through which a road will have to be literally hewn, and where the daily progress will often be but a few feet. If it be borne in mind that Stanley (or Bula Matari—"Rock-breaker,"—as the natives, in their picturesque phrase, had already dubbed him) had only 106 men at his disposal, the task he was prepared to undertake must have seemed almost impossible. To make a road by removing great rocks, filling up hollows and ravines, and cutting through forests, in a country where, at every step, illness struck down the strongest Europeans, was a task that might have daunted the bravest and dismayed the most hopeful. But there was no help for it. It had to be undertaken, and it was, and the record of its completion is one of the most remarkable instances of perseverance in the face of difficulties, and of triumph over obstacles and sufferings which it has ever been our good fortune to read. Begun on the 18th March 1880, the fifty-two miles of roadway were not finished till the 21st of February 1881, and the record of this work well earned for Stanley the name "Bula Matari," which the natives, to show their wonder and admiration at his success, and his, to them, incomprehensible power of overcoming difficulties, conferred upon him.

In the villages he passed through during this year of road-making, he came across several new native tribes and it is rather disappointing to the general reader that he has not taken more trouble to explain their manners and customs, and the curious religious beliefs they are believed to hold. One reason of his reticence on these interesting subjects probably was, that at that time his knowledge of the vernacular was very limited. All the negotiations between the expedition and the native chiefs at Vivi and Isangila, had been carried

on by means of an interpreter, and one can quite imagine that it was a too long and wearisome process to enquire into the beliefs and habits of the people, when all questions and answers had to be translated from one language to another, and doubtless changed and distorted in the translations. It may perhaps have been, also, that Stanley was too tired and weary after his hard day's work, after having ridden over miles of rough and difficult ground, and been obliged to keep a watchful eye on everything, to have much energy to enquire into the lives and customs of the natives. Whatever the explanation may be, the fact remains, that in the first volume of his history, the natives receive much less attention and notice than they deserve; we hear of the work they did, and of all their labor, which was generally given cheerfully and willingly, and enabled the expedition to accomplish much in a short time, but of their lives, thoughts, or customs, we are told next to nothing.

During the hard work entailed in road-making, aided by constant exposure to the sun, and the rapid changes of temperature experienced along the Congo, the little expedition was soon sorely attacked by sickness, and lessened in number by the desertion of the faint-hearted. A very short time after their arrival in the country an engineer died; another man had shortly afterwards to be invalided home, and Stanley had, at the same time, to supply the place of several men who had returned to Europe, preferring the comfort and luxury of a civilized town to the hardships they had to encounter in Central Africa. In spite, however, of the insalubrity of the Lower Congo District, the temperature was cool, as the following, readings of the thermometer, taken on the 27th June 1880, will show.

6.	A. M.	...	...	...	63° F.
10-30	"	...	...	...	69° "
3.	P. M.	...	...	...	70° "
6.	"	...	...	...	65° "
10.	"	...	...	...	63° "

But notwithstanding this low temperature the district is unmistakeably most unhealthy, and at the time that these readings were taken Stanley had cases of typhoid and gastric fever among his followers, and several of them had to return to Europe. He felt that every addition to the number of his followers was simply adding to the number of sick, and to the cases of faint-heartedness he would have to deal with. Consequently, we find him writing home to Europe that if all the talent of Belgium were there it would not increase his working force, but would probably swell the already long list

of ill and home-sick ones, so, says he, send us no more men, and we will get along as steadily and as fastly as we can as we are. At one time between a sixth and a seventh of the whole expedition were incapacitated through illness, and it must have been almost heart-breaking for Stanley, as he was out working at his road in the unopened country, to receive day by day accounts of how fever and dysentery were striking down the officers at Vivi and at the small stations along the route.

And work and sickness were not the only enemies which had to be met and conquered. The natives often gave trouble, though, on the whole, their conduct was perhaps better than might have been expected, and they showed considerable diligence at the heavy labor which the hauling of carts and stores entailed upon them. Like all natives, they were superstitious, and when about to enter the forest of Nyongena, they drew back in alarm. "Bad spirits," they said, "guard the wood and many a poor man has been enticed by them into its recesses never to return." They dared not attack and fell the trees, which were supposed to harbour the evil spirits, and it was not till the white men had made a path through a portion of the forest, and shown them that there was really nothing to fear, that at last they ventured to enter and to resume their work.

One of the Native Chiefs, whom Stanley rightly calls "a brutal native," attempted to give trouble but he was promptly quelled, and reduced to submission by the decision and presence of mind of "Bula Matari." He appeared one day in camp and forbade his people to sell a single article of food to the white men, and, not content with this impertinence, he commenced to abuse, with violent language, the Europeans present. He had commenced to beat with his staff the natives whom he found selling fowls and bananas to the members of the expedition, when Stanley, rushing out of his tent seized him by the arm and demanded the reason of his conduct. The Native Chief, unaccustomed to such vigorous interference, raised his arm menacingly, as if to strike. He was not quick enough, however, and received a blow in the face, which enraged him so that he rushed to seize his gun from the hands of his slave gun-bearer. The cry, "Seize him, boys," brought the interference of some pioneers standing by, and the turbulent native was at once made a prisoner and strongly secured. Native custom ordains that the one who commences a quarrel, if a loser, must pay, and the prisoner was sentenced, by the senior Chief of his tribe, to a fine of four pigs and four goats, to give the services of two laborers as far as Isangila, and himself to convey three letters, one after another, to Vivi. The fine was religiously paid, the men worked well

and the now-sobered chief performed his three journeys to Vivi. He ultimately behaved so well that Stanley was able to remit a portion of his fine, and so finally secure him as a firm and fast friend.

All this time the work of road-making and of transporting the river steamers and the goods and stores of the expedition was being conducted laboriously and unceasingly. As an example of the hard labor which had to be done ungrudgingly, there is the account of how the steam launch *En Avant* was dragged up the steepest hills. "The steamer, mounted on a large steel wagon, at the foot of the hill, was ready for the ascent, the rise being 1 in 4. For this work we have been most careful in our arrangements, four sets of large tackles are laid down ready, with the ends fastened to large trees on the side of the road. Every soul in the camp is mustered for the occasion, and a hauling song is chanted, similar in refrain to the nautical "Ho, heave yo." It is slow work, but it is sure, and safe. Any confusion, misunderstanding of command, slowness of blocking the hind wheels, when the haulers cease, has to be guarded against. Up and down the overseers move incessantly, with waving arms and hoarse voices, and at last their exertions are rewarded by the sight of the steam launch, landed safe and sound on the summit of the hill."

Such was the work which the expedition had to do, and there can be little wonder that at times it was enough to dishearten the bravest. They spent six weeks piercing through one short stretch of dense forest, and when the road was made they found their progress had been at the rate of 42 yards per day. At last, on the 21st February 1881, after 366 days spent on the task, the great road from Vivi to Isangila was finally completed. That this had been a year of great trial and suffering, the deaths of 6 Europeans and the retirement home of thirteen invalided whites, suffice to show, but the courage of the remainder, in facing sickness and hard work, and their indomitable energy and perseverance in face of almost insuperable difficulties, gained for the expedition and for its leader a reputation among the native tribes of the interior which was invaluable in future trials, and materially aided the subsequent realisation of the objects of the expedition.

The road once made to Isangila, the steamers were again launched on the river, and the expedition, carried in them, moved up quickly towards Stanley Pool. The scenery along the banks gave them small inducement to stop. Without variety, and monotonous in the extreme, it soon became wearisome, for this part of the Congo is entirely devoid of beauty and grandeur, and is also almost unpopulated. In a few days they were stopped by the Ndunga Rapids, where all the goods and food

had to be taken out of the steamers and transported by land, to enable them to face the current. And it was well that the expedition had this work to occupy their thoughts and to prevent their spirits being influenced by the sombre and gloomy aspect of the surrounding country, which is here bare, and, consisting of long stretches of rocky, sandy land, quite unpopulated, and without any trace of animal life or of vegetation, which alone can render a country beautiful.

Leaving this barren waste behind the expedition moved slowly forward, and at last, in September 1881, ultimately reached Stanley Pool, where they immediately set to work to found a new station, to be known by the name "Leopold-ville," in honor of their munificent promoter and supporter.

After weeks of hard labor, and a good deal of trouble with the native chiefs, who seemed to think that the white men had come for their special benefit, and that their wealth and generosity were unlimited, the magazines and stores were erected and the new station completed. With its one-story block-house, commanding all approaches, impregnable to native muskets, and proof against fire, it appeared a safe refuge if trouble arose. Water was close at hand, and fuel abundant in the neighbourhood. The surrounding country, though rugged and offering little inducement to agriculture, was not wanting in natural beauty. From the summit of Leopold Hill, the great cataract, Kintamo, could be seen in the distance. To the north lay the large circular basin of Stanley Pool, rimmed with mountains, and surrounding the island of Bamu, looking dark and inhospitable beneath the heavy clouds which threaten to deluge it with rain. Inland was a regular wilderness of hill-cones and tabular heights, with here and there large depressions and irregular waves of uncultivated land. Between Stanley Pool and Inswata the country assumes a more pleasing aspect, and Stanley waxes quite eloquent in a description of its manifold beauties.

"It had never before struck me that I ought to be enthusiastic about the towering ridges that rise in stately majesty above the broad brown flood, or to paint the dark green foliage of the guaiacum, or to point out how it contrasts with the tender green foliage of the bombax, or floss-wood, and the silver-grey stem resembling a marble column amid the wealth of leafy verdure which it overtops; or that I ought to dwell upon the petty details of a jungly grove, to point out the difference between the tender leaf of the climbing calamus, and the darker green of the bending feathery frond of the clais, and to show how there are colors in a tropic forest, from the crimson glories of the traveller's tree, to the yellow

"blossoms of the acacia, that deep shadows and bright lights  
"are here as elsewhere; and that when the sun is slowly setting,  
"the watching of the rosy light diffused over the lengthy slope  
"of the hills, chased by the shadows which are rising in fantas-  
"tic lines, fast after the retreating light, until it is seen for an  
"instant tipping the very crown of the tallest hill, and the  
"shadows grow deeper and deeper, and darkness, as of the  
"grave, falls upon us."

But though the country was, to Stanley, so beautiful, it was also dreadfully unhealthy, and even his strong frame was beginning to feel the effects of constant exposure of the deadly malaria which had already killed so many Europeans. After an expedition up the Kwa river and the discovery of Lake Leopold II, with an area of 800 square miles, Stanley, who was excessively weak, after repeated attacks of fever, found it absolutely necessary to try what a change of scene could do towards re-establishing his health. He returned to Isangila, where the station, though poor and ill-furnished, formed a pleasing contrast to the hardships and sufferings he had lately endured. At Vivi he met Dr. Peschuel-Loeche, bearing a commission from the authorities at home appointing him to the leadership of the *Expédition du Haut Congo* in the event of Stanley's being disabled by accident or by serious indisposition. This was a very welcome relief to Stanley, who now considered himself at liberty to proceed home, and accordingly, almost immediately set sail for Europe.

Once there he lost no time in laying before the "Comité of the Association Internationale of the Congo," an account of what had been accomplished, and of the true condition of affairs on the river. The original instructions issued by the "Comité d'Études du Haut Congo," five years previously, were that "three stations were to be built, a steamer launched on the Upper Congo, and communications kept open with the sea." More than this had been accomplished. Five stations had been constructed, a steamer and a large sailing boat had been launched on the upper river, and roads had been made between Vivi and Isangila, and between Manyanga and Stanley Pool, which completed the line of communication between Leopoldville and the sea. In spite of sickness, and the enormous natural difficulties of the country traversed, much more had been accomplished than was included in the original programme. It had been discovered that the natives were inclined to trade; that with one or two exceptions they accorded a hearty welcome to the white man, and in some cases had helped him by working themselves. As Stanley himself said, at a meeting of the Association, "the first phase of the mission is now over, for we know that communication can be preserved uninterruptedly between

the Upper Congo and the Atlantic. The second phase is the consolidation of the work, by obtaining the concession of their authority from all the chiefs along the route, and such other rights as they may possess, which could be obtained by others to oppress us who first pioneered the way." The Comité agreed that this must be their next work, and they requested Stanley to return and to consolidate the stations as far as Stanley Falls, and they promised to despatch an efficient assistant-chief to administer the establishment on the Lower Congo while he was absent on the upper river.

No sooner had this decision been arrived at, than Stanley, with his accustomed energy, immediately set out to return to the seat of his labors. December saw him again at Vivi, recuperated and refreshed by the five months absence occupied by his journey to Europe. His arrival was not a happy one. He found that the German gentleman, who had presented such high credentials for force of character and for earnestness of purpose, and who had been left in charge of the expedition, had quietly left the Congo a month before and was well on his way to Europe. The chief at Vivi, the second in rank, had also disappeared; the chief of Leopoldville was rusticated on the coast; his second-in-command had fled, and, as a crowning misery, the *En Avant* steam launch had been robbed of her steam valve, and was lying high and dry and absolutely useless at the landing place at Leopoldville. Time and patience, however, soon reduced affairs to good order again; the steamer traffic at Vivi, which had given great trouble, owing to the irregular manner in which it was conducted, was placed under proper restrictions; the chief of Leopoldville was recalled from the coast, and sent back to his station with a small caravan, and Leopoldville itself was again put in good order, the native huts were rebuilt and a new magazine and store-house erected.

When the *En Avant* had been repainted and thoroughly repaired, and the various stations were all settled and busy again, Stanley at last felt himself at liberty to pursue his explorations up the Congo. The steam launches, laden with bales of goods, bags of cowries, with gin and spirits, for barter with the natives, and with material for the construction of two new stations, set sail from Leopoldville on the 9th May 1883. A day later they arrived at Inswata, the first station up the river. Lieutenant Janssen, who had been left there thirteen months before, had had time to complete the settlement and to build himself a nice house, which, with its cool, shady porch and pretty appearance, somewhat resembles a good English farmhouse. Here he holds palavers with the natives and chats twice a day with a powerful old chief, Gantiené, who, with a wise



shake of his head, asserted most positively that it was the bad fetish of the Wabuma who had sickened Bula Matari, and the old man would not be restored to tranquility till Stanley had promised never to live among them again.

Above Inswata the Congo is indeed a magnificent river. There, five hundred miles from the sea, it is a mile-and-a-quarter in breadth, and flows along between well wooded banks peacefully and quietly to the Atlantic Ocean. Above Chumbiri the river widens from two to four miles, and here, for the first time, the traveller begins to realise the richness and fertility of equatorial Africa. On the Lower Congo the view is bounded by the ranges of hills which shut it in on either side all the way from Vivi to Boma. About Chumbiri the country is a vast plain, whose bountiful and unparalleled richness of soil offer every inducement to the farmer and cultivator. Along the river are clearings and numerous villages which, in the neighbourhood of Bolobo Station, form almost a continuous line along the banks. In this region animal life is abundant. Hippopotami and crocodiles are innumerable, elephants and buffaloes are seen, and monkeys, black and white parrots, paroquets, and guinea-fowl abound. The Congo is here eight to ten times broader than the Mississippi, and for beauty and the picturesque may compare, so its enthusiastic historian informs us, with the Rhine, and the finest rivers in the world.

After leaving Inswata the expedition continued their course up the river till they reached Iboke, which, in size, is a large town. The chief received Stanley in the most friendly manner, and as a proof of his kindly feeling invited him to become his blood-brother. This is a most important ceremony among the chiefs and natives of Central Africa, and has the effect of making those who celebrate it fast friends till death. A forked branch was brought, the chief came forward, seized it, and kneeling before Stanley, drew out his short falchion, and said: "Hold the other branch, Bula Matari," and no sooner had Stanley grasped it, than the falchion descended, the branch was cut in two and the chief shouted aloud: "Thus I declare my wish to be your brother."

"Then a fetish-man came forward with his lancets, long pod, pinch of salt, and fresh green banana leaf. He held the staff of Kokoro's sword-bladed spear, while one of my rifles was brought from the steamer. The shaft of the spear and the stock of the rifles were then scraped on the leaf, a pinch of salt was dropped on the wood, and finally, a little dust from the long pod was scraped on the curious mixture. Then our arms were crossed—the white arm over the brown one—and an incision was made in each; and over the blood was

dropped a few grains of the dusty compound, and the white arm was rubbed over the brown arm."

So the important ceremony of blood-brotherhood was completed, and Stanley and Kokoro were sworn friends till death. As an example of African eloquence, the great chief's speech deserves to be quoted; it is short, decisive, and to the point:—

"People of Iboko! You by the river side, and you of inland. Men of the Bangala, listen to the words of Mata Bwyki. You see Tandelay before you. His other name is Bula Matari. He is the man with the many canoes, and has brought back strange smoke-boats. He has come to see Mata Bwyki. He has asked Mata Bwyki to be his friend. Mata Bwyki has taken him by the hand and has become his blood brother. Tandelay belongs to Iboko now. He has become this day one of the Bangala. Oh! Iboko, listen to the voice of Mata Bwyki."

(I thought they must have been incurably deaf not to have heard that voice.)

"Bula Matari and Mata Bwyki are one to-day. We have joined hands. Hurt not Bula Matari's people; steal not from them, offend them not. Bring your produce and barter with him. Bring food and sell to him at a fair price; gently, kindly, and in peace, for he is my brother. Hear you, ye people of Iboko!—you by the river side, and you of the interior?"

"We hear, Mata Bwyki!" shouted the multitude.

The rest of the day was spent in giving and receiving presents, and on the morrow Stanley resumed his journey, and pushed on as rapidly as possible in the direction of the falls. Near Mutuembo the admiration of the Zanzibaris at the, to them, most wonderful fertility of the country, was unlimited. The tall trees, the bombax and the palm, and a large coral forest, through which they were passing drew forth the regretful remark: "There is nothing like this in our country."

At Yombuni they first came into actual contact with the slave trade. The slave-trader's camp was surrounded with a fence made of the mat walls of the town which they had ruined; within this enclosure was a series of low sheds extending many lines deep, to the distance of about one hundred yards. "Our first general impressions are, that the camp is much too densely peopled for comfort. There are rows upon rows of dark nakedness, relieved here and there by the white dresses of the captors. There are lines or groups of naked figures, upright, standing, or moving about listlessly; naked bodies are stretched under the sheds in all positions; there are countless naked children, and many more infant forms of boyhood or girlhood, and occasionally a drove of absolutely naked old women bending under a basket of fuel, or cassava tubers, or bananas, who are driven through the groups by two or three musketeers. On paying more attention to details, I observe that nearly all are fettered; youths with iron rings round their necks, through which a chain, like one of our

boat anchor chains, is rove, securing the captives by scores. The children over ten are secured by three copper rings, each ringed leg brought to the other by the central ring, which accounts for the apparent listlessness of movement I observed on first coming in sight of the camp. The mothers are secured by shorter chains, around them their respective progeny of infants are grouped, hiding the cruel iron links that fall in loops or festoons over their mother's breasts." There is not one adult captive in all that great crowd of prisoners.

The slave traders admitted that they had only 2,300 captives in their camp, yet to procure them they have raided through a country larger than Ireland, and laid waste and devastated over 100 formerly flourishing villages. To obtain these slaves they have had to fight and had probably killed some thousands of natives, who died defending their homes and in the vain endeavour to save their wives and children from the sufferings awaiting them. They take no care of their captives, treating them as beasts of burden, possessed of a certain market value, but not otherwise worthy of any consideration. The interior of their camps presents the most disgusting and loathsome appearance. The slaves are chained together in groups of a dozen and twenty, one cannot move in any direction without the others. The result is they are all unwashed and unkempt and the air of the camp is filled with rancid effluvium which can but spread death and disease among its occupants. "All the captives are actually wallowing in filth in that great human kennel, and their sunken eyes and hollow cheeks tell only too plainly the misery, the wretchedness, and the absolute hopelessness of their awful life. The old women alone are allowed to leave the camp, and then only under the escort of an armed guard, to seek for cassava tubers and bananas, for food for the convoy, "Not much food is obtained in this manner, but the little they are able to bring back is flung down before the various groups of slaves, who are allowed to scramble and fight for it as they list. The strong are thus fed, the weak starve and die. Many of the poor wretches have been months fettered together in this manner, their bones stand out in deep relief, and their skin hangs in folds and puckers on the emaciated limbs: they resemble corpses more than living beings."

But Stanley could do nothing to help them. They were, so the Arabs thought, a legitimate prey, and these traders having been accustomed to such scenes from childhood no longer seemed sensible to misery and suffering. It was hopeless for Stanley to think of using force, as his expedition was numbered by tens, whereas in the slavers' camp there were hundreds of men, armed with English guns, who would fight till death for

the preservation of their booty. He exchanged the customary gifts with the Arab Chieftains and passed on up the river to the completion of his mission.

At last Stanley falls were reached, a station established, friendly relations entered upon with the neighbouring tribes, and the object of the expedition accomplished. The feasibility of a trade route between Central Africa and the Western Coast had been practically demonstrated, and more than demonstrated, for it had been actually completed by the roadway from Vivi to Isangila, and along the other unnavigable portions of the Congo. Stations had been established along the whole route, the natives had been found ready and willing to work and to trade; all that is now wanted is that European merchants should be willing to avail themselves of the opportunities which Stanley's energy and courage and the munificent support of the king of the Belgians, have placed within the reach of all.

The Upper Congo section is estimated to have a population of over 40 millions, and this district, being very rich in valuable vegetable growths, in gums and oils, will probably prove most attractive to the merchant and trader.

The oil-palm (*Elais guineensis*), the India-rubber plant (*Lan-dolphia florida*) and other valuable gum trees are found in quantity. Around Inkolola tobacco and coffee are grown, and the natives bring in antelope, lion and leopard skins to barter for the Mundel's cloth. Elephants also abound, and ivory is a staple article of commerce. Nor is this country destitute of mineral wealth; the copper mines of Phillipéville supply a large portion of Central Africa with their ingots, and Yalulima, Iboho and Iubu are famous for their sword-smiths. The other products of Central Africa which have a European value, are gum-copal, orchilla-weed, camwood, myrrh, furs, skins, bees-wax, nutmeg, ginger and ebony.

Though the country is thus rich enough to attract the English merchant, the climate will be a great drawback to any very extended commercial relations, especially on the Lower Congo. On the Upper Congo, Europeans appear to enjoy good health, but before reaching this favored region, they have to pass through a country where malaria, ague and fever abound, and where the strongest men are in a few hours struck down by these dreadful scourges of the tropics. Doubtless many of the deaths were due to carelessness, to exposure to the sun's rays and to sudden chills, but, when it is remembered that the men who composed the expedition were in the prime of life, and were specially chosen as strong and able to endure the hardships and privations of a tropical life, the following table must be taken as conclusive proof that the Lower Congo

district, in which the expedition was then working, is most unhealthy :—

Year.	Number of whites engaged.	Deaths from sickness.	Invalided or returned home.
1879	18	2	4
1880	13	2	7
1881	13	1	7
	44	5	18

So that at the end of the first three years, out of the forty-four whites, only twenty-one had been able to stand the life and the climate of the Lower Congo. Still, as Stanley says, it is possible, by care and the exercise of great caution, to prevent many of the tedious, and often fatal illnesses to which the European's ignorance of the climate exposes him. And doubtless the longer Europeans are in the country, the more careful and abstemious they will become, and the less illness will prevail among them. But at present, though the Upper Congo is healthy enough, the malarious and feverish region which has to be passed through to get to it, will doubtless deter many from trying their luck in Central Africa which, as regards natural wealth and the tractableness of its inhabitants, seems to be all that the merchant and explorer could desire.

G. R. CHEETHAM.

## AN INDIAN HILL STATION ; SUMMER.

Where the gigantic Himalayas,  
Abhorred of shiv'ring kits and ayahs,  
From green-clad sides by torrents riven  
Uplift their mist-veiled arms to heaven,  
Pert on a ridge between two valleys  
The townlet stands of which my tale is :—  
And yet it is no tale, but merely  
Jottings by one delighting dearly  
To watch our chaos of things petty  
And great, lovely and merely pretty.  
English and Indian shrubs environ  
Our cottages, whose roofs of iron  
And lime-washed walls house us as snugly  
As any dearer though less ugly,  
On top-shorn hill or terrace quarried.  
Around the mall, in jumpans carried,  
Loll dames ; our men beside them saunter  
Or hard-mouthed steeds bestriding canter  
Precipitous, and great the fun is  
To see the rout made by their ponies.  
The lean gold-laced Chuprassie carries  
Pot bellied bags to secretaries,  
And loiters on his way a-talking ;  
Ayahs or maids with children walking,  
Kits coming from or going bazarng,  
Hill-women, loads prodigious bearing  
Held up by cords across the forehead,  
(A practice ungallant and horrid),  
The stick-shanked Purbya or Bengali,  
Hill-men, Bhootea or Nepauli,  
Fair, big-calved, slit-eyed, squat and jolly,  
With dresses varied as their nation  
Make up our motley population.  
I really think hill-women (though I  
Admit their figures are not showy)  
Are charming. They've a coy beguiling  
Method of ogling one and smiling ;  
They've fresh, though somewhat flattened, faces,  
They're innocent of stays and laces,  
They're roundly-limbed and always cheerful ;  
But oh ! their clothes are strange and fearful.  
Damsels more please a man of thirty  
Who, though less merry, are less dirty ;

And for my part I'm well contented  
 With ladies nicely dressed and scented.  
 Here as below our station beauties  
 Oft play sad havoc with our duties.  
 Ah me ! I think that I could fill a  
 Whole book of verse de me et illâ ;—  
 Of entertainments, frequent dances,  
 Of hopes high raised, poetic fancies,  
 Of thinking her a saint of glory  
 For giving at the offertory,  
 Of knowing all her boots and dresses,  
 Her hats, her flounces, bows and creases,  
 Of rides along the hill sides lonely  
 Her cousin lagging chaperonely,  
 Of looking down vast precipices  
 Of ne'er to be forgotten kisses  
 When from her fallen nag I saved her  
 On the sheer edge, and said I loved her,  
 While down and down the hill-side stony  
 With comic antic slid her pony ;  
 Of days we met, the day we parted,  
 The fortnight I lived broken hearted  
 Whelmed by the turbid melancholy  
 Which follows old, precedes new, folly.  
 And now the summer love is over,  
 My love has lost and won a lover,  
 Nor does the sun shine on less brightly,  
 Nor do the hours trip by less lightly.

Talking of women, so of changing,  
 Reminds me that my muse is ranging  
 At random. Waywardly she does it  
 So for her sex's sake excuse it.  
 Mine is a Pegasus not Attic,  
 Jibbing up byeways and erratic.  
 Yet 'tis a truth axiomatic  
 That nothing interests in Nature's  
 Economy like human creatures ;  
 And thus it is in versifying  
 That themes of living, loving, dying,  
 Form the prime, all-absorbing topic.

But for thy beauty microscopic  
 Or Giant, who, unsouled, unfeeling,  
 Once seeing, loves thee not Darjeeling ?  
 Empress of virgin mountain towers  
 Jewelled with snow and decked with flowers,  
 When thy lover the sun reveals thee  
 Parting the cloud-robe which conceals thee

Blushing a welcome, when he leaves thee  
Paling the farewell which bereaves thee,  
Stately, unconscious of life's fever  
In silence eloquent for ever !  
Through the delicate air that shivers  
With the far murmur of thy rivers,  
Above the eyrie of the eagle  
We gaze on thy dominion regal ;  
Down on the ferny glades and streamlets,  
Down on the gardens and the hamlets,  
On woods whose moss-hung shade embosoms  
Myriads of perfumed orchid blossoms,  
Up to the snowy mountain ridges,  
Hill upon hill and ledge on ledges  
To the Five Treasuries of Winter\*  
Where never mortal foot may enter.  
Where from high clouds slow-passing shadows  
Linger over the sloping meadows,  
Each by fays attuned to its fellow  
Tremulous bells of blue and yellow  
Steepled in slender tinted grasses  
Await the breeze which never passes.  
Still the sensitive plant reposes  
Guarded by thorns of wild white roses,  
In jest the frolic rain-mist tosses  
Her lace of tiny ferns and mosses  
Over putitan rocks who stately  
Frown at being clad so delicately,  
But clothes bare slips in modest kirtle  
With leaves of lemon-scented myrtle.  
The bully nettle watches over  
The field where aconite and clover  
Wrestle untired from dawn to gloaming,  
Now overcome, now overcoming,  
Like deeds of good and deeds of evil ;  
And rhododendrons hold high revel  
Tossing aloft their goblets pearly  
To catch the sweet dew falling early,  
Whom honeysuckles gazing after  
Open their mouths in fragrant laughter.  
Down slopes the writhed creepers clamber  
And ferns with spread wings flecked with amber  
Strive to conceal yet more discover  
The violets over which they hover.

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\* Kinchinjunga.



The yellow satin fairy slippers  
 Wait on the need of elvy steppers  
 For whom begonias scatter metals,  
 Most precious, of translucent petals,  
 And the dainty reseda dangles  
 Her small feet in the stream which wrangles  
 And frets its way to lowland jungles.  
 From lilies to the peasant sorrel  
 No herb but puts on gay apparel ;  
 The poorest weeds ambitious sallow  
 To mimic bloom their leaflets callow  
 And each with all in beauty striving  
 Thrills with the ecstasy of living.  
 Amid the forest silence heavy  
 Is dreaming on the branches leavy ;—  
 Unwaked, till sudden from the thicket  
 Shrills forth a cry the giant cricket,  
 Or cuckoo hurries his two-noted  
 Song, or a ring-dove coos soft-throated,  
 Then, shamed by echoes which he rouses  
 Is mute ; again the silence drowns.  
 Butterflies exquisitely tinted,  
 Of hues unnamed, of hues unstinted,  
 Fit carries for a lover's message  
 Gemming the air speed on their passage.  
 The erythrinæ blooming lately  
 Cast down their corals passionately,  
 Red-carpetting the woodland temple  
 Of bamboos shafting sternly simple ;  
 And junipers, the hypocritely  
 Prudish, stand dully and uprightly,  
 Nought heeding that forlorn cyprèses  
 Droop by them with dishevelled tresses.  
 Ever the theme of Buddha taught us,  
 " Behold the jewel in the lotus "  
 Wisdom in beauty : theme eternal  
 Repeated from the life-joy vernal  
 To wintry peace ; whispered by flowers,  
 Sung by the rills and gentle showers,  
 Echoed by forests orchid-laden,  
 Discoursed by eyes of man and maiden,  
 Lispd by the child on knees of parent,  
 Thundered by mountain and snow torrent :  
 " OM MANE PADME HOM " unwearied  
 Repeat the monk in monastery,  
 The chief, the herd, the peasant woman,  
 The soldier when he meets his foe-man.

There's something in our air ( I know it,  
Yet know not why,) creates the poet  
And worshipper. The very peasant  
Devoutly worships and wears pleasant  
Branches of dahlias and roses  
And sings the songs himself composes.  
I love to hear the valleys soften  
Their strains, and asked the meaning often  
Vainly, till one knowing our nation  
And tongue gave me interpretation :

SONG.

Where the coral-flowers blow  
On the slope of yonder hill,  
There for honey will I go  
Like the bee, and take my fill.  
But they blossom on a tree,  
Poplar tall, where fine birds sing ;  
So around thee do I see  
Many hearts which nest and cling.  
But my heart will all subdue  
Be they many, be they few.

Seeking honey did I fly  
To the slope of yonder hill,  
But no honey sip could I,  
For the north wind blowing chill  
And I found upon the tree  
Where I went for honey fain  
Many thorns which wounded me.  
Yet will I go back again  
And my heart will all subdue  
Be they many, be they few.

My heart leapt. As the words were ringing  
My numb late passion roused, and stinging  
Once, bee-like, died. Then I demanded  
More and yet more, until he handed  
Full scrolls to me of prose translated  
From songs of Thibet. Still unsated  
I asked his travels. He related  
True-seeming marvels of that Thibet  
Whose cliffs and laws our eyes prohibit.  
Where famed in legendary story,  
Gold to the sun, the Mount of Glory \*

Centres the universe, the Lamas  
Dance singing in the sacred dramas  
Of earth and heaven, robed in satins  
Grotesque-brocaded, while for matins  
Sound conches, bells and cymbals merry  
Within the tented monastery.  
The roof is curved, of copper gilded,  
The walls with silken banners shielded,  
And on the marbled floor are golden  
Shrines of the dead Grand Lamas olden.  
There the worn pilgrim comes and crouches  
Before the now Throned Priest, who touches  
His forehead with the life-jar, sealing  
His soul to good his ills to healing,  
And, rich in flocks, the people careless  
Live in the open sunshine fearless  
Of foes, in field and orchard quaffing  
Warm murwa, dancing, singing, laughing.  
I turned and gazed—above crevasses  
And hills enormous rose the passes  
Jagged in the sky—so gazing wended  
My way, grieving o'er summer ended.  
Farewell the mountain and the snows,  
Farewell the cloud and ferny lawn,  
Farewell the orchid and the rose  
The daily miracle of dawn,  
Farewell the sunshine and the rain  
Farewell, till summer come again.

SHIRLEY.

## THE VISION OF HAMID ALI.

This came to him by night—the *ganja* burnt  
To powder, and the City sunk in sleep.

Azizun of the Dauri Bagh ; the Pearl ;  
And Hamid Ali of the Delhi Gate  
Were present, when the Muezzin called to prayer  
At midnight from the Mosque of Wuzeer Khan,  
Drinking the *ganja*, drowsy with its fumes  
Above the dying *chillam*. I, the Scribe,  
Was with them and the words I write are true ;  
(Albeit Hamid spoke against the Twelve,  
And Islam and the Prophet. God is judge  
Whether the *ganja* moved him or his soul.)

Azizun's anklets tinkled when she turned  
In slumber ; and the Pearl of Courtezans  
Laughed softly at some fancy of her brain,  
Born of the *ganja*. Hamid Ali lay  
As dead upon the cushions by the door  
For half a watch ; and then he cried to me :—  
" The thing is hopeless and an idle dream !  
" I saw it even now. Oh Moulvie ! write !"  
[Before the Perfect Flower had dulled our brains,  
Azizun ; Hamid Ali ; I ; the Pearl,  
Spoke of the Prophet and the other, Christ  
Our rulers worship ; and men's minds in Roum ;  
And whether Islam shall arise again  
And drive the Christ across the Western sea  
As people hold shall be in two more years.  
When, from the North the Armies of the North  
Pour like the Indus and our rulers fly,  
And Islam and the Sword make all things clean.]

I wrote—my brain was heavy with the drug—  
" The Mosque has fallen. Hamid Ali saw  
" The *khutshi* on the gateways peel and flake ;  
" The domes sink inwards and the minarets  
" Break at the base and crumble like the dust  
" The wind uplifts in Sind and leaves again  
" No bigger than an ant-hill. It has fallen  
" I, Hamid saw and knew the meaning. Turn,  
" Turn ye to slumber. Fold your hands and sleep.  
" Ours was an idle dream." The Pearl laughed low :  
" I dreamt no dream but ye. My breasts are real.  
" My lips ; my love O Hamid ! Nothing else,  
" Nor Islam nor the Prophet nor the Twelve.  
" Turn ye to slumber. Fold your hands and sleep."

And Hamid answered :—"Fold your hands and sleep  
 "Not yet till ye have heard the vision. Write!"  
 (I wrote and marvelled, as the Muezzin called)  
 "Nor Islam, nor the Prophet, nor the Twelve,  
 "Nor Christ, nor Buddha, nor the other gods  
 "Ava'il us. Lo! The Mosque fell into dust;  
 "And with it fell the Prophet and the Twelve;  
 "The Banner and the Crescent rang below,  
 "And with them fell the Cross, the Wheel, the Flowers;  
 "Parvati broken at the waist, and He  
 "The calm-eyed Buddha handless, crushed and maimed.  
 "The Priests with these. I, Hamid, saw them fall  
 "And knew our dream was hopeless. Never more  
 "The Banner or the Cross will lift themselves.  
 "(Write Moulvie) Underneath the Seven Stars,  
 "Blood red and golden, to the dark plain's verge  
 "There swept the sharp edge of a monstrous sword  
 "That lit the firmament as does the sun;  
 "And blood was falling from the haft and point;  
 "And where it fell the Mosques of all the lands  
 "Fell also, burnt with fire; and the Priests  
 "Cried to the Heavens that their gods were dead,  
 "And none remained to feed their ministers  
 "Or tend the altars; and the great sword fell  
 "Above Mahomet and the other men,  
 "And broke into ten thousand drops of blood  
 "Before it faded and I woke to you,  
 "Azizun and the Pearl. I, Hamid saw  
 "And read the meaning of the vision!" Soft  
 The anklets tinkled as Azizun woke.  
 Then Hamid hollow-eyed rose from the couch  
 And staggered doorward—but the Pearl withstood  
 And only laughed :—"Oh Hamid, will you take  
 "Me for your Prophet if I read the dream?"  
 And Hamid answered :—"Surely. It is writ"—  
 Whereat the Pearl laughed louder :—"Is it writ?  
 "Who wrote, and wherefore? Let the vision go  
 "For I at least am real."  
 Then the dawn. . . . .  
 Swept like a sea into the gully. I,  
 Still heavy with the *ganja*, held my peace  
 And marvelled that a man should so blaspheme. . . . .  
 God grant it was the *ganja*. Otherwise  
 Hamid is lost for ever, with the Pearl.

## THE QUARTER.

THE quarter, uneventful in itself, has nevertheless been marked by many indications and foreshadowings of an eventful political future. Peace with Russia is, for the present at least, assured. The Government were firm about the Zulfikar Pass. They took their stand resolutely on the promise given to the Amir—and Russia gave way. She has waived her claim to the Pass. So far so good, but nevertheless, the essential features of the Anglo-Russian difficulty, remain substantially unaltered. It is shrewdly suspected that Russia only waived her claim to the Pass when she discovered that the advantages of the position, as a means of stopping her advance on Herat, had been greatly overrated from a military point of view. The Pass can be turned, and when it is turned, it becomes useless. Still it is something, in so far as it affects our prestige with the Afghans and Heratis, to have met Russia's claim with a direct refusal, and in this direction, at least, the new Government has emphatically deserved well of the country. But the whole truth about the Afghan business was never candidly avowed by the apologists of the late Ministry, for the inference is irresistible that the Russian Government treated Mr. Gladstone and his protestations, with a contempt which he had neither the candour to avow or the spirit to resent.

But the truth about Lord Ripon and his administration has been spoken at last by Lord Randolph Churchill, and spoken in terms which are absolutely refreshing after the greasy adulation of the sentimental school. Just after Lord Ripon left India, a correspondent of the *Pioneer* assumed to himself the duty of explaining the real meaning of the native demonstrations which accompanied the farewell procession though India of the ruling Viceroy: "Is it real; and if it be real, what does it mean?" According to the correspondent, it was real, and it meant a great deal. Lord Ripon, so we were informed, came to India with a mission, and that mission had a good deal to do with "bones." There were, it seems, a great many unhappy bones scattered all over India with no one to look after them, and, as a natural consequence, those bones had become very dry indeed: poor bones, were they to lie thus for ever unexamined, unutilized and unknown? And so Lord Ripon came to India with a mission, and that mission was to breathe over those poor old bones the breath of Liberal sympathy

and Liberal sentiment, so that these poor old bones might be clothed with the beauty and vigor of a new life. So Lord Ripon and his advisers sat on the hills and piped to the bones, and they got up and danced ;—they danced for a long time to those pretty tunes, Local Self-government and the Ilbert Bill, and for a long time all went merry as a marriage bell. Lord Ripon and his advisers could not take their eyes of these pretty bones, and their pretty little dancing to his pretty little tunes. The Russian saw his opportunity, his time, and the hour of darkness. It is a matter of fact, that the Russian Government watched the long controversy about the Ilbert Bill with great complacency, and was delighted beyond measure at the extent to which Lord Ripon and his adviser were *absorbed* in that miserable controversy to the exclusion of weightier and graver matters of Indian administration. We say weightier and graver, for the question of Mr. Gupta's official privileges was not, on the whole, as important a consideration as that other question which involved the consideration of Mr. Gupta's official existence. The Russians came on and on, and Lord Ripon made no sign, "shut up in measureless content." He watched the Russian progress with absolute indifference, or, we might go further and say, with perfect truth, that he did not watch it at all, as far as any useful administrative result was concerned. The four-and-a-half years of Lord Ripon's administration were worse than thrown away, because the worst of it is, that the effects of this sort of neglect are always cumulative. The stitch in time that saves nine, is a stitch of very extraordinary financial value in connexion with an outlay on military works. What we could have done at our leisure, we have now to do in haste, and the extra expense involved in this necessity will be something enormous. Now, be it observed, that this sudden expenditure was sanctioned in the first instance, not by a government hostile to Lord Ripon, but by his own government, and was recommended by a statesman, Lord Dufferin, who belonged to his own party. Surely then we may now ask in all reasonableness—"What loop, what device, what starting hole" is now left to Lord Ripon or his advisers "to hide them from this open and apparent shame?" Nor is the question of extra expense the only one to be considered. What we have lost by Lord Ripon and his policy, is not to be reckoned by rupees alone : we have lost prestige, opportunity, position. The best interests of this great empire has been imperilled, and for what? In order that Lord Ripon might be able to score off Lord Lytton, and show that he had wasted no money in connexion with our frontier policy, and this is the boast which he actually made just before he had India, when reviewing the events and policy of his own administration ! The short-sighted imbecility of that boast

did not escape observation or censure then, and now, by the inexorable logic of accomplished facts, it stands branded before the whole world with unutterable disgrace. So much for Lord Ripon and what his missions in search of 'old bones' has done for us. But what about his advisers? In our opinion they\* occupy a position even more humiliating still. They had spent their official lives in this country; they knew, or ought to have known, what the requirements of the political moment were, but when Lord Ripon called them round him to inspect the 'bones' they came as to a joyful summons, and some of them at least did what lay in them to aid and abet him in the miserable series of blunders which has landed us where we are now. Well, they have Lord Dufferin to deal with. Be it our comfort, they are in good hands. The bone-clothing administration has come to an end at last, and the regime of real work and real preparation has already begun.

It is worthy of note that Lord Randolph Churchill spoke of "Lord Ripon and his counsellors," not Lord Ripon and his Council. The distinction is important. Counsellors is a wider term than Council, and some of Lord Ripon's worst enemies—enemies in the sense of being his supporters and sympathisers—were found among men who were not members of the Viceroyal Council, but among men who held high and responsible administrative appointments under his administration.

Let us not be misunderstood. Apart from the Ilbert Bill (that dreariest item in the annals of abortive and ill-considered legislation) we have, or can have had no quarrel with the general principles of Lord Ripon's domestic administration. The man who has no sympathy with the natives of this country; who does not recognise that in proportion as they become more advanced in knowledge and enlightenment—they must also become more and more qualified to take a larger share in the direct government of the country—that man is not fit to live in India much less to govern it. What Lord Ripon intended to do in this direction has our entire approval, but this should he have done and not left the other undone. We say intended to do, because as a matter of fact he did very little except mischief. The Eccles of Anglo-Indian statesmanship, he was always bringing about the most disastrous results with "the best intentions." He exhibited a morbid ingenuity in doing the right thing at the wrong moment, and in the wrong way.

In India we have been very quiet. Trade has been very dull, but it shows, we believe, some symptoms of revival. "All work and no play" has been the order of the day in the plains, and all play and no work appears to have been the order of the



day in the hills. We, of the Ditch, have been periodically regaled with descriptions of hill amusements : theatricals, concerts, gymkhanas, written in a temperature of 63° or thereabouts, for the edification of humanity grilling in a temperature of 94° or thereabouts.

Sir Rivers Thompson went on leave for a short time during the quarter, and Mr. Cockerell officiated for him. The Lieutenant-Governor broke down, or partially broke down, simply from overwork. A daily contemporary, in this connexion, has drawn attention to an important question,—the great and increasing amount of work for which a Lieutenant-Governor is held personally responsible. Something must be done. Either Bengal must be reduced, (Assam and Behar might be made into separate Chief Commissionerhips) or the Lieutenant-Governor might be assisted by an Executive Council composed of able and experienced officers who would relieve His Honor of much of the routine work which now occupies so much of his valuable time.

Colonel Conway Gordon has done what lay in him to enliven the history of a dull and uneventful quarter. As a new official broom in charge of the Eastern Bengal Railway, he tried to sweep very clean indeed. He instituted a series of prosecutions against first and second-class season-ticket holders for attempting to defraud the Company by travelling without tickets. The prosecutions were not very successful. Nominal fines were inflicted, and the Magistrate, in awarding the punishment, expressed an opinion to the effect, that the prosecutions were most ill-advised. In this view of the matter the public will entirely concur. But this was not all. Colonel Gordon was silly and injudicious enough to write a long letter to the *Englishman* distinctly implying that one gentleman, Mr. Barrow, in travelling without a ticket, did so with a fraudulent intention. Mr. Barrow took the case into court, and Colonel Gordon was convicted by the Presidency Magistrate of defamation, and fined Rs. 300. Colonel Gordon appealed against the sentence to the High Court, but the High Court upheld Mr. Reilly's decision and confirmed the sentence. So much? for the new broom on the Eastern Bengal State Railway!

The history of the quarter was signalized, and defiled, by the loathsome revelations of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The question of motive is one which it is altogether idle to discuss. Mr. Stead may or may not have been actuated by very laudable motives. Sewers must be cleansed, but it is not necessary to this end that the sewage should be spread over the public thoroughfares for our inspection.

Among the minor events of the quarter, a sudden and violent eruption of burglary at Darjeeling deserves a passing notice. More than once the station has been, as it were, cleaned out by a succession of daring and successful house-to-house thefts. The police are suspected of being in league with the thieves. This is very likely. Most emphatically, taking one consideration with another, the life of a policeman in the hills is not a happy one. He gets, we believe, the same pay as a policeman gets in the plains, while the living in a hill-station is about three times more expensive. Who shall guard the guards, who cannot cultivate the cardinal virtues on seven rupees per mensem?

Lady Dufferin has put her hand to a good work in connexion with the movement for organizing a system of Native Female Medical Education. But Lady Dufferin has revived, rather than originated, this movement. In 1872, Dr. Corbyn, the then Civil Surgeon of Bareilly, N. W. P. established a Native Female Medical School in that station, and the institution flourished like a green bay tree until Dr. Corbyn resigned the service and went home. Then it languished, and I think, expired. I remember that the girls showed a wonderful aptitude and intelligence as medical students, and there must be on record a report on the school by Dr. O'Callaghan (Deputy Surgeon General) which would be very useful and interesting reading just now. "There is nothing new under the sun," not even Native Female Medical Schools.

During the quarter a wretched Native youth—Tincowri Pal—was tried for the murder of a prostitute in Calcutta, found guilty, condemned to death, and executed. The case was a most painful one. The murderer belonged to a very respectable Native family. He was, though not exactly a boy, a very young man, and from the evidence it would appear that he was mad with drink and jealousy when he committed the crime. A majority of the jury recommended him to mercy, but the judge did not endorse the recommendation. A petition, very numerously signed, both by Natives and Europeans, was presented to H. H. the Lieutenant-Governor, praying for a commutation of the sentence, but His Honor did not interfere: it is difficult to see how he could have interfered, and the law was allowed to take its course. On the scaffold the wretched man said: "This comes of drink and the false love of a bad woman."

Theosophy during the quarter sustained "a heavy blow and great discouragement" at the hands of some of its leading disciples at home. It seems that a Committee appointed by

the London Branch of the Society came to India to inquire and report into Madame Blavatzsky's "miracles" at the temple of Adyar. The Committee after a searching investigation returned home and made its report. The report proved the existence of mechanical imposture beyond the possibility of dispute or doubt, that is, to all reasonable and unprejudiced minds. But then some Theosophists are neither reasonable or unprejudiced. Mr. A. P. Sinnett stood up for his old friend and teacher Madame Blavatzsky. This was very chivalrous on the part of Mr. Sinnett, but was the advocacy altogether disinterested? One thing is certain. If Madame Blavatzsky was an impostress, Mr. Sinnett was one of the most egregious dupes in the whole history of imposture itself. Now, Mr. Sinnett is not the man to confess that he was a dupe. The process would not be a pleasant one for any man, and there are obvious reasons for assuming that it would have been a peculiarly unpleasant one for Mr. Sinnett. How about the *Occult World*? (Fifth edition!) If Madame Blavatzsky was an impostress, in every page of his most successful publication Mr. Sinnett has written himself down—a Theosophist. It is satisfactory to learn that Mr. Sinnett's defence was "laughed at" by the meeting to which it was addressed. Fancy being laughed at by Theosophists! A man must be very begrimed when he looks black among sweeps and a Theosophist very ridiculous when he becomes a laughing-stock to Theosophists.

Calcutta had a sudden and very unwelcome call from an unexpected visitor on the 14th of July, in the shape of a very severe shock of earthquake, the severest (I believe) within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. A great many houses (and people) were severely shaken, but nothing fell—not even the Four per Cents.

The history of the Indian quarter was saddened by a very melancholy accident—a shipwreck in the Bay of Bengal. The ship *British Statesman* was caught in a cyclone. Twelve men were rescued in all, but some fifteen or sixteen (including the Captain) were lost.

"Water, water, everywhere," has been the prospect around us in Bengal, during the closing weeks of the quarter under review. Immense tracts of cultivated land have been submerged—the crops throughout a large extent of Eastern Bengal have been totally destroyed—and the Eastern Bengal Railway embankment has been breached for a distance of thirty miles. Terrible scarcity—and all the sad accompaniments of scarcity—sickness, destitution, misery, will be certain to follow in the train of this great calamity.

Mr. F. Browne, the Judge of the 24-Pergunnahs, died on the 14th September. The manner of his death was awfully sudden. He was out riding with his daughter, when he pulled up, complaining of a pain in his side, and immediately after dropped dead from his horse. Mr. Browne was a very senior Civilian. He entered the service in 1856. In addition to being a most painstaking and conscientious Judge, he was a man of the most courteous manners and of the most loveable and kindly disposition, and his death was deeply and sincerely mourned by a wide circle of devoted friends.

Our readers will be glad to learn that Mr. Beveridge's reply to Sir FitzJames Stephen will appear in the January number of the *Calcutta Review*. Mr. Beveridge writes to us as follows:—

FARIDPUR, 5th September 1885.

MY DEAR STACK,

I AM glad to hear that you will be able to find room for my article in the January number of the "*Calcutta Review*." I find that I shall not be able to comprise the whole subject in one article, and so I promise to have another in the April number.

The title of the article will be

THE TRIAL OF MAHARAJA NANDAKUMAR,  
*A narrative of a Judicial Murder.*

PART I.

*The Preliminaries.*

I hope to be able to establish the following points, and you may say so, if you like, for me, in the October number:—

*First.*—That no attempt was made to prosecute Nandakumar before April 1775.

*Second.*—That there is strong circumstantial evidence that Hastings was the real prosecutor.

*Third.*—That one of the principal witnesses, Kamaluddin, was a man whose word could not be believed, and who was correctly described by General Clavering as an infamous creature. Also, that he was intimately connected with Hastings' Bannan, Kanta Basu.

*Fourth.*—That the trial was unfairly conducted and that Impey's manner was bad throughout.

*Fifth.*—That the Jury was prejudiced and incompetent.

*Sixth.*—That the forgery was not proved, and that there is much probability that the bond was genuine.

*Seventh.*—That the execution was iniquitous, whether Nandakumar was guilty or not, and that it was effected from political motives, and in order to stifle inquiry into corruption in high places.

*Eighth.*—That Sir James Stephen has in his recent book, partly through the zeal of advocacy, and partly from having taken up the question without adequate preparation, and without any knowledge of contemporaneous Indian history, or practice in the understanding of an Indian record, has made serious mistakes in his account of the trial, and in his observations thereon.

I have no fear that I shall not be able to establish everything I have advanced.

Yours sincerely,  
H. BEVERIDGE

GEORGE A. STACK.

September 1885.

## SUMMARY OF ANNUAL REPORTS.

*Indian Agricultural Gazette, July 31st 1885.*

WE extract from Mr. D. B. Allen's article on Demonstration Farms, the following suggestive paragraph :—

It is easy to call the Indian ryot slow and prejudiced, but when once a process is proved to be advantageous, he will be quick enough to adopt it. It is not strange that he is slow to hear the agricultural missionaries who visit the fairs in the North-West Provinces, armed with improved ploughs and new-fangled water wheels ; for they can only talk, or, if they do carry out successfully some simple experiment, the result is sure to be ascribed by the wondering audience either to *jadu* or, *masala*. But when they see their own Maharaja trying these experiments on a large scale, there will be no hesitation nor prejudice ; for he will speak to them in a language that all understood, the language of the pocket. Of course it is just possible that none of the improved methods will have any economic value. Even then the Demonstration Farm will have been true to its name, for it will have shown that so far Western science has nothing to teach the Indian agriculturist beyond what he has learnt from the experience of a thousand generations.

But I for one have no fear that such a negative result will follow the adoption of Mr. Smeaton's scheme. It is true that labour saving machines make their appearance most rapidly when the cost of labour is high—and in Behar labour is remarkably cheap—still machinery and science must win in the long run against cheap labour and practice found only on experience. There is plenty of ignorant prejudice among the farmers of England, but every year scientific, or high farming, is becoming more popular. When the old order ceases to pay it must change, and give place to new. This rule must apply to India as well as to other progressive countries, and, so let us not lose faith in the possibility of agricultural improvements for India, but go on trying honestly to find out the best modes of cultivation undeterred by failure, by prejudice, or, worst of all, by an unreasonable terror of the possible gibes of an ex-Lieutenant-Governor.

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*Records of the Geological Survey of India : Vol. XVIII,  
Part 3. 1885.*

IN the above number of this admirable publication, Mr. Jones has a most interesting note on the recent earthquake in Cashmir, and Mr. Medlicott a short preliminary note on the Bengal earthquake of July 14th. As regards the causes of earthquakes, Mr. Medlicott will not accept the popular theory that they are "shrouded in mystery." He says :—

No one who has ever been in a region of true mountains, such as the Himalaya, with his eyes open, should have any misgivings as to the cause of earthquakes, on seeing around great thicknesses of bedded rock that must once have been flat, now twisted into knots and snapped asunder

like twigs. Of course the hiatus in thought lies in the familiar assumption that the rocks were made so, or that all this performance came off in pre-Adamite times. The truth is that that sort of thing is going on now; the Himalayas themselves have not done growing. The crust of the earth is continually in a state of strain, owing probably, in some degree at least, to relative changes of the internal and external volumes due to secular refrigeration and to other disturbances of equilibrium, such as the wholesale removal of matter from one part of the surface to another (of which the case suggested is an instance), amounting in time to enormous quantities. Thus there are re-adjustments of equilibrium always going on.

The cause of the great loss of life and property in Cashmir is thus explained by Mr. Jones :—

Most of the buildings consist of stones and wood in which mud takes the place of mortar, and they are covered by a heavy roof, frequently composed of dried mud supported by rafters, resting partly on the walls and partly on a few wooden pillars inside the building.

These buildings do not throw much light upon the direction in which the wave travelled, as they appear, when shaken by the shock, to have been unable to support the weight of the roof, which accordingly fell down inside the building, and in most cases crushed any living thing of any size to death, while the walls having nothing to hold the mass of stones, and (in many cases rotten) wood together fell to pieces; in some cases, however parts of the walls fell down and the roof remained. Very little, if any, assistance can be obtained from these structures in obtaining data as to direction in which the wave travelled; the difficulty is also enhanced by the fact that the ruins were immediately disturbed and dug into in order to rescue the wounded and get out the bodies of the dead, and to obtain the wood for the purpose of erecting temporary huts.

• *Annual Report of the Quinologist for 1884-85.*

HOW is the manufacture of quinine getting on in India? The issue of the bark has somewhat fallen off but the financial results, according to Dr. King, continue to be very satisfactory.

From the balance sheet it appears that the net profit on the years working is equal to a dividend of about three and a half per cent. on the capital of Rs. 10,84,202-6, which has been sunk on the plantation, the factory itself having no separate capital account. Such is the result in actual cash. But in addition to this, Government has benefited to the extent of at least Rs. 20,000 by reason of the saving effected by the use in its medical institutions of 3,176½ pounds of ordinary and crystalline febrifuge, in place of the quinine that used formerly to be supplied by purchase in Europe.

• *Indian Meteorological Memoirs.*

THE most interesting part of Mr. Blandford's voluminous and elaborate report relates to the connexion between cyclones and the rainfall of the year. Mr. Blandford says :—

The history of the 46 cyclones included in the present report has shown fully that they were all accompanied by heavy rainfall, and that the

all brought up more or less humid winds, for considerable periods, to the districts in the rear of the cyclone; so that each cyclonic disturbance preceded a burst of monsoon rains over a portion of the Empire. Hence their occurrence is of considerable importance in connection with the distribution of rainfall during the south-west monsoon in India. The history has also roughly shown that the severest cyclones, (as, for example, the Vizagapatam cyclone of November 1878, and the Negapatam cyclone of November 1880, in each of which the depression exceeded half an inch,) were associated with the most concentrated and localized rainfall. The same fact is also indicated more or less clearly by the history of the storms. There is always heavy localized rainfall over the area of cyclonic disturbance, and the strength and character of the disturbance depend, to a very large extent, upon the amount, and character, and distribution of the rainfall. This has been pointed out in previous cyclone reports and need not be discussed here.

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*Report on the Excise Administration for the North-Western Provinces and Oudh, 1884.*

**R**EVIEWING the Excise Administration for the year, Sir Alfred Lyall has the following observation on outlying distilleries:—

Several small outlying distilleries (21 in all) were abolished during the year, but the total still head duty rose nevertheless. Outlying distilleries, in each district concerned, with four exceptions only, in three of which the decrease was due to diminution of the area under the system. The Board propose to abolish as soon as possible all such outlying distilleries, save where very exceptional circumstances exist. This is in accordance with the views of Government; and the funds required will be allotted as soon as possible, the chief and essential object being the establishment of first-class central distilleries, well-manned and guarded; each supplying in all ordinary cases the wants of an entire district. As a part of the system, wholesale licenses will be introduced in greater number than at present wherever possible. In the immediate present, however, any large expenditure on the construction of new distillery buildings is precluded by the exigencies of the financial position.

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*Report on the Dispensaries and Charitable Institutions, N.-W. P. and Oudh for 1884.*

**A**DMIRABLE results were secured during the year in connexion with these institutions, but the surgical work accomplished is deserving of very special notice:—

The record of the surgical work done during the year fully justifies the satisfaction you express. Minor operations increased from 78,403 in 1883 to 79,529, and major operations from 12,472 to 14,938. The progress made in recent years, in the latter class of operations, is very remarkable. The average annual number of operations during the last ten years is 6,434; and the number of cases has nearly doubled since 1881, when 7,943 operations were performed. Of the patients operated on during the year, 11,143 are returned as cured and 1,973 as relieved. In 281 cases death resulted as compared with 296 in 1883. Civil Surgeons themselves performed the operations in 8,088 cases, and Assistant Surgeons in 5,768.

*Report on Public Instruction in Madras for the year 1883-84.*

**E**VEN in connection with the submission of annual reports Madras must be a long way behind the rest of India. The Government resolution says—"The report did not reach the Government until twelve months after the close of the year to which it relates." The general statistical results are summarised as follows :—

The number of schools and other educational institutions connected with the department on the 31st March 1884 was 16,139, compared with 17,494 in the previous year. Under the forms now in use, however, each institution is treated as a single school, without reference to the number of departments it may contain; this has not been the case hitherto, the separate departments of the same institution having been treated as separate schools. Treating the returns of 1882-83 in a manner similar to that in which the returns for the year under report are treated, the number of schools open on the 31st March 1884 shows a diminution of 451, compared with those open on the 31st March 1883. The number of Art Colleges increased by 1, the number of High schools by 19, the number of English-teaching Middle schools by 3, but the number of Primary schools for boys decreased by 460. Girls' schools show a satisfactory increase, for, though the primary schools for girls were 18 less in 1883-84 than in 1882-83, the upper and lower secondary schools showed an increase of 26 schools in all. The numbers of normal schools increased by 10, and professional and technical schools by 3. The total number of scholars in all schools rose from 446,324 to 447,786.

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*Report of the Administration of the Andaman and Nicobar Islands for the year 1884.*

**A**LL the principal statistics of this report are satisfactory:—

*Statistics.*—The number of convicts at Port Blair and the Nicobars rose from 11,473 at the commencement of the year to 11,772 at its conclusion, an increase of 299. Seven hundred and eighty-four were received from India and Burma, and 21 persons were locally convicted, making a total of 805. Two hundred and seventy were released against 237 of the previous year; four were transferred to India against 134; 216 died against 378, a falling off in the number of deaths of 162; 9 were executed, the same number as during the preceding year, and the number of runaways at large at the end of the year was 12 against 24 of the preceding year.

The number of convicts present at the end of the year was 11,772, 9,011 of whom were life, and 2,761 term convicts; 8,446 of these are Hindus, 2,949 Muhammadans, and the remainder professed other religions.

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*Annual Report on the condition and management of Jails in the North-Western Provinces and Oudh for 1884.*

**I**N this report Mr. Hobart, the Inspector-General, has some remarks on Jail discipline which are very much to the point indeed, and which we commend to the very special attention of the sentimental school in Bengal :—

Needless punishment and cruelty in punishment are detestable and require stern repression. But there is reason in all things. You cannot



make a revolution with rose-water and you cannot control a prison with honeyed words. There are two great classes of native jailors, the slipshod easy-going man, who lives and lets live; who lets his prisoners do very much as they please, so long as they do nothing very bad indeed; who exacts but little work and uses few bad words; and who passes a harmless existence all the year, and ends it with but little to show to the credit or profit of Government. In such a jail the prisoners have an easy time of it, and the jail is altogether not a very unpleasant place to be in. It certainly can have but a moderately deterrent effect. There is the other class of jailor who works the prisoners up to collar, improves his manufactures both in quantity and quality, overlooks no shortcomings, keeps his prison all over as tight as a drum, and manages to make jail existence altogether disagreeable to the inmates. He probably causes his Superintendent to have a long punishment roll at the year's end; he makes many enemies; he probably gets assaulted occasionally; but he makes jail life irksome; and, to my thinking, he is far the better man of the two; and on the character of the darogah the whole life of the jail depends. The English gentleman who superintends will hear of abuses and can prevent them, but it is the darogah who, as a rule, infuses vigour into, and enforces discipline in, a district jail. He requires, however, constant support and encouragement too, for a good Superintendent will, as a rule, make a good darogah; and I have seen some of our best darogahs utterly spoiled and rendered worthless by getting under a timid or an indifferent Superintendent.

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*Review of the Management of Estates in the Court of Wards,  
N.-W. P. and Oudh, 1884.*

THERE is one paragraph in Mr. Woodburn's report of more than local or temporary interest. It is that which relates to the great success which attended a new institution in connexion with Ward's Estates, namely the yearly gatherings of the tenants.

In the Bara Banki district the Deputy Commissioner introduced the yearly gatherings of the tenantry which have been found so useful and pleasant an institution in the Fyzabad and Gonda districts. Small presents were distributed to tenants who had distinguished themselves by enterprise in well-building and punctuality with their rents, and to the officials who had done good service. Colonel Noble mentions that a large farmer, but a persistent defaulter, paid up by great exertions the whole of his arrears, in order that he might secure a place of honour in the gathering. In addition to the usual entertainments, the opportunity was taken of showing some improved ploughs, sugarcane presses, and cane-juice evaporators, which were kept in constant work throughout the meetings, and are said to have excited the keenest interest among the country-people. Pandit Ajudhia Parshad, well known in Shahjahanpur for his skill and enterprise as a practical agriculturist, attended the first of these gatherings and delivered a very useful address, containing an account of his failures and successes, which was listened to with eager attention. The Deputy Commissioner found in these meetings another advantage, that tenants were ready enough when in a body to explain their needs and wishes. As the Commissioner says, these meetings are well calculated to develop friendly relations between landlords and tenants, and to encourage industrious tenants and subordinate officials who have worked well, and the Lieutenant-Governor trusts with him that the present Deputy Commissioner will continue so successful an institution.

*Seventeenth Annual Report of the Sanitary Commissioner of the North-Western Provinces and Oudh.*

**D**R. PLANCK has some observations on the working of the new Vaccination Act which deserve very special attention :

During the year of report a commencement of actual Vaccination work, in accordance with the Vaccination Act, was made in this province. In 1884 the Act was introduced into the Meerut Cantonment, which includes a centre of population equal to that of a second class town, its census record being 38,617. Dr. Moir, the Civil Surgeon of Meerut, was made Superintendent of Vaccination of the Meerut Cantonment Circle, with one Public Vaccinator appointed under the Act. This compulsory vaccination effort commenced to work from the 27th of October 1884, and so continued until the 22nd of March 1885—when the season proper for vaccination terminated.

Dr. Moir, earnest, I think, in all he undertakes, has been most earnest about the perfect realization of the benefits conferred by the Act. And it has been reported to my office, under date the 31st March 1885, that the rules have worked without a hitch, the Magistrate's aid never having been required. That only in one instance was the Superintendent's interference required, to overcome a disinclination to conform to the Act upon the part of certain Muhannmadan residents—a little persuasion of the Superintendent in person at once prevailed, and their children were presented for vaccination. As a fact no difficulty whatever was experienced in the thorough performance of the work. A total of 1,179 children were vaccinated, and of the operations, 1,135 were successful—the success being witnessed to by a Medical assistant, or by the Superintendent. The percentage of success to operations is 96·2—a noteworthy result in proof of what may be expected, from operations performed by an experienced Vaccinator with continuous supply of vital lymph. The births recorded in the circle during the year 1884 were 1,160, or rather less than the vaccinations. A result in accordance with expectation at the commencement of the endeavour—when children born in a previous year remain for vaccination. Moreover, the birth record is only approximately correct. An estimate of 40 births per 1,000 of population provides a total in the Meerut Cantonment Circle of 1,444 births per annum, and of these infants perhaps about 1,000 may survive to the vaccination age. Therefore, so long as the successful vaccinations of children provide a total of more than 1,000, it is pretty certain the rising generation of the circle will be protected against smallpox.

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*Administration Report on the Jails of Bengal, 1884.*

**E**VENTS, too recent to require more than a passing notice, have recently attracted general public attention to jail administration in Bengal. We have seen elsewhere what Mr. Hobart has to say on the question of jail discipline: let us now turn to Mr. Westmacott:—

I cannot look on the increase in the number of jail offences recorded as unsatisfactory, and consider that it only indicates improvement in discipline. It is a subject into which I have enquired very carefully when visiting jails, especially at Bogra, where the number of offences is especially high, and cannot detect any undue severity. The punishments for short work do not indicate excessive tasks, beyond the strength

of the convicts, because all are weighed every fortnight, and Superintendents are very careful to reduce the task of any man who is found to be losing weight. No offence is entered as a criminal one unless the offender is prosecuted before a court of justice, but a great number of offences punishable under the Penal Code are disposed of by jail officers, with whom prosecution is, by rule 663, rendered optional. I have in several instances called on Superintendents to explain why they have not prosecuted, and have been informed that the courts show a reluctance to accept the testimony of convicts, and when an offender has once been acquitted by a Magistrate, I think it is objectionable to take up the case again and inflict punishment in jail. It is difficult to lay down rules as to the offences for which jail officers ought to prosecute. Most petty thefts, such as stealing food from the garden or kitchen, or stealing clothing from other prisoners, should certainly be disposed of by jail officers, while cases of serious depredation and thefts from the store-rooms might be sent before a Magistrate. In assaults on jail officials again, or indecency, there are varying grades of criminality, which render it difficult to lay down rules. In ordering prosecution I have, moreover, to consider whether Magistrates will punish offences as severely as I think jail discipline requires. Under Section 353 of the Penal Code, an assault on a public servant in execution of his duty is punishable with 2 years' imprisonment, but when a convict knocked down the jailor at Rajshahye, the Magistrate before whom he was prosecuted sentenced the offender to 6 months' imprisonment only, and when Mr. Donaldson, the Superintendent of the Buxar Jail, was assaulted from behind by a convict, the Judge of Shahabad inflicted imprisonment for only 1 year, and, moreover, suggested that the convict might have had grounds for complaining of unjust treatment. This implied a serious charge against Mr. Donaldson, and was investigated by the Magistrate of the district, who found that there were no grounds for it whatever. A carter was convicted of smuggling forbidden articles into the jail at Patna—an offence punishable under Section 17 of Act II of 1864 with fine of Rs. 50 or 2 months' imprisonment. The Magistrate fined him one rupee only. I could adduce numerous other cases in which it has appeared to me, that Magistrates do not appreciate the necessity of maintaining jail discipline and protecting jail officials by adequate punishment of crime; and, although an assault on a convict warder at Bhagulpore was properly punished with 2 years' imprisonment, I cannot blame the Superintendent of Bankoora for taking up a similar case himself, and inflicting 20 stripes. I believe that in England an assault on a jail officer by a convict is treated as a most serious criminal offence, and I think it very necessary that it should be. The assault on Mr. Donaldson was looked on by the convicts as a heroic action, and shortly after the case was disposed of, a second convict committed a similar offence, showing that the first case had not been punished with sufficient severity.

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## CRITICAL NOTICES.

### GENERAL LITERATURE.

*"Life and Letters of George Eliot."* William, Blackwood & Sons.  
Edinburgh and London.

A NEW edition of Mr. Cross' life of George Eliot is said to be in preparation for the press. It is also expected that the new edition will include many letters not included in the first edition, owing to Mr. Cross' extreme anxiety to render his record of the great writer entirely void of offence. That anxiety was natural, and within certain limits, very laudable, but, in connexion with the peculiar and original form of biography which Mr. Cross adopted, it was, we think, carried entirely too far. It may therefore be as well, on this opportunity, to indicate what we consider the great and radical defect of what is otherwise a remarkable and very meritorious performance.

Are the public entitled, or are they not entitled, to lift the curtain which screens the private life of a great writer from public view, and study the man or the woman as well the author? The question is one on which a great deal of argument has been wasted, because, in our opinion, it is one which it is altogether idle to discuss. It is certain that the curiosity which leads the reader to wish to know something of the personality of the writer is as universal as reading and writing itself, and that it is founded on instincts and impressions, not only natural in themselves and therefore inevitable, but, within certain limits, entirely laudable. The author and the man can never be so separated in our minds, because the author and the man are never entirely separated in their works. We may not be able (as in the case of Shakespeare) to form any accurate idea of the man, Shakespeare from his writings; the universality of his genius conceals and does not reveal his identity, but if we could lift the veil, we would do so. Then comes the other question, "Has a writer a perfect right to conceal his private life from public view if he is able to do so? The answer is "Most certainly." No one quarrels with Junius because he does not know who Junius was, Junius was under no obligation to reveal

his identity to the public. He never revealed that identity, and no one has ever been silly enough to make this fact a subject of complaint against him,—a reproach to his memory or fame. If Mr. Cross had elected to keep George Eliot's life entirely from public scrutiny, his right to do so was unquestionable; but the case stands thus: He has lifted, as it were, the corner of the curtain, giving us a small glimpse of a small space of a wonderful domestic interior. In that space we see, as it were, and that "as through a glass, darkly," the dim outline of George Eliot's figure—and nothing more. The correspondence is reprinted in the form of selections, very careful selections, indeed—and a great deal of absurd and most uncritical eulogy has been bestowed by George Eliot's admirers on the care with which these selections have been made. The care exhibited in the preparation of the book is evident in every page. Mr. Lewes would not allow the voice of outside criticism to penetrate the sacred precincts in which he had enshrined his idol. For many years, she, the most famous writer of her day, led the life of a recluse. What she saw or heard of the great world, she saw and heard through the medium of a few, and very few privileged friends: Mr. Lewes, Mr. Herbert Spencer and others. Under these extraordinary conditions of existence, the spirit within her underwent a complete change, and that change is reflected by a change in the spirit of her writings. It is evident, although Mr. Cross makes the most strenuous exertions to conceal the fact, that the earlier years of her life were passed in something very like conflict,—conflict in her own mind; a supremely powerful and inquiring intellect seeking after truth and unable to find it; conflict with her own people, and especially with her father, to whom she was devotedly attached, but with whom she had little or nothing in common. This was the period during which the foundation of her genius was laid. She learned in suffering and conflict what she afterwards taught through some of the most powerful and original imaginative creations in the whole range of imaginative literature. It is certain that none of her heroines can be identified, with herself or her own experiences, to anything like the extent which made "Villette" and "Jane Eyre" chapters of a dramatized autobiography; but in mental analysis lay her supreme power, and it is impossible not to feel that she often speaks from the fulness of her own heart through the mouths of her favorite characters Maggie Tulliver and Dinah Morris. Such glimpses as we get of her in this way are pregnant with the most intense interest, but they are only glimpses; and, when the story of her life was announced, we looked forward to what we thought would have been the complement of her fictions. an unconscious portraiture of the woman by herself as

powerful and instructive as anything she has left us in the noble gallery of imaginary portraits in her works. But this expectation has been entirely disappointed. The George Eliot of Mr. Cross' life is one of the most entirely colorless women in the whole range of biography, because the selections have been made with such care. She was a great critic, and a great observer—her prejudices and preferences were both very strong and very tenacious—but of criticism or observation, or the revelation of strong feelings of any kind, or in any direction, these volumes contain very little, and that little is most unsatisfactory. The most critical and momentous events in her own life—the fervor and intensity of her first impulses towards a religious life—the struggle during which she underwent mental anguish of the most acute kind, between the religious impulse on the one hand and the awakening spirit of inquiry and scepticism on the other—the strained relations between herself and her father—above all, her extraordinary marriage, or union, or whatever it may be called, with Mr. Lewes—all these things are referred to in letters selected with such care, that they might have been written to order, as models of passionless and business-like memoranda of the most ordinary, passionless and business-like transactions. Miss Evans (according to her own express admission) passed in her own life through many of the mental experiences which she describes with surpassing power in the *Mill on the Floss*; but Maggie Tulliver was only an imaginary creation. The interest attaching to her sorrows and sufferings is very great, owing to the skill of the artist who has depicted them for us; but surely the experiences of George Eliot herself in the same direction,—experiences which were the sources and inspiration of her magnificent delineations, deserve some better and fuller record than a few memoranda, which resemble the items in an auctioneer's inventory, rather than the history of the mental crisis of a life.

Then, as regards George Eliot's strained relations with her father—we know what she must have felt and endured, not from anything in Mr. Cross' life, (the allusions to this episode in her life has been so "carefully" selected from her letters, that they contain little beyond a bare record of the fact) but from what we know of the woman herself, and of that common human nature which she knew so well and analyzed so profoundly. She has drawn for us in Maggie and Tom Tulliver a picture from every day life which is not the less tragic, the less sorrowful, because we meet with it almost every day. There are natures which are, as it were, dependent on each other, by force of circumstances, but which never can assimilate. It is certain that Mr. Evans never understood his daughter—the lesser could not include or comprehend the greater—and

it is equally certain that her inability to adjust herself, as it were, to his severe and narrow standard of moral obligation, was one of the most acute sorrows of her life, and a source of constant self-reproach and remorse to her when he was gone: this was well known to her friends. But these carefully selected letters in Mr. Cross' life contain the briefest, coldest, and most meagre references to one of the most critical and momentous experiences of her life. Yet, who that has read and studied her novels, can doubt that she drew from her own feelings and her own bitter experience, the inspiration of those most powerful and acute phases of human suffering which have their origin in the incompatibility of minds, forced by circumstances, to be dependent on each other, yet for ever and for ever unable to assimilate—"strangers yet." Then, as regards her union with Mr. Lewes, Mr. Cross had the most perfect right to keep this event, and the circumstances which led to it, from public scrutiny—to decline to submit it to public criticism and inspection; but in this connexion we are treated to very half measures again; and with these, we are told, we must be satisfied. George Eliot's vindication of herself, in connexion with this step, is contained in a letter to one of her friends, and is, we venture to think, one of the most extraordinary vindications in the whole annals of personal literature. No one excepting Miss Evans' herself was competent to form any opinion whatever on the subject of her union with Mr. Lewes, because no one except Miss Evan's had that knowledge of Mr. Lewes' personal character which Miss Evans' possessed.

This is not merely the substance, but the very terms of the extraordinary vindication. Thus there is no such in ethical philosophy as any fixed standard of domestic morality. Moral considerations, in connexion with matrimony, are entirely relative, and relative to what?—to the personal character of the transgressor against moral laws and not to the transgression itself. This is all that is vouchsafed to us by Mr. Cross in connexion with the most momentous event in the life of George Eliot. Does Mr. Cross wish us to believe for a moment that this is all she had to say on the subject? It is no secret that George Eliot held certain abstract views on the subject of marriage, of a very original, not to say, peculiar nature, and that she justified to herself and to her friends her union with Mr. Lewes by a train of reasoning which Mr. Cross is careful to omit from his carefully selected correspondence. The moral of all this is plain. If we want to know anything of George Eliot, the woman, we must not look for that knowledge in the life which Mr. Cross has given to the public, and which is not, in any useful sense of the word, the

record of her life at all. By the light of what we know of her life, we must turn to her works and read for ourselves the profoundly impressive lesson which the study of such a career and such a mind carries with it for us all.

The interest attaching to the personality of George Eliot is something very different from the sort of affectionate curiosity with which we follow the lives of scores of writers as eminent, in some respects, as George Eliot herself, but standing in very different relations to their reader and admirers. Sir Walter Scott was probably the greatest describer of battles in the annals of English literature, but Sir Walter Scott never saw a shot fired in anger in his life. Thus his personal experiences had no bearing on the distinctive excellence of his literary creations. He was, what he was, through sheer force of imagination, and yet, notwithstanding the entirely uneventful character of his life—notwithstanding the fact that his wonderful imagination drew nothing in the way of inspiration from the personal events of his life—the character of the man is indelibly impressed on his literary genius. Who can doubt who has read his life, that Scott himself was made of the stuff with which he delighted to endow his favorite creations.

To hero bound for battle strife  
Or bard of martial lay,  
T'were worth ten years of peaceful life,  
One glance at their array.

There spoke the man Scott, as well as the author of "The Lady of the Lake." Those who would claim for George Eliot a place in the very front rank of imaginative writers, claim for her a great deal more than can, with justice, be allowed. But George Eliot was something very much more than a great novelist; she was a great teacher, and she was a great teacher though the medium of a faculty—the metaphysical faculty—inseparably interwoven with her own personality, and deeply and abidingly influenced by her personal experiences. The world—the intellectual world of her time—sat at her feet, not only for interest and amusement, but for instruction. The life of Spinoza is pregnant with the most intense interest, and that simply as forming a part of his system of philosophy. And so it is—or rather so it would have been—with George Eliot, if Mr. Cross had any adequate conception of his duty as the biographer of such a life. He had no such conception. Not to give offence for any object or in any direction—to respect the susceptibilities of individuals—the prejudices and conventionalisms of society—this was the end which he kept in view from beginning to end. And the end has been attained. So the *life* of George Eliot as distinguished from a mere fragmentary memoranda of passing impressions, has yet to be



written, and probably this generation will have passed away, before the world is allowed to know the *real* thoughts and *real* opinions of one of the profoundest and most original thinkers of her time.

G. A. S.

*A Fly on the Wheel: or how I helped to govern India.* By Colonel F. Lewin: W. H. Allen & Co., London.

COLONEL LEWIN arrived in India as a cadet during the Indian Mutiny, and came in for some very stirring experiences almost immediately after the date of his arrival in the country. He was sent up-country at once. The arrival at the well of Cawnpore is thus described:—

"The horror of this place laid hold on us all, soldiers and officers, most of us newly arrived from England. The men clustered together, sweating deep oaths of vengeance against the whole race of those who were guilty of such atrocities. I had never before seen men stirred by strong passion, their faces white and set, and their eyes gleaming with fierce blood-eagerness. Who can wonder if the revenge taken was stern, and pity was scanty? Inside the slaughter house, kicked into a dark corner, lay a Bible (I have it beside me now), dirty and blood-stained. In it was written the name Anthony Dickson Home, and the words, "Read Psalm lvi. J. E. H." I turned to the Psalm and read: "And they cried unto God, and there was none to help them."

Then we have a most spirited description of a hard tussle with the Gwalior Contingent:—

"Company after company defiled right and left along the bank, and we comprehended that the stream was to be our line of defence, and this bridge the key of the position. On the far side of the stream extended a wide sandy plain, with no cover but the church walls, and some mud huts and clumps of trees at about 800 yards' distance, among which we could see figures moving. We were soon employed in making a barricade across the bridge-way by means of broken carts, with planks, railings, or whatever we could lay our hands on. I and some others were carrying the wheel of a cart to add to the obstruction, when whiz! a round shot came into the midst of us, and we fell about like a heap of wooden soldiers. I staggered to my feet again, much surprised at finding myself alive, and even more astonished that none of my comrades were hurt. We had been knocked over by the rushing wind of the shot, which must have passed right through the midst of us. Among the distant trees we could see the enemy's guns, which thenceforth kept up a steady fire on our position, and we watched the round shot as sometimes, after striking the ground, they came hopping towards us like lively cricket balls.

"Arrah! the playful little varmints! they hops about like St. Patrick's pig in a thunderstorm," quoth an Irishman who was sitting close by under cover of a mud wall; when crash came one of the "varmints" through the wall, knocking him head over heels, and breaking his fire-lock "all to smithereens," as he expressed it, but without doing him any further injury. The fire grew hotter as the day wore on, and we on the bridge were ordered to lie down, while two Madras guns were brought up to return the fire, without much effect in checking that of our opponents.

Towards four o'clock we began to get the worst of it, and being largely out-numbered, our small force was driven in on both flanks. The enemy

now came pouring down, and occupied the church on our left, where they brought a gun to bear on the bridge at close quarters, loading with grape, pushing the gun out round the corner to fire, and drawing it back to reload under cover. From the church, from the houses, from every available cover the fire concentrated on the bridge, while our men replied with spirit, although we had many casualties. Three of our subalterns were hit, one killed. The noise of the firing, the shouts and cries, were terrible. The men, so long exposed to this terrific fire, began to waver.

"They are surrounding us!" came the cry.

"Never mind, my boys!" cried the Colonel. "We've got to keep this bridge, if we die for it!" and he, standing up in the midst of the shower of bullets, lit a cheroot as quietly as if he had been at home. I admired that man, and he certainly gave us new courage. The hardest sort of fighting is to stand still and be shot at. One can fight or fire, but to do nothing is a severe ordeal for nerve and courage."

After the relief of Lucknow Mr. Lewin was employed with the detachment whose duty it was to pacificate the country by hunting up detached bodies of rebels. News arrives that Bajawul Singh, a noted rebel, is not far off, and it is resolved to surprise him:—

"A council of war was held, and our course of action speedily determined. Then, a swallowing of scalding cups of tea, accompanied by some knobs of hard biscuit, and with a hasty buckling on of revolvers we were off again.

I led the advance with my men, having the guide fastened to me by a rope. The cavalry were to make a detour right and left to take the enemy in flank.

Our guide seemed cool and composed enough in his post of danger, for the leading man of a column is pretty sure to be knocked over by the first volley. He walked quietly in front of me, scrutinizing the path and kicking the stones as he went. Presently, as he entered a thick overhanging jungle, he stopped, and pointed out the fresh footprint of a man who, he said, must have just gone in front of us, running.

Running meant bearing tidings of our coming, so there was evidently no time to lose, and we too pushed on at the double, and in a few moments firing began on both sides, we advancing as we fired, and the enemy retreating as fast as possible.

On we went, running and panting, up precipitous rocky paths, through the beds of watercourses, scratched and torn by the thorns of cane and bamboo, bleeding and bruised from heavy falls; but with all our haste we found on reaching their main position nothing but their deserted fires, not even their dinners had been left behind!

We had killed two of their rear-guard and, happily, lost none of our men.

We returned to Joorum in the afternoon. The Madrasses, both officers and men, were much exhausted; but S—— and I, with our Bengal party, prided ourselves on showing no fatigue, although I may confess that I felt well nigh extenuated, and would have given all my worldly goods for a bottle of beer. There was, I need hardly say, no beer in that thirsty land. All supplies were finished, and at the rate at which we moved about, there seemed small chance of replenishing our stock of luxuries, for we seemed daily to get further and further from civilization.

We did not abandon our pursuit of the rebels, but, co-operating with the Divisional Police at Alipura, dispersed the band. The Police Commandant, with a party of his men, succeeded in cutting off from the rest of his companions a handsomely mounted and armed horseman, who, finding himself isolated, leaped his horse into a clump of brushwood on

some broken ground difficult of access, and holding his long silver-mounted matchlock in one hand, so as to guard his left side, and with his sword in his right, he struck an attitude, and called after his flying comrades, "What, brothers! will you desert me? Come back! come back! and we will make these dogs of Feringhis eat dirt!" He called in vain, poor fellow, and as he could not well be taken, he had to be shot as he stood. This man was a brother of Bajawul Singh, and his arms, sword, matchlock, and dagger were very handsomely ornamented."

After this Mr. Lewin came to Calcutta and obtained an appointment in the new Indian Police. He goes to Rampur Bauleah, and Mr. Lewin gives some most amusing descriptions of the mofussil life of the period. We are introduced to a snake charmer:—

"First he searched the house, then the small piece of garden in front thereof, after which he turned towards the cook-house, and my servants' huts which lay a short distance in the rear. Midway between these huts and my bungalow was a small weedy patch of rose garden, and towards this patch he first directed his steps, making wails and groans issue from his pipe, and keenly peering about as he went; not a corner seeming to escape his eye. Suddenly he left off playing and commenced an exhortation in an unknown tongue, the purport of which might be gathered from the varying tones of his voice, running through a gamut as it were—coaxing, exhorting, commanding, threatening. Then he ceased speaking, and fixing his eyes upon a spot among the rose bushes, he recommenced playing on his pipe. Slowly, very slowly, he drew nearer and nearer, his pipe keeping up a very soft monotonous droning sound, when—whish! with a plunge and a dart he thrust his arm into the grass and drew forth a wriggling cobra!

I gave him his reward; but as I had still a doubt lurking in my mind as to whether he might not have placed his snake where we found it, I tempted him with another reward to catch for me one which had often been seen, and was known to reside behind my bearers' house. Thither we accordingly went, and the same incantations recommenced, when I saw to my astonishment, as he swayed to and fro, playing on his pipe, a snake slowly raise its head from beside a ditch or gutter which ran behind the servants' houses. In an instant he caught it by the neck and jerked it out among the crowd of native on-lookers, who fled precipitately on every side as the snake fell in their midst. The snake-charmer then caught the creature, and forcing open its jaws, passed a fold of his turban into its mouth and round the two poison-fangs which lay in the upper part of the mouth, tearing them out with a dexterous jerk. He then spat down the snake's throat and deposited it in his bag. As he did so I noticed that his thumb was bleeding.

"Have you been bitten?" I inquired in some trepidation, as I did not desire a tragic outcome of my curiosity.

"Yes, Sahib," he replied calmly; "the last snake was a vicious one, and it has bitten me. But there is no danger," he added, extracting from the recesses of his mysterious bag a small piece of white stone. This he wetted and applied to the wound, to which it seemed to adhere. He then took a piece of some other curious substance from the bundle, put it to his forehead, and drew an imaginary line with it round the wrist of the injured hand. This completed the treatment, and he apparently suffered no inconvenience or material hurt. I was thus effectually convinced that snake-charming is a real art, and not merely clever conjuring, as I had previously imagined. These so-called snake stones are well known throughout India; when applied to a snake bite the stone appears to adhere to

the wound, by some sort of capillary attraction, I suppose. It is placed afterwards in milk, where it discharges the poison which has been absorbed into it, and thus becomes cleansed and again fit for use. The milk, it is said, turns colour and becomes corrupt."

From Rampur Bauleah Captain Lewin went to Hazaribagh, and from Hazaribagh to Noakholly. Noakholly (as we know to our cost) is one of the dullest stations in the Indian mofussil, and even Captain Lewin found the place unbearably monotonous. From Noakholly Captain Lewin was transferred, after a time, to Chittagong, and after holding a police appointment in Chittagong itself for some time, he was made Superintendent of the Hill Tracts. His experiences and adventures while he held this appointment fill the rest of the book, and they are related with a spirit and vivacity which render them very interesting and agreeable reading indeed. Perhaps the best thing in the book is a description of an attempt to penetrate to the hitherto unexplored country of the Shendús. Through the dense forests, up the stream, vexed with many a rapid—Captain Lewin and his party make their way :—

"The boat slipped quietly along at first, through the glassy stretches of the upper water, the speed of the current gradually increasing until the water seemed to crinkle longitudinally, and in front we could hear a rushing, roaring sound, which increased in volume as we sped along. The swift, strong stream now became filled with threatening rocks, breaking and fretting the river into creamy foam; not always, however, showing themselves on the surface, but sometimes lying dangerously hidden beneath the water, their presence only to be recognised by the practised eye of the steersman, who tells of the hidden danger by the colour and humpiness of the water. Like a swift bird the canoe flies on, now entering a narrow gorge filled with tumbling turbulent billows, foam-crested, roaring, through which winds a narrow yellow water-path; one felt the mad sweep of the current bearing us on irresistibly to unforeseen events. The men paddled and yelled like demons, and the steersman played his part right manfully. With sudden swift turn of the wrist he sends the boat twirling under the over-hanging trees of the bank, where in a swift-running side-eddy he avoids the thunderous swoop of mid-river fury, then, calling on the paddler at the bow, the canoe is headed out into the mad tumble of the final flurry. Bang! she jumps on the shoulder of a dark hidden rock, plunging off again immediately at an angle of nearly forty-five degrees, down an inclined plane of water, and taking in a good prow full, passes swiftly into the calm water below the rapid. Here all give vent to their pent-up feelings by screeches of victory; and we turn to watch the progress of the boats which follow.

"It was a glorious time—a new sensation—the poetry of motion; one flew, as it were, on bird's wings, amid the mighty rush and roar of the torrent; each moment was a climax; and I should indeed have felt proud had I been able to sit at the stern and take her through; nay, more, I determined that some day I would make the venture. Mind and body alike were aroused to the greatest activity, accuracy of judgment and quick decision being absolutely necessary, every moment bringing forth fresh and unlooked for difficulties, which had to be met and surmounted at peril of one's life. The excitement, while it lasted, was intense; and our after gleeful gratulation proportionately keen."

The party met what they suppose to be a friendly tribe on the border of the Shendús country, but Captain Lewin is nearly murdered as he sits in his tent and has to return—

"I had been sitting cross-legged on a shawl, with my back turned to the low door of the hut, occupied with my fiddling, when a bullet entered, and striking me a little below the hip, passed down the whole length of my thigh, coming out just above the knee. The gun had been fired by one of the hill-guides, who had brought me across the hills to the Koladan, and who instantly decamped into the jungle. Whether the shot was accidental, or whether the chiefs had determined to prevent my going any farther, is doubtful. My servant Toby saw the man strolling by the door of my hut, and stooping down to look in, but merely thought he was attracted by the music; then the report of the gun was heard, and the man bolted.

I was in great pain, and thought my last hour had come. Fuzlah and Toby hurried up lamenting, and with some assistance carried me down to Yuong's boat, which lay moored at the water's edge, and having procured rowers by offers of liberal payment, the canoe was soon bearing me rapidly down the river on the way to Akyab. I confess I thought I had not an hour to live, for I had seen the wound, and it seemed to me impossible that the ball could have traversed the whole length of my thigh without severing some artery, in which case I must inevitably bleed to death."

However, he does not die. He gets back all right, and after a short time is able to return to his head-quarters again and prepare for another attempt on the Shendús country. This time, not only Captain Lewin, but the whole party very nearly come to grief. They are surrounded by the Shendús:—

"As we were thus conversing, I saw one of the Shendús from behind a tree deliberately raise his piece and cover my companion M—. Sergeant Fuzlah, with admirable promptitude, raised his rifle and covered that particular Shendú, who thereupon lowered his gun, and scratched his head in an attitude of embarrassment. At the same time a hideous old grey-bearded Shendú, who with smiles and gestures (remining one of the old nursery rhyme respecting Mrs. Bond and her ducks, "Dilly, dilly, come and be killed"), had been inspecting the rifle of one of M—'s orderlies, with a quick jerk attempted to wrest it away. There was no longer the faintest doubt as to their intentions, and I said to my friend, M—, "Fate is against us, my boy. We shall be surrounded and disarmed if we stay here much longer."

M—gave the order to make ready, and with levelled guns, but without firing, we slowly retreated. Seeing our threatening attitude, the Shendús at once took cover, and whether it was that they feared to expose themselves, or whether they had orders to take us alive, I know not, but no shot was fired. We, on our side, had no desire to commence hostilities or to waste our ammunition, so we slowly retired, presenting a firm front, with levelled guns.

"Sahib," said Fuzlah, "they are outflanking us." And so it was, for on our right and left we saw through the trees the figures of Shendús swiftly running.

A little further on, the jungle grew more dense, and we availed ourselves of this cover to run also, as fast as we could. I soon found, however, that my leg pained me a good deal, and I began to doubt my powers of continued flight.

Yet a little further, and we came to the baskets containing our baggage,

which had been abandoned by the coolies in their flight. There, alas! I saw on the ground my cherished meerscham, my beloved fiddle, and my diary full of sketches and notes of travel. Alack, alack! no time had we to stay, but the provident Fuzlah stooped as we passed and carried off my long "choga," or dressing gown, which lay along the ground.

A short distance further, and the sound of shots reached our ears in front. Our enemies had over-run us in their eagerness, and were attacking the coolies, content, I suppose, with the certainty of taking us afterwards. We held a hurried council of war. Personally, I was obliged to confess that I could go no farther, as my leg began to feel like lead, and was very painful; accordingly, we turned off sharp to the right, and within a hundred yards we found a hollow surrounded and covered with dense undergrowth. Into this we all crept, crouching like hunted beasts, with the determination at least to sell our lives as dearly as possible."

They escape, as the saying is, "by the skin of their teeth," and Captain Lewin did not again make any attempt on the Shendús tribes, nor would the Government permit him to do so. The rest of the volume is occupied with a description of the civil and military administration of the Hill Tracts, interspersed with many amusing anecdotes and most lively descriptions of the hill people, their religion, methods of government, social customs, &c.

The book is written throughout in an easy and spirited style and will amply repay perusal.

*A Sketch History of Hindustan*, by H. G. Keene, Esq.  
W. H. Allen & Co., London.

MR. KEENE does very little more than glance at the Hindu period of Indian history. In this, as we must think, he is quite right. Whatever interest the Hindu period may possess from the philologist, ethnologist and lover of Sanskrit poetry, it is a profoundly unsatisfactory study for the scientific historian. But Mr. Keene treats of the Mahomedan period very fully, and it is evident that he has made admirable use of original sources of information. He acknowledges his obligation to Elphinstone, but points out that an immense mass of materials, bearing on the Mahomedan period, has been discovered and accumulated since Elphinstone's history was written, and that the publication of a new Indian History needs, under the circumstances, no excuse. Elphinstone for the most part follows Ferishta, and where Ferishta is silent, Elphinstone has very little to say. Now Elphinstone himself admits that Ferishta, though a most lively writer and a very keen observer, was anything but an impartial or unprejudiced chronicler. In Mr. Keene's introductory chapter we have the following powerful and eloquent passage on the religion of the primitive Hindoos—

"Accustomed as we are to the traditions of Semetic monotheism and to the victories of the people of Jehovah over the gods of the nations, we

are in danger of forgetting that there is a type of ancient society that is perhaps both higher and happier, more fruitful in the present, and more hopeful for the future. All Aryan society is based upon the permanency of the family, a corporation of which the father is managing partner. The wife, though she has her appropriate field of labour, is free. The sons are under the *patria potestas*, though they may have some voice in affairs, some latent claim to divide the estate if the joint management prove unprosperous. Slavery, if allowed, is not favoured, and tends to disappear. Monogamy was the rule; where second marriage was sanctioned, it was on certain specific grounds, the original consort, however, remaining "housewife," and the new-comer only occupying the position of a respected concubine. When the father became decrepit, the eldest son assumed the position of head; when the father died, the widow and daughters came under the eldest son's charge; the *manes* of the fathers continued a hypothetical presence supreme in secular things, the father was also the priest of his family in the original scheme, and before the division of labour had created a priestly class. The Deity was regarded as an immanent power in Nature, revealed to man in the phenomenal universe whereof the typical manifestations were at first two, Indra and Agni. A later division recognised three. These were, 1st ADITI or SURYA, the Sun; 2nd AGNI, the Terrestrial Fire; 3rd VAYU, the firmamental Air or Spirit, by whose instrumentality the sacrificed Agni lives and returns to his heavenly Father, bearing propitiatory oblations for man. At the first appearance in the East of the maiden Dawn, the head of the family led forth his wife and children to the altar that stood before their door. Here he produced fire by working a drill in the centre of a wooden cross; and, carrying the kindled tinder to the altar, laid it there and anointed it with butter, until, fanned by the morning breeze, it burst into a flame. The sacrificial offerings were ignited; and the column of thin blue smoke mounted towards the sky into which the sun was swiftly climbing, while the family sang a hymn, and prayed for a blessing on the labours of the day."

In his history of the Mahomedan Emperors, Mr. Keene follows, as it were, in the main track of the older historians as far as the leading political events, "the battles, sieges, fortunes" of history are concerned, but side by side with the political and military narrative of the period, Mr. Keene gives us a continuous and admirably sagacious record of the social and economic progress of the people. This important department of Indian history has never been more intelligently and intelligibly dealt with in so small a space, and this appears to us to be the distinctive excellence of Mr. Keene's valuable work. As a mere describer, Mr. Keene is somewhat unequal. He can describe so well, (when he likes,) that we were somewhat disappointed at the brevity and tameness of some of his descriptions of events and scenes which (as we should have thought) would have called forth all his powers. Mr. Keene is evidently a despiser of Taj worship. He says —

"This tomb has been so universally praised, that a few words of explanation may not be improper. Fully admitting the scenic effect of the first *coup d'œil*; when through the dark arch of the entry we see dome and minarets, the finest features of the tomb, behind an avenue of cypresses and a fore-ground of dark foliage, with a long line of fountains tossing in the breeze their light and pliant plumes; admitting that the white sheen of the unsullied marble, with these accessories, shows like a vision against the

clear blue sky ; yet we must allow for two things. The effect is not altogether what the artist intended ; and that artist was not an Oriental. Those who have seen other Indian buildings of the kind, who have seen old drawings of the Taj, or who have read the old records of the British Government at Agra, know that the present garden is of English taste, and that originally the building stood up without a screen, fronted by stiff masofry *parterres* planted with marigolds and lemon-trees ; the fountains, indeed, were there, but once out of order, would never probably be repaired. Those who have read Manrique know that he learned from Father Da Castro at Lahore how the designs were made by Gerionimo Verroneo, a venetian architect, to meet an estimate of three *kroos* of rupees ; while there is every reason to suppose that the *pictra dura* decoration was done under the superintendence of a Frenchman named Augustin de Bordeaux.

"It is conceivable, no doubt, that some suggestion may have been made to Verroneo by Shâh Jahân or 'Alî Mardân Khân, or some one who had seen the Himalayas. The typic thought may have been the mass of an Alpine glacier, proportioned by natural forces, with its glinting prisms in the morning sunlight, against a back-ground of blue ether, and fronted by a fore ground of cedars framing it in their dark masses. But to be true Art-work, a thing so inspired should have been alike free from arbitrary outline and from capricious decoration. It should have been *necessary* in all particulars, so that the beholder should have felt that it could not have been otherwise ; and its aspect should have concluded controversy.

"That is not the case of the Taj. It has been found fault with by good judges. As a building, and apart from its surroundings, it cannot be pronounced to be an organic whole. No relation can be discovered among any of the dimensions ; the outline of the dome does not express the inward form of the vault it covers ; the disengaged towers of the four corners have no use or purpose, either apparent or real. The fenestrations give little shadow outside, no light within.

"Yet, masked by the modern garden, and consecrated by the repose of the whole scene—glittering, gleaming, distinguished—there is something about the Taj as we now see it, which is perhaps unequalled by any building in the world for that mysterious fascination which we express by the single short word 'charm.'"

The scene around the death-bed of Akbar is one of the best bits of description in the book —

"The Emperor fell very sick, even unto death, as was soon perceived. As he lay there, assiduously tended by Salim's younger son Khurram, destined afterwards to become one of the greatest sovereigns of his illustrious race, the dissensions of the candidates and their supporters became more and more violent. A plot to seize Salim as he left his father's chamber was discovered, and the Prince, in alarm, forebore the intended visit, and shut himself up in his camp outside the fort. The Khân 'Azam and Man Singh now held a meeting, at which it was openly proposed to set aside Salim and place Khusru upon the throne. But an illustrious Mughal, named Sâ'yd Khân, tore the web that was being spun. Addressing the assembly, he declared that the scheme was opposed to the laws and customs of the Chaghtai tribe ; and the objection was accepted as conclusive. Sâ'yd Khân rose and left the room, followed by Farid, the paymaster general and many others ; and the baffled conspirators departed to their various posts. Some of the cooler heads repaired to the Crown Prince, whom they hastened to reassure ; they were only just in time, for they found him

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\* Mr. Elphinstone, who visited the Taj on his way to Kâbul, speaks of its "charm" and "taste." Though nearly 250 ft. high, it gives no idea of size. Zoffany said "it only wanted a glass case."



preparing his barge for flight. He was persuaded to postpone his departure. Presently he was joined by Farid and other chiefs, and their attendants began to beat their drums. Salim immediately stopped the noisy demonstration, on account of his father's condition; but he held a *levée* all the afternoon, at the end of which the Khán 'Azam presented himself. Salim prudently overlooked the past and received him graciously. Meanwhile, Mán Singh and Khusru prepared to depart for Bengal, while Salim, accompanied by the principal nobles, proceeded to the Emperor's bed-side. On arriving, he knelt at his father's feet. Akbar, opening his heavy eyelids, ordered that he should be invested with the robes of sovereignty. The bystanders did homage, and the next moment Akbar bowed his head in death. The date of these events is October 15th-16th, 1605 (old style)."

To each chapter is appended a note on the authorities from which his narrative is drawn, and enough has been said to show that Mr. Keene possesses, and that in a marked degree some of the higher qualifications of a historian: that vivid interest in the distant and remote, by which alone the distant and remote can be brought within the circle of sympathy and interest for modern readers, and that faculty for the patient analysis of chaotic and fragmentary evidence, which is the soul of the critical method and the true basis of scientific history.

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*Central Asian Questions.* By Demetrius C. Boulger. Longman & Co., London.

MR. DEMETRIUS BOULGER, as an authority on the Central Asian question, holds a position midway between Professor Vambery and Mr. Marvin. He has not been as great a traveller as Vambery. He is not a compiler of unequalled industry like Mr. Marvin, but as a historian and a philosopher, he far surpasses both the Hungarian traveller and the English chronicler. Besides, his range is much wider. He does not confine himself to Central Asia or the study of Central Asian questions. He is as familiar with the history and traditions of China, Japan, Mongolia, as he is with the history and traditions of Samarcand, Bokhara or Merv. He loves to wander as it were away from the beaten tracts of history into the dim byeways of ancient tradition,—the beginning of all history—the sources of the great streams of human affairs. He brings to bear on this abstruse study, faculties of research, reflection, and generalization which are in their way almost unique. Of course, it may be contended that much of what Mr. Boulger has written on these abstruse subjects,—the remote history of remote countries—must be to a great extent speculative. Granted; but where nothing but speculation is possible is nothing to be attempted? By no means. Historic speculation becomes a science in the hands of a man like Mr. Boulger. He has always some warrant founded on the great laws

which govern human history, for his most daring conjectures, and here what appears to be his really profound knowledge of comparative ethnology, does him "yeoman's service." This volume consists of reprints of essays on various subjects (connected with the Central Asian question) are selected from Mr. Boulger's voluminous writings which, as we have said, embrace a wider range of study than this volume attempts to deal with. Beyond all question the most interesting and important essay in the book is "Why Candahar should be retained." This essay appeared in the "Army and Navy Magazine" as far back as 1881, but the arguments and considerations put forward by Mr. Boulger in defence of his position, that Candahar should be retained, apply with equal force to our own contention, that it should be re-occupied. Here is what Mr. Boulger has to say on this all important question:—

The position of Candahar, in a military sense, is of commanding importance. Situated at the junction of the roads both to Herat and to Cabul, it dominates the whole of Southern Afghanistan, while it possesses a safe and convenient means of communication with the sea and the Indus. No army could so much as attempt the invasion of India without besieging or masking this fortress, the Metz of the Indian frontier, as I have called it elsewhere. For while it blocks the road from Herat, it occupies so menacing a position on the flank, that no General would risk an advance from Cabul on the Khyber without detaching a corps of considerable strength to Ghuzni, when his very safety would depend upon its successful defence of the northern road. There is a general agreement of opinion among military authorities that no General would attempt, with the small army that could be sent across the Hindoo Koosh, so dangerous an experiment as an operation against the Indian frontier from the Cabul side would be, when a fortified Candahar was held by a British garrison. And, therefore, Candahar would practically protect the Indian frontier as much from attack by way of the Bamian, as it would from the Heri Rud. If ever the time should come when the invasion of India were attempted on a large scale, and two armies were directed on the Indus—the one from the Oxus and the other from Persia,—the advantages of a central position at Candahar would be incontestable. On the principle that prevention is better than cure, we maintain that the fact of our occupying that position must exercise a deterrent effect upon any who cherish hostile designs against our Eastern Empire. If, for that reason alone, the permanent occupation of Candahar must prove conducive to economy in the future. By re-arranging the positions of our frontier garrisons—and the troops at Candahar would be performing, under more favourable circumstances, some of the principal duties of the present large force in the Punjab—the retention of Candahar should not interfere with even the reduction of the native army, if that step is resolved upon by the authorities for other reasons especially, if it be accompanied, *pari passu*, by a corresponding reduction on the part of the native states. In fact, it may be declared that whatever was prudent and practicable, in respect to the garrisoning of our Indian possessions, on the assumption that Candahar is to be abandoned, becomes more feasible, if that city is to be retained.

It has been argued—and it is with regret that all those who have pinned their faith to, and are convinced of, the necessity of Candahar to India as a strategical position, must see a yielding tendency upon this point—

that we should obtain everything we can secure at Candahar in the Pisheen valley. There are those who support this view on the ground that Pisheen is about 100 miles nearer to the Indus; there are others that do so because it is a compromise, and also a step in the right direction. But let us be clear on this point. Pisheen has none of the advantages of Candahar. It will not pay the cost of its occupation, neither will it restrain the hostility of our enemies, and the most recent investigations tend to show the accuracy of the observations of Conolly and Durand fifty and forty years ago respectively. As a matter of opinion it seems to me that, what we hope to obtain in Pisheen, we already have at Quetta. Moreover, it is no official secret that the resolution of the Indian Government is not to retain this district, as high military authority has reported it to be of little value. Those, therefore, who are willing to accept the Pisheen valley as a compromise, or as in some sort an equivalent for Candahar, not only wrong their judgment, but are bargaining over a matter that admits of only one solution; and when the time comes for receiving their wage, they will find that it has only been used as a lure. It would be a reflection upon the thoroughness of our views to so much as entertain for a moment any suggestion short of the permanent occupation of Candahar, and its incorporation with the Indian Empire.

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*The Bulwark for India.* By Hamid Ali Khan, M. R. A. S.  
Empire Printing and Publishing Co. Limited. London.

WE have read this publication with considerable regret. It deals with a subject about which a great deal may be said, and about which, in our opinion, the less said the better. What our author has to say on the subject, he says temperately, impartially and with perfect good taste, but we cannot admit either the force of his reasoning or the justice of his accusations. Summed up briefly, what he has to tell us is this: There is a social gulf between Europeans and Natives, which, according to our author, is widening every day. Now the real bulwark of India is to be found, and always will be found, in the perfect good feeling which ought to exist between the two races. For the present deplorable state of things, the Europeans are chiefly, although not altogether, to blame. Our author supports his contention to this effect by quoting, as the result of his own observations, a number of instances, in which Native gentlemen, calling on the collector or judge, have been treated with what he considers, scant courtesy and this treatment is, he fears, the rule rather than the exception. He says:—

We shall imagine a native of rank and position preparing to pay a formal visit to, say, the magistrate of his town. After he has finished the slow intricate task of arranging his turban in the proper folds, and donned his long loose robe and other vestments in Oriental style, he sets out for the Sahib's bungalow. We may picture him to ourselves *en route*. He is either conveyed in his carriage, or prefers to wend his way seated in a roomy saddle on a gently stepping horse. Arrived at the entrance of the compound or enclosure, in which the "bungalow" stands, he must leave his conveyance outside. Though there is a carriage drive to the

very door of the house, this is not for him; he must proceed thither on-foot. It is just ten in the morning; he is the first visitor. Happy conjunction of fortunate circumstances! Our friend's face beams with the joy which transports his soul. What a favorable opportunity, he says to himself, for enjoying this inestimable honour of an interview! The *khan-sama* (house steward) provides the visitor with a chair in the verandah. He waits, feeding on hope. After an interval, the master is informed of the presence of the expectant native gentleman. The servant returns with the curt message, that his master cannot see him. The young buds of the tree of friendly association are scorched and withered by the hot blast of repulse. It may be long, if ever, before they will shoot forth again in the breast of the visitor. With mortified feelings and drooping countenance he returns home. Contrasting the sentiments which inspired his fruitless journey, he might apply to himself the words of the poet—

“ This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth  
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,  
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him,  
The third day comes a frost—a killing frost ;  
And—when he thinks, good easy man, full surely,  
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root.”

Day after day passes away; and the disappointed native is reluctant to call again. But as Pope says—

“ Hope springs eternal in the human breast——”

and this, added to the desire of fulfilling a duty of courtesy, gives our friend the courage to make a fresh attempt. The same preparations for the visit are made; again he is seated in the verandah, with a few servants—the only company—waiting the result of his message. Perhaps in the meantime a fresh visitor arrives. If the new comer happens to be superior in rank, or, what is more effectual, can gain the ear of the servant, he will be admitted to the *Sahib's* presence first. The maxim of “first come first served” is “honoured more in the breach than in the observance.” If the position of the rivals for audience be equal, then ensues the unseemly tug-of-war between them to propitiate the great man's great man. He is like the plank which can only save one of two drowning men. To make a long story short, fortune at length favours the first comer; and anxious and agitated, he stands before the object of his desire. He forthwith, assuming the shape of a bow with the greatest reverence, places his right hand on his forehead, in a straight line with his nose—that is to say—he makes a profound “*salaam*.” Whilst this act of humility and veneration is being performed, it is acknowledged by the *Sahib*, with a slight and formal nod. With every sign of respect the visitor takes his seat. With clasped hands he pours forth a stream of figurative compliment. In the ornamental language of the East, unintelligible, in its flowery dress, to English ears, he exchanges a few words with one whom he regards as an Olympian oracle. After a few trivial common-place phrases, enquiries regarding the health of the visitor and his friends, and so forth, an interview, purchased at so dear a price, after so much trouble, waste of time, patient waiting, and annoyance at repeated refusals, comes to an end. This comprises what is understood by “social intercourse” between Europeans and Indians.

Then our author moralizes on the subject as follows :—

Do English officials imagine that this golden rule of behaviour to others is not applicable to the East? If so, they cannot labour under a greater mistake. Amongst those who observe it, and, enhance thereby, the esteem felt for them by Indians, I may be permitted to mention Mr. Tidy, brother

of the celebrated Dr. Tidy, and a sincere well-wisher of the natives. I might, and with pleasure, enumerate more names; the whole catalogue alas! when told being few in comparison with those who adopt a different policy; but time forbids, and one instance will suffice to point my meaning to those who read these remarks. While this absence of urbanity on the part of Englishmen in their dealings with the natives of India is much to be lamented, as opposing a formidable barrier to social intercourse: regarded from a political point of view, it is eminently mischievous and disastrous. That the natives of India should feel and resent such conduct is but natural. That they do not, as often as they might, give vent to the angry sentiments which it is but too well calculated to engender, is not to be attributed to that humility and slavish deference to superiors, which have been made a subject of reproach to Indians. Those who understand the Indian character will have no difficulty in assigning the true cause, *viz.*, the qualities of patience and forbearance, which distinguish Indians in a remarkable degree. These are virtues not to be outraged, lest perchance they should disappear, and give place to principles of action anything but conducive to peace. Mr. Wilfrid Blunt has been much caipied at for his criticisms on English official conduct in India. It is not true that he has made prejudiced statements in regard to it. Neither have these had the effect of exciting the animosities of Indians in reference to matters of the existence of which they are but too painfully aware. In his article in the *Fortnightly Review* for October, that gentleman makes the following very true and apposite remark:—"The huge mammal, India's symbol, is a docile beast, and may be ridden by a child. He is sensible, temperate, and easily attached. But ill-treatment he will not bear for ever, and when he is angered in earnest, his vast bulk alone makes him dangerous, and puts it beyond the strength of the strongest to guide or control him."

Replying to the countercharge that Indians on their side maintain restraints which are fatal to any improvement in the present relations between the two races, our author says—

It is alleged that one fatal objection to social intercourse between us and Anglo-Indians, consists in the restrictions imposed upon Anglo-Indian ladies. I refer to the *Purdah* system. I may here state that one important difference distinguishes English and Indian social customs. That is, that the latter are intimately bound up, and connected with religion. They are, in fact, based upon it. Religion regulates the food, ablution, dress: in a word, everything that constitutes the daily life of an Indian. This being the case, the Government have very wisely abstained from any interference with the prejudices of the people. At present the latter are opposed to the bringing out of the female members of their families into society. Any suggestion to this effect would be considered by Indians as an implied interference with their religion. The time, however, is not ripe for effecting such a change; when such departure from ancient custom is thought in India to be good and necessary, the initiative must be taken by Indians themselves, and not, as some, in my judgment, have foolishly suggested, by the Government. But the objection to the establishment of social intercourse on this ground, seems to me to be too eagerly laid hold of by those who are not sincerely anxious to promote those friendly relations of society which I advocate. Though the presence of ladies Keightens the charm of social intercourse in England, it can scarcely be said that it is at all times indispensable. A great deal of pleasant intercourse is maintained between gentlemen alone, and indeed, there would be a great blank in the list of dinner parties if those from which ladies were absent were omitted. This being the case

the objection, however possible, falls to the ground. I see no reason, therefore, that there should not be social intercourse between Englishmen and Indians, with or without the ladies. Mutual friendship may, however, be greatly advanced by an interchange of visits between English and Indian ladies. That there are some difficulties in the introduction of this custom I am aware, but they are not to my mind insuperable. There is, I believe, some fear entertained (happily ill-founded) by Indian ladies, of at least the north-western provinces, that their English sisters might induce them to embrace Christianity, and this makes them rather shy of social intercourse with them. It will be easy, however, to disabuse them of such apprehensions. When once the ice is broken I feel sure that Indian ladies will reciprocate, in the most cordial and gratifying manner, the visits and friendly sentiments of English ladies.

In another part of his essay the author compares the cordial welcome given to Indians and English in England with the distant and frigid manner in which they are treated by Anglo-Indian officials out here. Those Indians who have been to England appreciate and deplore the difference. Now, as it appears to us, two very serious fallacies underlie our author's reasoning on this not very agreeable aspect of our rule in this country. In the first place, it is wholly illogical and unfair to compare the English Collector in India with the English gentleman at home. The English Collector is one in a million, the English gentlemen is one of millions. The English Collector is an official overburdened with work—and that work concerns millions of the race to whom his Indian visitor belongs. He must be economical of his time, if he intends to do that work at all, and as a rule, the amount of time which he can spare from that work for social intercourse is very small indeed. It is not only the native visitors who are made to feel that his time is not at his disposal. His wife, family, and friends are often made to feel it as well. We have lived with a Collector, as his guest, whom we saw only at meal-times, and some times not even then, and that for more than a week together. Our sensitive Native friend, in the same position, would of course exclaim: What neglect! What a breach of the laws of hospitality! And would probably have left the house in disgust. An Englishman, knowing the necessity of the Collector's position, makes allowances, and remains. Now, who are the Englishmen whom our Native friends at home meet, and who are so friendly, and whose conduct contrasts so strongly with the conduct of the English in India. Surely they are the English gentlemen whom they meet in the pleasant leisure of ordinary social intercourse. Do they make their acquaintance at their offices? And a Collector's house is often as much his office as his private residence. If they wish to know what these Englishmen can be, these pleasant Englishmen whom they meet in *conversations* in London, in the direction of not allowing their time to be wasted during business hours,

let them go to Somerset House, or the Bank of England, or the India Office. They will see, in these places, a good many Englishmen sitting patiently in the waiting-room for the great man, who often refuses to see them for more than a few seconds; and still more often refuses to see them at all. But these magnates, if they met these visitors in society the very same night, would be most cordial and attentive. It is all a question of time in relation to work. This is what our author fails to see, which it is very desirable that he should see, because then he would perceive that his complaints and comparisons are founded on a grave misconception.

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*Ambushes and Surprises.* By Colonel G. B. Malleon, C.S.I.  
W. H. Allen & Co., London.

COLONEL MALLEON'S new book, "Ambushes and Surprises," will be reviewed in our next issue.

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#### VERNACULAR LITERATURE.

*Bāṅglir Līlā.*—By Dhirendranāth Pāl. Printed by Benimādhav Chakrabarti at A. B. Ghosh & Co's Press, 19, Sitāram Ghosh's Street, and Published by Prasād Kumār Mukhopādhyāya, at 13 Jorābagān, Calcutta, 1292, B. S.

PRANAYABHUSHAN, a young disappointed author, and a mortified and indifferent Brahmo, has wisely taken his father's advice to earn a livelihood by ministering to the spiritual wants of his father's numerous disciples. He is, accordingly, on a spiritual visit to Babu Kshetranāth Basu, an aged and orthodox native of the district of Jessore. Old-fashioned Kshetranāth, though owning estates worth Rs. 6,000 per annum, lives in an old-fashioned mud-house. But his grandson, Bhupendra Kumār, a young man who has acquired a smattering of English, attended meetings of the Brahmo Samaj, and learnt to admire the architectural tastes of Englishmen, considers it barbarism to live in the ancestral mud-house, and has therefore caused to be built for his own use a fine two-storied Building, furnished in the European style, with a large flower plot in front of it, secured by an iron railing, which has added immensely to the beauty and trimness of the entire scene. After a short conversation with Kshetranāth, young Pranayabhushan is conducted to the new house, where he meets three young men like himself whom he has known in Calcutta, the owner of the house, Bhupendra Kumār, Ananda Chandra, an *Anusthānik* Brahmo, and Atulkrishna a theosophist. Ananda Chandra is greatly shocked to find an educated man like Pranayabhushan fallen from the high platform of an author

and social reformer and pursuing the superstitious calling of a *guru*, or spiritual guide. Pranayabhushan also meets two little girls of ten or twelve years each, Shashi and Krishnakali, both exceedingly pretty and both receiving education at the hands of Bhupendra Kumár, and a mad young girl, Snehadata, greatly loved by Bhupendra Kumár and living in Bhupendra Kumár's house. The mad girl, who is in the habit of attacking people who question her on points on which she is particularly sensitive, now commits an assault upon a young Baisnab girl named Binayá Baisnabi, and is therefore reported by the police to the Court of the Sub-divisional officer to be tried for assault and public nuisance. Bhupendra Kumár, who takes up her cause, goes to Hariharpur, the sub-divisional head-quarters, accompanied by Pranayabhushan, Ananda Chandra, Atulkrishna, his own little sister, Krishnakali and her friend Shashi, Shashi's father "Bamunkáká," the mad girl, Pranayabhushan's servant, Ramcharan, and others. The Sub-divisional officer orders the mad girl to be kept as a lunatic in the jail at the head-quarters of the district at Gobindapur. To Gobindapur the whole party of Bhupendra Kumár, with the exception of Pranayabhushan, who returns home, goes to appeal against this order. The appeal is heard by the Magistrate of the district, Mr. Kettleworth, a wrong-headed and impulsive sort of man, who gives a ludicrous turn to the case by declaring, not the really mad girl, but the pretty little girl Shashi, a lunatic, and ordering her to be kept in custody until she is claimed and taken away by her husband. She has, however, no husband as yet, and the whole party, therefore, now set themselves joyfully to the task of furnishing her with one, with the single exception of Ananda Chandra, who solemnly protests, against marrying a girl at so early an age. The choice of the party falls upon Pranayabhushan, Ananda Chandra alone again protesting solemnly against the selection of a man who pursues the superstitious calling of a *guru*. Pranayabhushan comes and marries Shashi and Mr. Kettleworth, who is now made to perceive his error, laughs heartily over what he has done, and as a token of the real goodness of his heart presents the young bride with a gold necklace. Pranayabhushan returns home with his new wife and makes that home happy and merry beyond description.

This is a very small story, and a story not very well or effectively told. All the characters introduced are not, moreover, disposed of in it, and other stories are apparently to come. It is not therefore as a story but as a collection of very graphic and lively sketches and descriptions of men, manners, and things that the book appears to be of most value and interest in Bengali literature. The style of the sketches admits of



considerable improvement, and will, we doubt not, receive much polish in future editions of the work. In the meantime we cannot sufficiently praise the habit of observation and the capacity for genial and even humorous description displayed throughout the work. We have every hope that, if the author cultivates his powers in an earnest and magnanimous spirit, and does not misdirect them to the attainment of personal ends or temporary and unworthy purposes, he will soon produce works which will benefit his country in no ordinary measure, and secure for him a prominent place among Bengali authors. We will translate here one or two descriptive passages from the book before us. Bhupendra Kumār and party have come to Hariharpur to defend the ~~and~~ girl. "They are thus all waiting under the Banian tree when Gajendra Babu and Naresh Babu, the two vakeels, come in, and are introduced to Bhupendra by the Mukhtars. Bhupendra in his turn introduces the vakeels to his friends. Next, after the usual 'shaking of hands,' they all go to the Bar Library. The Bar Library is a small room consisting of four thatched roofs. It would not be wrong to say that the roofs are without straw. Within the room are three *tuktāpos* on which has been spread out a *satarancha*, or carpet, 200 years old, covered with a piece of cotton cloth containing more marks of ink on it than there are stars in the sky. In this charming place are the vakeels, some lying down, some sitting, some standing and smoking, all of them talking and thereby making the place noisesome like a fish stall. Alas! God alone knows how many among these men simply come and go, support their families with borrowed money and repentantly say to themselves day and night, 'Why did we make way for our own ruin by learning the vakcel's art?'" Then comes the trial. "After 11 o'clock the Hakim Babu comes into Court. He is a Deputy Magistrate, receiving a salary of Rs. 600 a month. His father having secured the favor of a saheb he received a Deputy Magistrateship. His father kept a *mudī's* (grocer's) shop. He has acquired a tolerable knowledge of English by reading newspapers, &c., and obtained a little mastery over the law also. It will benefit no one to know his name; so we refrain from mentioning it. He is rather fat, and therefore unable to put on tight clothing. He is always found to wear a pair of very loose *payajamas* (trousers) and a *peerān* (shirt) running from head to foot. This odd dress he has worn to-day also. On a high *tuktāpos* is a table covered with blue broadcloth. On one side of the table is the *peshkar*, on the other the court Babu, and about them are seats for vakeels and mukhtars. Below, in front, is a wooden railing, and outside of this railing, on the left side, is the railed enclosure for accused persons, and on the right is the witness box.

On a platform higher than all these are a fine table and a three legged chair. This is the Hakim Babu's throne. On this musnud the Hakim Babu is now seated. Behind him is an orderly, and behind the orderly is the Hakim Babu's groom, pulling his punkah for the present. Most court peons have to perform two occupations. Most of them have to work also at the Hakim Babu's lodgings. . . . The Hakim next takes up the Nandapur case. He asks—'What is this?' The court Babu rises and says—'It is a case in the A form; the Sub-Inspector of the Nandapur thanna is present. He refers to two sections; to one section for wounding a Baisnabi, to another for committing a public nuisance.' The Hakim Babu—'Where is the Baisnabi?' A constable at once goes out and begins to cry aloud—'Baisnabi! Baisnabi!' The Baisnabi steps slowly into the witness box. Her age, her beauty and her gravity strike even the Hakim Babu dumb. Then the Mukhtar, Ramhari Datta, rises and says—'Your Worship, I appear on behalf of the complainant.' The Hakim Babu gravely says—'What have you to say?' The court Babu says—'The accused is a mad girl, the zemindars of Nandapur have taken up her case, and engaged two vakeels. As the Queen is the complainant on the second charge it will be well if your Worship orders the Government pleader to conduct this part of the case.' The Hakim Babu throws his pen with great violence upon his paper and says—'You are a great ass, go, call Haran Babu!' The orderly runs out to call Haran Babu. The Hakim Babu asks in an angry voice—'Where is the accused?' Upon this Gajendra Babu rises and says—'I appear for the defendant Snehelata Pagalini.' Naresh Babu rises and says—'I beg your Worship's permission to watch this case on behalf of Kshetranath Babu the lawful guardian of the said Pagalini.' The Hakim Babu could never bear the sight of a vakeel; and when he saw vakeels he used to say to himself—'Whence have these fellows come to bother me?' Vakeels seldom came into his Court; but even B. L.'s are now practising in Hariharpur. Somebody was saying the other day—'Banks can be now filled up with M. A.'s and B. A.'s.' That may or may not be true; but there is no denying that the hungry stomach is now carrying B. L. vakeels even into dense forests. B. L. vakeels have become something like crows. As there is no place where crows are not, so there is no Court where B. L.'s are not. But these vakeels had been hitherto in the habit of loitering about Munsiffs' Courts and making a little money thereby. They seldom came to Criminal Courts. The Mukhtars alone practised there. So, on seeing two live vakeels before him, the Hakim Babu leans against his chair and assumes a grave appearance. The Government pleader, Haran Babu, now

comes in. Retaining the same attitude and gravity of appearance, the Hakim Babu says :—‘ You will have to conduct this case ; the first charge is *assault*, the second, *public nuisance*.’ Haran Babu says .—‘ I see there is a Mukhtar to support the first charge ; I can conduct the case on the second charge.’ The Mukhtar rises and says :—‘ Your Worship will be pleased to order the accused to be brought into the box.’ Gajendra Babu rises and says :—‘ The accused is but a child, and mad also, and belongs to a respectable family. I hope your Worship will not order her to be brought into Court. She is present and must come if ordered to do so, but I see no need of her coming.’ The Hakim Babu twists his face and says—‘ I see.’ The accused is brought into the box whereupon the complainant is ordered to be examined. ‘ The orderly comes near the complainant and says—‘ Say, in the presence of God.’ The Baisnabi gravely says—‘ Say what you have to say.’ The Hakim Babu thunders out a threat to her and says—‘ I shall send you to jail ; you do not know that ; take oath at once.’ With a little smile the Baisnabi says :—‘ Say, in the presence of God.’ The orderly goes on—‘ I solemnly affirm that what I shall say will be the truth and nothing but the truth.’ This time the Baisnabi breaks out into a laugh and says :—‘ Don’t you know that I do not say what is true ?’ The Hakim Babu roars out :—‘ This case has been sent up in order to vex me, I shall investigate this case particularly. She is also mad. Put her also into the box. I shall send both of them to the lunatic’s jail in Gobindapur.’ The Baisnabi, without speaking a word, goes and stands near the mad girl. Gajendra Babu then rises and says :—‘ Your Worship can do what you please as regards the Baisnabi ; but so long as the charge of public nuisance is not proved, your Worship cannot send any client to the lunatic asylum. Since there is no complainant the first charge falls.’ The Hakim Babu gets fearfully enraged on hearing this, and like an angry boar grunts out in an indistinct voice—‘ The Lieutenant-Governor is a great ass, otherwise he would certainly have passed a law forbidding vakeels to appear and argue in courts.’ \*\* The Peshkar at this time places a paper before the Hakim Babu for signature. The Hakim Babu detects some error in it, and without saying anything, twitches the Peshkar by his ear. On seeing this Ananda Babu, who was in the crowd, cries out—‘ What oppression !’ Ram, the servant of Pranayabhushan, says :—‘ No, no, it is not oppression. That Babu is related to the Hakim as *Bara Katumbu* (wife’s brother or *Sala*).’ On hearing these words the Hakim Babu at once stands up and roars out like a tiger—‘ Drive them out, drive them out at once !’ Two Hindustani constables come at once and holding Ananda

Babu and Ram Chandra by their necks take them in a trice out of the court-room. On being released from the constable's grip Ananda Babu says :— 'As soon as I go to Calcutta this time, I shall ask Mrs. Bhattacharya to write about this in her paper and get the fellow dismissed. What oppression ! What fearful oppression !' Ram says :— 'It is not hands but bars of iron that these *Sáls* have got. All the *hás* on my neck is really gone.' The Deputy Magistrate then drops the first charge of assault and calls upon the Government pleader to prove the second charge. The Government pleader proposes to prove the second charge by the evidence of two persons belonging to the party of the accused herself. They are Ananda Babu and Pranayabhu's servant, Ramcharan. The Peshkar names the witness Ananda Babu. A constable at once goes out and cries— 'Is Ananda witness present ? Is Ananda witness present ?' Saying to himself— 'Alas ! they do not even show the common respect conveyed by the use of the word Babu !'—Ananda Babu slowly enters the court-room. A peon quickens his motion by pushing him onward twice and puts him into the witness box. As the orderly, who is near, comes to read out to him the form of oath, he says :— 'I am a Brahmo.' The Hakim Babu, who is in high temper on account of all that has taken place to-day, interrupts him, and says :— 'You are not asked to say what your religion is. Say what you are asked to say. If you annoy the court I shall send you to jail for contempt.' At these words Ananda Babu trembles all over his body, and says :— 'Your Worship ! Incarnation of Justice ! I was saying precisely that. I am a Brahmo.' In the loudest voice the Hakim Babu cries— 'The same answer again ? I see you look like an educated man. Why don't you say what you are asked to say ?' Ananda Babu says :— 'Incarnation of Justice ! I am saying precisely that. We do not *all* lies.' The Government pleader now explains to Ananda Babu that it would not be wrong for him to take the usual oath, and Bhupendra Kumár's vakeels also advise him to that effect, and then he takes the oath, and trembling all over his body gives evidence which proves nothing. The second witness, Ram, being next put into the witness box begins to look on all sides like a stupid man. When the orderly comes and tells him to he says in a low voice— 'Go, you *Sáls*.' Whereupon he goes to the Court— 'Your Worship ! The witness *Sáls*.' Hakim Babu cries out— 'You are an ass, *Sáls*.' On receiving this rebuke, the orderly says the presence of God.' Ram again says in the presence of God.' The orderly, unable to do any more, says— 'Your Worship ! The witness again abuses the Court.' Ram thunders out— 'Peshkar ! I fine him

Rs. 10.' Trembling with fear, the orderly asks—'Incarnation of Justice! do you fine the witness or me?' There is a large ink-holder on one side of the Hakim Babu, which he throws in the direction of the orderly, saying, 'I fine you Rs. 15.' The orderly moves off a pace or two and is thus saved from the contents of the ink-holder which, however, fall upon the Peshkar's head and rolling downward colour his white chapkan."

This is not a very good rendering of the author; but as it is, the reader will undoubtedly perceive from it that the author's descriptive power is of no mean order.

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